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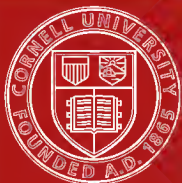
**A. M. BOARDMAN and ELLEN D. WILLIAMS**

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Family romance :or, episodes in the dome



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LADY NEWBOROUGH AND THE ABBÉ.

(Page 23.)







# FAMILY ROMANCE;

OR,

EPISODES IN THE DOMESTIC ANNALS

OF

## THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY

SIR BERNARD BURKE,

ULSTER KING OF ARMS,

AUTHOR OF "THE PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE," "THE LANDED  
GENTRY," "THE VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES," &c.

*Fourth Edition.*



LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

M11935:

## PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

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WITHIN the last half-century a new era has opened upon a class of writing that may best be designated as "Family History." For a long time, that portion of literature had been left wholly in the hands of genealogists and antiquaries, most of whom contented themselves with accuracy of dates, names, and alliances, or at most with a few dry details—dry, not in themselves, but in the manner in which they were narrated. In addition to such repositories or catacombs rather of "domestic story" thus derived, a fund no less ample lies buried in the ponderous tomes of County History, gigantic folios that from their size alone are enough to repel any ordinary reader. But even the most intrepid Davids, who have taken heart to struggle with these Goliaths, have been for the most part glad to beat an early retreat after a few brief glances at the first pages, for the writers would have thought their usefulness compromised and their value as antiquaries immeasurably damaged had they condescended to quit for a moment the bare fields of reality for the more flowery meadows of anecdote and tradition. To have covered the dry skeletons of the past with muscle, flesh, and colouring, so as to make them objects of interest to the world at large, would have been in their eyes a sin against truth, which, say they, should, to be instructive, have no decoration; as if the proportions of any structure could be marred by appropriate and elegant ornaments. The first inroad upon this barren system was made by Sir Walter Scott, of whom it may be said, as Johnson so happily said of Goldsmith, "*Omne fere scribendi genus tetigit; nullum tetigit quod non ornavit.*" At the touch of his pen, as if it had been tipped with the Promethean fire, the forms, which had no more life in themselves than so much marble, started into captivating vitality. Then all at

once Domestic History became the subject of general interest; it was found to unite with the graces of truth the charms which had heretofore been supposed to be exclusively the characteristics of fiction, and each gained immeasurably by the union.

The example thus set was followed by Lord Lindsay in his "Lives of the Lindsays," a work which, while based on the most rigid forms of reality, has yet all the romantic colouring of fiction. Never was there a more striking instance of how truth itself may be made to wear the garb of romance without losing the slightest portion of its actual identity. The difference between the two arises solely from the powers of the narrator, a fact of which every man's experience will supply him with every-day examples in abundance. One man will tell a story in so dull a fashion as to reduce it to a mere *caput mortuum*; another will recount the same incidents without increase or diminution and yet fascinate his auditors.

I have instanced these two modes of dealing with the same subject simply to make it apparent that truth and interest of detail are by no means incompatible. It is equally to be owned that I have endeavoured to follow the example of those whom I reverentially acknowledge as my masters. At the same time I may be forgiven in deeming that my little volumes have not failed in their intended object since the whole series, commencing with the "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy" and ending with the "Vicissitudes of Families," has been favoured with a considerable amount of public approbation. The present work, "Family Romance," has been one of the most successful of the collection, whose prosperity I ascribe to the cause I have just referred to, the introduction of those stories of real life, in which the romantic element is peculiarly discernible. In fine, I have sought for, and, I flatter myself, I have had the good fortune now and then to find that all-graceful and attractive attire, which, instead of hiding the falsity of fiction, suits far better when adorning the natural and imperishable beauty of truth.

J. B. B.

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# FAMILY ROMANCE.

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## SPAINS HALL.

From this time forth, I never will speak word.—SHAKSPEARE.

ROMANTIC as this name may sound, it is really and truly the proper designation of a fine old Gothic mansion, still existing in the county of Essex.

It was so called from a certain Hervey de Ispania, who held the manor under Count Alan Fergent, second son of Eudo, Earl of Bretagne, and who, as his name imports, was of Spanish origin. The tradition, I am about to give, relates, however, to a much more recent possessor of the estate, although from its romantic nature — bordering, indeed, upon the improbable—it might well have belonged to the time of Hervey the Spaniard.

Spains Hall had, by marriage with a sole surviving heiress, passed into the family of the Kempes; and about the year 1589, the date of my story, was held by William Kempe, the loving and loved husband of a very beautiful wife. In fact, he doted upon her, not with the dotage of a weak mind that is yet further debilitated and made ridiculous by its passion, but with the ardour of one of those firm, and almost iron tempers, which, having once taken up either a liking or a hatred, cling to their adoption with irremovable pertinacity. With him, to talk of a thing was to do it, and although not often led away by hasty ebullitions of temper, still this firmness—if I may call it firmness—would at times lead him into unpleasant straits that never could have befallen any one who held less tenaciously by his purposes. Such was the case in the present instance.

William Kempe had not long been married, and like most ardent lovers had a more than reasonable share of jealousy. It so happened that in the neighbourhood there resided a young man of sufficient external attractions to win any female heart that was not otherwise engaged, and therefore, a very fit subject for the suspicions of a husband. Of him, though without the least cause, it pleased Kempe to be jealous in the extreme, so much so that one day—

“Passion having his best judgment collidied,”

he bestowed upon his wife that word which sounded so offensively to the ears that she did not choose to repeat it; neither do I; enough, the word was spoken, and as immediately repented of, with the same degree of fury that had attended its utterance. Before the lady could recover sufficiently from her astonishment to make a reply, her husband had darted off like a maniac into the near woods, and thither we must follow him, leaving the offended party to take counsel with herself at leisure.

The cool evening ought in all reason to have brought down Kempe's self-indignation to a more even temperature, but though he had continued roaming through the woods till nightfall, the fiery crater within his bosom was still boiling over and sending forth both flame and smoke. To drop all metaphor, which, perhaps, does not make the matter much clearer, he could not reconcile himself to himself; the fatal monosyllable which he had dropt in his fury, continued to haunt him like a spectre, and sundry were the terms of invective that, in consequence, he launched against his own head.

“I wonder,” he at length exclaimed, “I wonder why man is cursed with that unruly member, the tongue. The brute-beasts are ten times happier in their dumbness; with them the tongue serves only for good and useful purposes, and not to do mischief to themselves or others. They talk no slander, they make no enemies by angry words, they poison none by flattery. Had my lucky stars made a dog of me, I had never been able to give utterance to my idle jealousy,—had never breathed that vile imputation—never struck to the heart the best, the kindest, the purest! 'Sdeath! I could tear my tongue out by the roots, and fling it to the swine that are picking up the acorns and the beech-nuts. Speech! by Heavens, I'll not speak again for the next seven years! For

so long I'll be dumb as the brute-beast, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, in passion and in calm; and if I break the vow, may canker root out my lying tongue, and prevent the sin's repetition at the same time that it punishes it!"

He had scarcely said this, when forth stepped from the bushes a man of the next village, well known to him, as to every one in the neighbourhood, under the name of Raven Foster. And what sort of being was he who rejoiced in this singular baptism? According to the best informed opinions he was an impostor and a vagabond, who pretended to astrology and necromantic arts, only because he was too idle to work, and found it less labour to cheat the credulous than to put his hand to any useful occupation; according to the popular belief he could read the stars, converse with the birds—each in its own peculiar dialect, and charm away diseases that all the doctors in the neighbourhood could not cure. These gifts, it was said, he derived from the circumstances of his birth, being the seventh son of a seventh son, for his ancestors during seven generations were noted for large families—seldom less than nine in number—and for long lives, as any one might, and still may, convince himself by studying the tomb-stones in their parish church-yard. From these indisputable witnesses it appears that in no case had any of them, male or female, died under the unusual age of ninety, while some had actually passed their hundredth year. But, in addition to all this, there was a peculiar circumstance attending the birth of this seventh son of a seventh son, which in the popular opinion invested him with a supernatural halo, and plainly indicated that he was not a man like other men, but one who, if not actually a spirit, was, at least, akin to spirits. During the whole night of his mother's pains, three ravens had perched themselves upon a tree that spread its branches close to the groaning woman's bed-room, where, contrary to the wont of such birds, they kept up a continual croaking until day-break. Hence the new-born child, when taken to the font, received the somewhat ominous name for a Christian, of Raven—Raven Foster—though he was generally known in popular parlance as *the Raven*.

This doubtful personage now stood before William Kempe, his features at all times cunning enough, expressing an unusual degree of craft. William, feeling convinced that his self-dialogue had been overheard, put a couple of guineas into

the fellow's hand, and by placing his fingers upon his lips, signified that it was thereby intended to purchase his silence.

"I know what you mean," said the Raven in answer to these dumb signs, and pocketing the money; "I know what you mean, and not a word shall pass my lips, unless I happen to forget it. To prevent that, you must refresh my memory now and then with one of these golden boys."

The eyes of William Kempe flashed with indignation at the vagabond's cool effrontery, and, though he spoke not, it was evident that he had some difficulty in keeping his hands off him. But all this did not for a moment disturb the self-composure of the Raven. He went on in the cool, impudent tone, saying, "I do not want to take any advantage of you, quite the contrary; for though I shall gain by your dumbness, seeing I should have a secret to keep, and secrets must be paid for, yet, for all that, I would advise you to think no more of your oath than I should—and that's just nothing at all!"

William shook his head, his anger not being proof against the man's excessive assurance, mingled as it seemed to be with some touch of good feeling towards himself.

"You may shake your head," continued the fortune-teller; "but take my advice, Master Kempe, and give up your dumb scheme altogether. I can't help saying so much, though I shall lose many a red guinea if you do. Mark me, Squire, your vow will be fulfilled in anguish, and if you escape the third year and the fifth, the end of the seventh will not give you speech again."

The legend has come down in so fragmentary a shape that it is impossible to say what effect this conversation produced at the time upon the pseudo-dumb, or whether it produced any; most assuredly, as the result shows, it no-wise altered his purpose. Returning home when the evening set in, he flung his whole family into confusion by his sudden and to them unaccountable malady. Some supposed that he was under the influence of witchcraft, as more than one suspected witch lived in the neighbourhood, and these interpreters were for calling in the priest; others, who had little faith in demonology, and a great deal in the pharmacopœia, were no less clamorous for the doctor. Eventually both expedients were resorted to; the priests prayed, and they did no good; the doctors prescribed, and they did just as much—no more. Pills and prayers, elixirs

and exorcisms, were all tried in succession, but only to prove the inefficiency of the operators; dumb the patient was, and, as may easily be imagined, dumb he remained.

Again the legend, defective from the wear and tear of time, wants continuity. I find, after the lapse of months, poor Kempe, greatly weary of his dumbness, though by no means shaken in his resolution, endeavouring to amuse his ennui by making a fish-pond in his grounds. This occupation carried him pretty well over the first twelvemonth; but the work by that time being accomplished, in a month or two he again became subject to the paralysing effects of ennui; he was even tired of admiring what had at first given him so much pleasure in contemplating, as having been effected under his own immediate superintendence. What was next to be done? Nearly six long years of silence lay before him, and how were they to be filled up so that he might neither be tempted to infringe his vow, nor yet to drown himself in the new-made sheet of water? His invention could suggest nothing better than the forming of a second fish-pond, which was accordingly commenced without delay and with the happiest results. Early and late he superintended the workmen, who by this time had grown acquainted with the dumb language of his signs, and understood them with more or less intelligence.

So passed a second year. In the third he commenced a third fish-pond, with the same happy result as before, so far as regarded his having something to do that both occupied and amused him. And now it was that the Raven's prognostic, hitherto almost entirely forgotten, would often intrude itself upon his thoughts, with a force and distinctness at which he himself was astonished. Still, nothing particular occurred to verify his prophecy, and it only wanted seven days to the end of the year. But seven days in this world are quite enough for a great deal of mischief.

He was riding home one warm, but cloudy, night—for his year ended with midsummer, reckoning from the time of his vow—when upon entering a wood, about two miles from his own house, the horse stumbled over the root of a newly felled tree, and threw him to the ground with such violence that when he attempted to rise he found himself unable to move, from the severe injury done to his right leg. In this dilemma nothing was left for him but to wait patiently till chance brought either friend or stranger that way; but as

he had gone rather out of the beaten track, the probabilities of such an event were not greatly in his favour. Sitting up, as well as he could, he listened long and anxiously for the sound of any one approaching, till at length he fancied he heard voices in a clump of trees at no great distance. His first impulse was to call out, but recollecting his vow of silence, he checked himself, the rather that the speakers, whoever they might be, seemed to be coming towards him. In this, however, he had deceived himself, or else they must have changed their minds, for again the sounds grew more and more indistinct, till after a few minutes they had died away altogether. To make matters worse, the clouds that had hitherto floated in small pieces, and like silvery veils, athwart a deep blue sky, now gathered in masses and with portentous speed, the wind rising at the same time, and bringing with it a coldness quite out of season.

As might have been expected from these tokens, in less than half an hour the rain began to fall with a steadiness that left no hope of its soon leaving off again. Nor did the issue falsify this promise. It rained constantly the whole night long, freezing him to the very marrow of his bones. Yet, in spite of this, and the pain he endured from the bruised or broken leg—he was doubtful which to believe it—he positively slept at intervals. But it was sleep that was even worse than his waking moments. It was not profound enough to completely exclude the reality; the pain that his body was actually undergoing still impressed itself upon the brain in a multitude of harassing visions, and when at day-break he was found by some passing labourers he was in a high state of fever and delirium. For this he had altogether to thank his own obstinacy. The limb, upon examination, though severely bruised, was yet unbroken, and in all human probability little inconvenience would have arisen from it beyond a few days' confinement, had he availed himself of the help within his reach, and been carried home, as he might have been, at once. But a night spent upon the ground in the open part of a wood, and under a continual fall of heavy rain, had converted a trivial accident into a very serious matter.

Some days elapsed before the sick man had recovered from his delirium, many weeks before he could leave his chamber. And had this abated his determination to continue dumb until the expiry of the seven years? Not in the

least; he laughed to scorn the fortune-teller, and took no little credit to himself for so doing. "Most people," said he, in thought, though not in words, "most people, now, in my place, would be gulled by this coincidence into a fantastic belief that the old impostor was actually a prophet, and would abandon a set purpose in fear of the dangers he predicted. Out upon it! the world, for the most part, is made up of fools, gudgeons for the jacks and pikes—the knaves and crafty ones, that is, to prey upon. Thank Heaven that I am none of these! if there be one thing on earth that I more utterly despise and condemn than another, it is these noses of wax that can be turned this way or that way, or any way, by the breath of accident. I verily believe that if I had promised myself to do a murder, I should do it. No man was ever yet great, or deserved to be, whose will was not iron—absolutely inflexible."

With all this resolution, however, William Kempe found that he was not proof against the demon of ennui; the every-day avocations of an idle life were not sufficient to keep at the staff's end a visitor whose especial delight is to plague those who have nothing else to trouble them, and when a month or two of the fourth year had elapsed, he was fain to take up his old amusement, and commenced a fourth fish-pond. Strange to say, this expedient, though so often repeated, had lost none of its wonted efficacy. He directed here, and directed here, always by signs, digging or delving—or, what amounted to the same thing, ordering others to dig and delve. Often, while so employed, he would call to mind the seven fish-ponds in the grounds of Chertsey Abbey, which still remain to testify for the delicate appetites of the brothers, who devoted each little canal to a separate sort of fish, and he resolved to follow so good an example. "One," said he to himself, "shall contain carp and tench; another, bream; a third, roach and dace; a fourth, eels; a fifth, pike and jack; a sixth, roach and dace; a seventh, I'll make an experiment, and see if trout will flourish in still water." With such thoughts, and such occupations,

"How happily the days  
Of Thalaba went by."

The fifth year saw him, true to his self-made promise, busy in forming another reservoir for fishes. All this may

seem palling to the reader in its constant iteration, but there is no help for it; like the Last Minstrel,

“ I tell the tale as ’twas told to me,”

and must not run the risk of spoiling my old narrator’s legend by any attempts to make it more pithy and concise. In so doing there might be some danger of losing a necessary link in the chain of events, which I am the less inclined to do from well remembering how exact the old man, who told me the story, was in his narration, how anxious not to leave a single circumstance of it untold, and how, when he had omitted some trifling detail, he would retrace his steps, and go a second time over the whole ground again, from the point he had omitted. The most truth-loving chronicler could not have been more precise in these respects.

The fifth year was almost ended, when some legal affairs,—the nature of them is not essential to my tale—made it necessary for Kempe to pay a visit to his lawyer, in a town about twelve miles off. The consultation lasted till nightfall, having been of course much protracted from its being carried on in writing, instead of by the more rapid means of verbal communication. The client rose to go, when, as a heavy and even fearful storm seemed impending, the man of law would fain have persuaded him to remain till the next day, and urged him to do so, with due and hospitable consideration for one of such reputed station. With his usual obstinacy, even in small matters, Kempe pertinaciously rejected the offer, and forthwith set out for home on horseback, attended by his groom, who by long habit had been brought to understand his signs as well as if he had spoken. In other respects he was not particularly remarkable for acuteness.

The homeward-bound traveller had gone little more than a mile, when the weather did ample justice to the prognostics of the lawyer, and made Kempe half repent of having declined his hospitality. The storm came down in all its violence, the hail and rain beating the earth till it smoked again, and the wind blowing right in his face with so much fury as almost to take away the power of breathing. His horse was so much distressed by it as to become almost unmanageable, requiring a tight hand and no small share of dexterity on the part of his rider to keep him at all within bounds. At this crisis Kempe came, at a sudden bend of



the road, upon the ruins of an old castle. A single tower was all that remained of what, at one time, must have covered an acre of ground, if any judgment might be formed from the broken masses of foundation-wall that peeped out in various places from the ground, amidst weeds and nettles, to the extent mentioned. The place, it is true, laboured under an ill report, as being the resort of thieves, poachers, and other dangerous characters, who were said to meet there for purposes best known to themselves; "But," said, or rather thought, the benighted traveller, "to encounter the worst of these vagabonds can hardly be so bad as facing this tremendous hurricane that almost blows the teeth down my throat, with every chance of my horse in his fright breaking either his own neck or mine before we can reach home. In any case I am well armed, and a good pair of pistols may go far to do away with any advantage of numbers on their side, if they should happen to come this way with mischief in their heads. After all, that does not seem very likely; a wolf would keep his den in a night like this, though he had been starving for a fortnight." Having thus settled the affair in his own mind, he made straight for the tower, and rode in beneath the open archway, which had formerly been closed and secured by a massive door; but this had long since disappeared, leaving nothing to witness that there ever had been such a thing, unless it was the rusty iron staples upon which the hinges used to turn. The groom seeing this movement, —and by no means sorry to see it,—lost not a moment in following his master.

For a time Mr Kempe rejoiced not a little in this welcome place of refuge, but the experience of a few minutes considerably damped his first feelings of satisfaction. Opposite the archway through which he had entered was another opening, almost as large,—most probably a devastating result of time; so that, although tolerably well sheltered from the hail and rain, he found himself as much, if not more, annoyed by the cold cutting wind than if he had remained in the open air. What was to be done? A small broken staircase caught his eyes as he looked around, which obviously led to an upper room, and seemed to invite his trying what sort of refuge was to be found above. Acting upon this sudden suggestion of his fancy, he at once dismounted, and leaving his horse to his own guidance, in the full conviction that there was nothing in the night to tempt any quadruped of

common sense and discretion to stray from his present shelter. As to the groom, neither word nor sign seemed necessary to direct him; no sooner did he see his master begin to ascend the narrow stone staircase, than, without waiting for any further bidding, he followed his example.

The upper floor, which consisted of a single room, was unquestionably a change for the better, so far as related to immediate personal comfort; but there were signs and tokens at hand, which to a prudent man might well suggest ideas of a very opposite nature. Upon the hearth the embers were still glowing of what a very short time before must have been a large wood-fire. Now, as fires are not made without the help of hands, it followed to the dullest understanding, that a party of some kind must have been here very recently. Who could they be but one of the numerous classes that were known to infest the neighbourhood?—perhaps thieves—perhaps poachers—perhaps beggars—perhaps some of those nondescript animals in the catalogues of roguery, that have a smack of all three occupations, without exactly belonging to any one of them. Supposing the best of these cases to be true, it held out nothing particularly inviting.

While Kempe was yet debating these matters in his own mind, and considering what it might be best for him to do,—to stay at all risks, or to brave the fury of the tempest; he heard, or thought he heard, the sound of irons. No; it was no imagination, they came to him upon the wind more and more distinctly. Taking it for granted, that the object of the new-comers must be anything but good, he took advantage of a second flight of stairs, narrower and steeper than the first, to ascend into the room immediately above where he then was, and which proved to be the topmost apartment of the building.

This new place of refuge was dark enough, not from any want of communication with the external light, had there been any, for time had made a rent in the wall sufficient for Falstaff himself to have crept through; but from the utter gloom of the night, which had not a single ray at the moment from moon or star, to dispel the shadows that arose from the absence of either lamp or fire. This, however, was an argument of safety, which might not else have been found even in so remote a nook, for the floor was full of large crevices, and had there been any light it is likely enough that the men, whose voices they now heard in the room below, might

by some accident have discovered them. The only fear, under circumstances as they now were, appertained to the groom ; he might by moving or talking betray them, and it never once entered into Kempe's head, that he might obviate this peril by a single whisper.

An undefined, yet very natural, feeling of curiosity made him, though with much caution, apply his ear to one of the many gaping crevices in the floor. The very first words he overheard—and this was no difficult matter, for they talked loudly—were sufficient to convince him that the party below was a desperate gang of thieves ; men who, if not familiar with bloodshed, were at least not likely to boggle at murder if it came in their way. A little further attention to what was passing, made him aware that their conversation actually concerned himself. The first mention of his name sent a thrill of horror through his veins, as thinking they were upon his traces, and had come there with the intention of murdering him. Again he listened, and found that the danger, though still quite near enough, was yet more remote than he had first apprehended. They were discussing, with the freedom of men who thought themselves safe from all listeners, a plan for robbing his house that very night, and waited only for some slight abatement of the storm to carry it into execution. It was evident, too, that this moment was not far off, for though the wind continued to sob and wail, and the rain to fall, yet the moon would at times look out mistily from the broken clouds, and gave evident signs that the weather was like to change. Taking advantage of one of these brief intervals of partial light, he signed to the groom that he was immediately to do as he did, and forthwith he began to clamber down the outside of the tower, in which he was not a little assisted by the holes and gaps which decay had made in the wall, leaving projections for the hands and feet, where in the better days of the ruin there had only been a smooth, impracticable surface.

It so chanced that both master and man reached the ground in safety, and unperceived by the robbers ; who, indeed, were much too busy carousing to pay any attention to what was passing beyond their immediate circle. Without losing another moment, the fugitives commenced their retreat homewards, and, to shorten the way, made for a ford in the river that they must necessarily pass to reach Spains Hall. True, there was a bridge across the stream, but then this was

at least two miles farther on, and the great object was to get home before the robbers, that the whole household might be put upon their guard to receive them. Fate, however, had resolved, as it seemed, to defeat this prudent disposition. On reaching the water, which upon ordinary occasions was only a few feet wide, it proved to be so much swollen by the rain that the ford was no longer passable. The groom saw his master's doubtful looks, and replied to them without hesitation :

“ I can swim it, sir.”

Kempe, of course, said nothing—he was dumb—but his face expressed plainly enough, “ That's more than I can do.”

The groom, who was attentively watching him, understood his dumb reply, but not having overheard a single word of the robbers' plans, he had no key that could help him to interpret where the real difficulty lay. He answered at once to so much as he had comprehended :

“ If you can't swim, you had better go forwards to the bridge—it's not three miles about—while I take the short cut home, and rouse up some of our people to meet you, in case those rascals should happen to take the same way you do.”

Kempe for a few minutes turned the thing over in his own mind. There might be danger to his family, if they were not warned in time. The safest and most obvious plan would have been to give the groom a verbal explanation—for he was unable to read, and no signs that Kempe was able to devise could make him understand the real point of danger. Instead of this simple expedient, he tore a blank page from his pocket-book, scribbled a few hasty lines by the uncertain light of the moon, which just then glanced for a minute or two from the clouds, and gave the paper to the groom, with signs implying that it was to be delivered with all speed. This was understood by the man readily enough, and having secured the paper, as he thought, in his belt, he dashed at once into the torrent—for torrent it was now—while his master watched his progress with no little anxiety. The danger, however, was soon passed ; the man reached the opposite bank in safety, and Kempe sighing deeply, as one relieved from a heavy burthen, immediately afterwards speeded off towards the bridge.

“ Man proposes, God disposes,” says the old proverb ; and so it turned out on the present occasion. The groom

had indeed reached the Hall in good time, and found all safe; but the water had rendered the pencil-writing altogether illegible. Acting, therefore, upon his pre-conceived notion that if there was danger to any one it must be to his master, he collected all the male part of the establishment, and set out with them to meet and protect him.

So long had been the circuit, or so rough the way, upon the farther side of the river, that Kempe was barely in sight of the bridge when his servants joined him. A few words from the groom sufficed to explain how his missive had been rendered useless, and it was with serious misgivings that he now hurried forward at their head to anticipate, if that were yet possible, the expected attack of the thieves upon his unguarded dwelling.

His worst fears, and even worse than those worst, were destined to be realised. On reaching Spains Hall, he found that the thieves had not only been there, but, short as the time had been, had accomplished their purpose and got safely off. Their plaus exhibited equal skill in their formation and activity in the execution, almost seeming to indicate that they must have derived their perfect knowledge of the house from some one of the inmates. Nothing that was of value, and at the same time light and portable, had escaped them; gold, jewels, and plate, all were carried off, while other articles of scarcely less worth, but of greater weight, were left untouched; no doubt they considered a moderate and safe booty as preferable to a larger spoil, which, by requiring more time, would certainly have exposed them to more danger. Had they done nothing else, the loss, though considerable, might have been endured without much grief; but, either from the wantonness of cruelty, or from some other inexplicable reason, they had murdered a fine little boy, between seven and eight years old, the son of a distant relation, and then upon a visit at Spains Hall.

If the accomplishment of the robbery in so short a space seemed wonderful, their subsequent defiance of the search made for them was still more so. Short as the time must have been that occurred betwixt the robbery and the thieves' escape, they yet managed to hide themselves from the pursuit which was instantly set afoot. Neither did after inquiries tend to throw the least light upon the matter, although directed by lawyers and magistrates, well able to thread their way through such labyrinths.

Divers low characters, whose general habits of life seemed to justify suspicion, were taken up and closely examined, but nothing could be elicited that might authorise their being sent to trial.

So closed the fifth year. The prophet was again right—or had chance taken the affair into its own hands, and brought about so remarkable a coincidence with his words? My readers must settle this knotty point for themselves, and will, no doubt, do so according to their different ages and tempers.

The sixth year passed over without any particular occurrence, unless the forming of a sixth fish-pond, as he had promised himself, may be called such.

The seventh year came; a seventh canal was begun and finished, and the term of imposed silence was rapidly drawing towards a close. Months dwindled into weeks, weeks were beginning to contract into days. The joy of heart, which Kempe now began to feel, might almost have been considered a full compensation for the pains of his self-inflicted penance; and so it, no doubt, would have been but for the death of the poor child; the thought that this victim might have escaped, had he sent a verbal instead of written message, would at times intrude itself upon brighter visions. Still, upon the whole, he was pre-eminently happy—so happy indeed that a Scotchman would at once have pronounced him *fie*, or in that state of over-excitement which the people, and sometimes wiser folks, hold to be a presage of coming death—

“Against ill chances men are ever merry,”

says Shakspeare’s Archbishop of York; and the same notion is repeated by the poet, who of all men had the deepest insight into human nature—

“My bosom’s lord sits lightly in his throne,  
And all this day an unaccustom’d spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.”

It was the last night of the seven years, and never had William Kempe abandoned himself to sleep with lighter spirits. But towards day-break a change came over him. His slumber began to be disturbed by frightful dreams.

So intense was the pain that he awoke, and saw the grey light of morning dimly striving with the night-shadows, but he was unable to move hand or foot. Fain would he have

cried out for help, but his tongue refused to form a single syllable. He had been struck by palsy.

When at a late hour of the day no Mr Kempe made his appearance, the family became so much alarmed that they broke open the door of his bed-room, when they found him in a truly pitiable state. He had evidently some weighty secret upon his mind, and the efforts he made to speak convulsed him frightfully, yet still without producing anything more than imperfect sounds. Seeing that he was so anxious to make some communication, they brought him pen, ink, and paper, and then first perceived that he had lost the use of both hands, as well as of his feet. The physicians, though they exhausted all reasonable and unreasonable remedies, could do nothing. On that very day he died.

“Very wonderful,” said I, when the old peasant had finished his tale; “very wonderful—if it were only true.” “I’ll be sworn it’s true,” he answered somewhat sharply; “you may see the seven fish-ponds, with your own eyes, if you choose it. Besides, isn’t it said so on his Tomb in Kempe Chapel?”

To dissipate my doubts I strolled to the Parish Church of Finchingfield, and there, true enough, in the south aisle, a handsome monument over William Kempe and his wife Philippa records the vow of the seven years’ voluntary silence.

## MARIA STELLA, LADY NEWBOROUGH.

So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.—SHAKESPEARE.

SIR THOMAS WYNN, Bart., descended from a very ancient family in North Wales, was created a Peer of Ireland in 1776, by the title of Baron Newborough. In 1766, he married Lady Catherine Perceval, daughter of John Earl of Egmont, and by her, who died in 1782, had an only son John, who died without issue in 1800. Some little time previous to that date, Lord Newborough was resident at Florence; and as he was partial to theatrical entertainments, he had a box at the principal Opera. Here he was very much attracted by the grace and beauty of an extremely youthful Ballerina, whose name was Maria Stella Petronella Chiappini.

It was not long before he sought her acquaintance; and her sprightliness and charming manners completed the conquest which her winning face and twinkling feet had commenced. Lord Newborough was a man of honour and worth; and if he did not, in this instance, act with the prudence which befitted his very mature years, he could not, at all events, be reproached with want of principle. He made the acquaintance of the father of the fascinating dancing-girl, and found that he had been the jailor of a country town not far from Florence; and that the same spirit of cupidity which induced him to sell his pretty daughter's talents to the master of the ballet, would induce him to listen to the offer of a still heavier golden bribe. A bargain was soon struck between the peer and the jailor, and Maria Stella was transferred from the Florentine stage to the mansion of her veteran admirer.

But the conduct of Lord Newborough towards his prize was tender and delicate in the extreme. Trusting that his unwearied kindness and affection would, in due time, remove



the repugnance occasioned by the unusual disparity of years, he immediately made Maria Stella his wife: and carrying her to England, he introduced her to the world as Lady Newborough. It was not long before his attachment met with its due reward. Maria Stella was deeply sensible of her husband's kindness; and she soon loved and honoured him, as she was bound to do, during the years that he was spared after their marriage. And this union, strange and incongruous as it at first seemed, made the old peer very happy, and secured the transmission of the title in his very ancient and noble family. For although, soon after his second marriage, he lost his only son by his first wife, Maria Stella made him the father of two sons, Thomas John, born in 1802, successor to his father, and Spencer Bulkeley, the present Lord Newborough, born in 1803.

The old Lord died in 1807, leaving his large fortune to his sons, with an ample provision for his widow. Lady Newborough soon felt a natural desire to revisit her native land, and again see her father and mother, from whom she had been separated at so early an age. She accordingly returned to Italy shortly after the death of her husband, and took with her her two boys. She seems to have been a very kind-hearted woman, with much genuine good feeling; though to judge from the memoir that she published of her life, she never had repaired by mental culture the defects of her imperfect education.

On arriving at Florence, her first care was to seek out her father, whom she found settled there in a much superior condition to that of his earlier career. He and all the members of his family treated her with profound respect; but with much distance and reserve. This distressed the affectionate heart of Maria Stella, who entreated them to forget that she had, by marriage, become a great lady, and to act towards her as their daughter and sister. The only one in whose society she had any satisfaction was her father, who seemed sincerely attached to her, and grateful for her affection; by all the rest she was treated with coldness, but with the most deferential respect; especially by her brother, who was then settled in Florence as a medical practitioner. This unexpected demeanour on the part of her relatives distressed her; and above all she was annoyed by the constant impediments thrown in the way of all freedom of intercourse with her father. Her brother

contrived that Chiappini and Lady Newborough would never be left alone together, and when he himself was necessarily absent, he always arranged to station some one near the old man, so that Maria Stella was never able to have a word of confidential communication.

Vexed and mortified, beyond expression, by this restraint, she felt the immediate vicinity of her father and his family irksome to her, and, after many vain attempts to break through the ice of frigid deference, she removed with her children from Florence, and spent some time in different parts of Italy. It is impossible not to feel a kindly regard for Maria Stella, on account of her unsophisticated goodness of heart. How few low-born girls there are, who, when raised to high place by a freak of fortune, would not rather turn coldly from their obscure and vulgar connections than attempt to force them to associate on terms of intimacy. But Maria Stella's was no sordid mind; and that, among other things, may be taken as a collateral proof of her noble lineage, which was, at that time, so little suspected by herself.

Lady Newborough and her boys continued to linger on for some years in her native Italy, when news was brought her that old Chiappini was at the point of death. She hastened, with the most anxious affection, to Florence, which she reached a few days before the old man died. She found him perfectly sensible and apparently delighted to see her; but here again, all freedom of intercourse with her father was denied to her: the brother constantly stood in the way. And although Chiappini most earnestly entreated to be left alone with his child, his wishes were not attended to. There was something very remarkable in the anxious expression of the dying man's countenance. He was evidently most desirous to impart important information to Lady Newborough. He sometimes began a sentence, which was cut short by an ominous look from his son; until, at length, the fatal moment arrived when old Chiappini breathed his last, with his wish to impart some secret to his daughter still ungratified.

This scene made a most painful impression on the mind of Lady Newborough. She knew not what to think or to suspect. But she saw that a strange mystery existed, which concerned her, which her father wished most earnestly to reveal but of which the rest of the family were resolved that she should continue in ignorance. Her affection for her

father was the only link that bound her to the Chiappinis, who merited nothing but coldness from her. Accordingly that link was no sooner broken than she bade them farewell for ever, departed from Florence, and ceased entirely to correspond with them.

About six months after Chiappini's death, while Lady Newborough and her children were residing in a different part of Italy, a packet was mysteriously put into her hands, of which the superscription made her start, as it was in the well-known hand-writing of her father. She had no sooner opened the letter which the packet contained than her whole attention was rivetted. This letter had been written by Chiappini after the commencement of his fatal illness, but before he was laid on his death-bed, and before Maria Stella returned to Florence. But, foreseeing how difficult it might be to obtain even a moment of confidential conversation with her, he had taken the wise precaution of writing that which he so much desired to communicate, and he had intrusted the letter to a friend, in the hope that after his death it might be permitted to reach his daughter's hands.

"But," said he, "*my* daughter you are not; and this denial of a relationship, which your kindness has made me love, is the bitter portion of this confession. But I make it, though it covers me with shame, on account of the fraud of my early life, that it may be beneficial to you. Instead of being the child of an obscure father in a small provincial town, you are by birth that which a righteous Providence has made you. When Lord Newborough married you, he was little aware that you were of a rank equal, or perhaps superior, to his own, and it was to me in some measure a salvo to my conscience when you became a great English lady: for I had, even then, begun deeply to repent of the evil injustice towards you, to which I was a party. But if I was guilty, how much greater was the guilt of your real father! About four months before your birth a great foreign nobleman and his lady arrived in our town, with a numerous Italian retinue, and hired the principal house from the Marchese B——, and Lord——. It was said that they were French, and of illustrious rank and great wealth. The French lady was far advanced in her pregnancy, and so was my wife. I was much astonished by the affability of this great foreigner, who sent for me, gave me money, made me drink wine with him, and

expressed a wish to serve me in every possible way. After repeated conversations he disclosed his purposes to me, with large bribes and commands to secrecy. He told me that it was absolutely necessary, on account of the weightiest family reasons, that the child which his countess was about to produce, should be a son; and therefore, he urged me, in the event of her giving birth to a daughter and my wife bearing a son, to allow the children to be exchanged. It was in vain that I attempted to dissuade him; remarking that his countess was young and beautiful, and that he had reason to expect yet many sons, even in the event of her then giving birth to a daughter. The count affirmed that it was necessary that this child should be a son, and he succeeded in over-persuading me, by his large bribes and great offers of favour and protection hereafter, to consent conditionally to the exchange. He assured me that, in that event, my boy should be nobly provided for, and that he would fill one of the highest places in Europe. Everything turned out according to the count's precautions. His lady had a daughter, and my wife a son; the children were changed; I was made comparatively rich; the countess speedily recovered; and she, her husband, my boy, and their numerous Italian suite speedily left our quiet little town, and were never more heard of. I must bear witness to the noble liberality with which the count your father fulfilled his engagements. For the course of seven years large sums of money were remitted to me, with the strictest injunctions as to secrecy, and terrible threats were held out to me in the event of my divulging the strange story. I was enjoined, above all, to keep the matter secret from you when you grew up. My wife and my eldest son alone were admitted to a full knowledge of the whole transaction. And this will account for their anxiety to prevent any intercourse between us, for they well knew that I had long ago repented of the injury that I had done you, and that I was anxious to make whatever reparation to you was yet in my power. Truly thankful was I when the great English lord placed you in the position to which your birth entitled you; and great was my anxiety, when you returned to Italy, to throw myself at your feet, confessing the truth, and craving your pardon. This was denied me in life. I hope that it may please God to cause this confession to reach you after my death; and that you will even then grant me your pardon. If I had it now, I should die more contented."

Chiappini then concluded his letter by giving the name of the little Tuscan town where Maria Stella had been born, together with the names of the Marchese, its Lord, and of his steward, who, if alive, was probably still resident there. They two alone were acquainted with the name of the great French nobleman, her father, which was carefully concealed from every one else. The towns-people only knew him and his lady by the name of the French Count and Countess, and all their servants were strangers to them, hired in Florence.

It may well be imagined that Lady Newborough lost no time in visiting the little Tuscan town where Chiappini told her that she had been born. On inquiring for the steward of the Marchese, she found him still alive. Though he was now very aged, his memory was perfect, and he spoke of the events which preceded Maria Stella's birth as if they had happened yesterday. Lady Newborough was careful not to give him any reason to believe that she took a peculiar interest in the circumstance, and she gradually elicited from him all the information that she required. He told her that the French count was indeed a man of very high rank and great wealth, and that his name was the Comte de Joinville. Having procured his written attestation as to the facts of the case, as far as he possessed them, Lady Newborough proceeded to Florence, and attempted to put herself in communication with the Marchese, the steward's master. Him, however, she found quite impenetrable. He affected total ignorance. The probability is, that he knew too much, and that if she had addressed herself to him in the first instance, she never would have learned anything.

However, here was something gained. Maria Stella was not the daughter of the obscure Chiappini, but of a man of great fortune and high rank — a French nobleman, the Comte de Joinville. For some time she was puzzled as to the next step she ought to take. After some consideration, she resolved to prosecute her search in France. She accordingly made straight for the town of Joinville; and inquired who the nobleman was to whom the principal estates in the neighbourhood belonged; and who it was that, properly speaking, was entitled to be called Comte de Joinville? It was not long before she found that the object of her search was no less a person than

his Highness the Duke of Orleans, the first prince of the blood of France, after the family immediately reigning. Astonished and delighted by this result, which opened to her prospects magnificent beyond her wildest dreams, Maria Stella hastened to Paris.

It may be proper to state that, before the restoration of the Bourbons, (after which event Lady Newborough arrived at Paris,) she had contracted a second matrimonial alliance, I believe as early as 1810, with a Livonian nobleman of very ancient and illustrious family and of considerable fortune, the Baron Von Ungarn-Sternberg.\*

The issue of this second marriage was a son. After a time, Lady Newborough and the Baron do not appear to have lived much together. He gave her no support or countenance in the prosecution of her extraordinary claims, to which she devoted the remainder of her life. Indeed, it has been stated by a nephew of the Baron, that his uncle

\* The family of Ungarn-Sternberg is widely spread, and is one of the noblest and most powerful of any in the three German provinces of Russia. Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland were conquered from the Pagan Wends at a very early period by the German Knights of the Sword, *Schwerdt Ritter*, an order of Spiritual chivalry, like the Teutonic Knights, *Deutsche Ritter*, the conquerors of heathen Prussia. These conquering missionaries offered to the conquered, death or slavery. And, accordingly, they reigned over them for many centuries with an iron rule. The Knights of the Sword do not appear to have long preserved the character of an ecclesiastical order of chivalry. The sovereignty of the three provinces fell into secular hands. But the entire lands of the conquered countries became the possession of the nearest heirs male of the conquering knights, so that a noble colony of feudal lords came to be perpetuated, all of German descent, who inter-married exclusively with one another's families, and maintained themselves as a class, apart from the native population. And even now, it is believed that scarcely any estate in Livonia, Esthonia, or Courland is held by a family of Wendish blood, with the exception, perhaps, of that of Prince Lieven. All are genuine German nobles of ancient feudal descent; and all have embraced the Lutheran faith; though they are now the subjects of a zealous monarch of the Greek faith.

Among the noblest of these German lords are the Ungarn-Sternbergs, and the head of one of the chief branches of this family, was the husband of Lady Newborough. He was the son of a very celebrated man, who acquired a most villanous reputation, towards the end of the last century, as the Lord of the island of Dago, by following the infamous trade of a wrecker, as it is called in Cornwall. He hung out false lights from the rocks of Dago; which caused the shipwreck of many vessels, which the Baron and his followers plundered, having murdered their crews. However, this very singular man was, it is said, a person of most polished manners, who had spent his early life in courts, to which he was well entitled from his high birth and great connections.

was in receipt of a large annual allowance from Louis Philippe, then King of the French, to induce him to withhold his aid from his energetic, though ill-judging, lady.

Maria Stella arrived in Paris, I know not in what year, but during the reign of King Louis XVIII. She established herself in a handsome hotel, and immediately published in all the principal newspapers this advertisement—"If the heir of the Comte de Joinville, who travelled and resided in Italy in the year 1773, will call at the Hotel de ——— rue ——— he will hear of something greatly to his advantage."

Having laid this trap, Lady Newborough waited at home next day to watch the result. In the course of that morning, she heard the sound of a heavy man and two sticks on her stairs, and the door of her saloon being thrown open, Monsieur l'Abbé de ——— was announced. A very corpulent clerical gentleman, supported on crutches, advanced towards her, and addressing her with an air of perfect good breeding, inquired whether Miladi was the publisher of the advertisement in the newspaper which he held in his hand, and to which he pointed. Maria Stella remembered her own affiche, and answered in the affirmative. "Eh bien, Miladi," replied the courtly Ecclesiastic; "je viens de la part de Monseigneur le Duc d'Orléans." Astonished at the success of her scheme, Lady Newborough inquired in what way the Duke could be interested by her advertisement? "Assurément, Miladi, son Altesse y'est vivement interessée, car elle est l'heritier du Comte de Joinville." "How so?" demanded Lady Newborough. "Peut être, miladi ne sait pas," replied the Abbé, "que le pere de son Altesse, feu Monseigneur le Duc d'Orléans, était aussi Comte de Joinville, et prenait ce titre là, quand il était en voyage. D'ailleurs il voyageait, dans cette année là, en Italie, avant la naissance de Monseigneur le Duc actuel." Delighted at the statement, Lady Newborough gently expressed surprise, when the Abbé rejoined, "Eh bien, Miladi, est ce que c'est un *grand héritage* que son Altesse va recevoir?" At a question so very characteristic, coming from an agent of the clever, money-making Louis Philippe, Lady Newborough had some difficulty in repressing a smile. She, however, gave the Abbé to understand that there was no question at issue concerning any succession falling into the hands of his employer; but that she was anxious to discover the iden-

tity of a birth connected with the sojourn of the late Comte de Joinville, or as he informed her, the late Duke of Orleans, in Italy in 1773. The Abbé evidently perceived that he had committed an egregious blunder, and made most unfortunate admissions. Rising rather precipitately, he stammered something about a particular engagement which caused him to hurry away; and, protesting that he would speedily call again, when he would be entirely at the service of Miladi, and assist her in the prosecution of her researches, he made a succession of profound bows, and hobbled out of the apartment. Lady Newborough discovered that this polite gentleman who had shown himself so unwary a diplomatist, was, nevertheless, a very clever man, and the confidential agent of the Duke of Orleans. Indeed, he was currently said to be his illegitimate brother, and the natural son of Egalité! For no other than he was Count de Joinville.

Maria Stella was now thoroughly persuaded that she was, indeed, the eldest child of the late Duke of Orleans; and, in fact, except Mademoiselle Adelaide, his only surviving child; Louis Philippe, the present Duke, being, in her estimate, only a changeling, and all his younger and real sons having died. It may be supposed that she was not a little elated at having, as she thought, made the certain discovery that, next to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, *she* was first princess of the blood of France, and the rightful heiress of immense wealth.

But this discovery was the ruin of her happiness, and produced nothing to her in after-life but discomfort and misery; so that it would have been well for her if she had ended her days in the persuasion that she was nothing more, by birth, than the daughter of the low-born Chiappini. The prosecution of her princely claims caused the destruction alike of her fortune and her peace of mind. She appears to have had no judgment, and no knowledge of character. She allowed herself to be imposed upon by one swindler after another. She was betrayed and made a prey of. Her claims never met with fair play. As to whether they were true or whether they were false, I will not venture to pronounce an opinion. But this is very evident, that they never received that support or consideration to which they were entitled. Lady Newborough, Baroness Ungarn Sternberg, from the moment that she discovered herself to be a princess,



became a most unfortunate woman, and lived and died unhappy.

She made many attempts to bring her case forward, unaided by husband or son, and she became the prey of a succession of sordid and unworthy advisers. She conceived herself to be persecuted by the powerful influence of the Duke of Orleans, and by the overwhelming authority of her rival when he became King Louis Philippe. It may, consequently, be supposed that a weak, unfriended, and injudicious woman could effect little in opposition to a King. She has now been removed for many years from this earth to the land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

It would be tedious to enter more at length on this subject; suffice it to say, that the claims of Maria Stella never were investigated. And their truth or falsity will probably remain a mystery until the time when all secrets shall be revealed.

It may be remarked, as very improbable that a recently married and youthful pair like Egalité (the former Duke of Orleans) and his Duchess, should so completely have despaired of male issue as to change their daughter for another man's son. Moreover, after this exchange, they had several sons, who grew to man's estate, though they died in early life. On the other hand, one cannot tell what peculiar motives, whether of family or of politics, may have made the birth of a son in 1773 of the utmost importance to them. Louis Philippe undoubtedly had little of what was princely in his appearance. With first-rate abilities, and many excellent qualities, there was something about him so *bourgeois*, that one is certainly not reminded of a royal paternity.

Lady Newborough has put forth her claims in a very ill-written little volume, now probably scarce. She mentions two curious facts; the first is—when she arrived in Paris with her little boy, she went, as a stranger, to see the Palais Royal, then the residence of the Duc d'Orleans; on arriving before a large full-length portrait of him, the child exclaimed, "O! mamma, here is a picture of grandpapa!" being struck with the remarkable resemblance of the duke to old Chiappini. The second circumstance referred to by Lady Newborough is this: when Louis Philippe was brought to the baptismal font, his weight, it is stated, was a matter of astonishment to those who held him, he being as heavy as a child of five

or six months. And this would have been about his age if he had been born in the Tuscan provincial town, and secretly smuggled to Paris.

Whatever degree of credit may be given to Lady Newborough's story, it is a curious one, and well worthy of a place among episodes of "Family Romance." Whether Maria Stella was, or was not, Princess of Orleans and daughter of the King of France, she was, at all events, the wife, in the first place, of a Welch baronet and Irish peer, and in the second, of a great Livonian noble.

## THE HEIR OF THIRLESTANE.

—*Miscent aconita novercæ.*—OVID.

ONE of the most distinguished Cadets of the great House of Buccleuch was Scott, of Thirlestane. Some genealogists even incline to think that the head of that branch is now also the chief of the great Border Clan of Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's male descent being derived, not from Buccleuch, but from King Charles II. Be that as it may, the Barons of Thirlestane were among the foremost men on the Scottish Borders, and their hereditary loyalty has been attested by the deeds of arms of ages, and was rewarded and commemorated by the grant of the *Royal Double Tressure of Fleurs de lis*, as an honourable augmentation to the original Arms of Scott, while the alacrity of the Baron of Thirlestane, who was King James the Fifth's contemporary, to hasten to the Royal Standard, was marked by the new crest assigned to him, of *a sheaf of spears*, with the appropriate motto "Ready, aye Ready." The last in the direct male line of these stalwart border chieftains, was Sir Robert Scott, of Thirlestane, who flourished in the time of King James the Sixth. His first wife, a beautiful and amiable woman, whom he tenderly loved, was a daughter of the House of Harden, now represented by Lord Polwarth. She died young, leaving an only son, the catastrophe of whose untimely fate, involving, as it did, the ruin of his family, I have here to record. Sir Robert's second wife was an unprincipled woman, of vindictive temper and fierce passions; and by her he had several children. This woman had all the qualities calculated to make an oppressive and cruel step-dame; and accordingly her jealousy was excited by the fond affection which Sir Robert displayed towards his eldest son. She knew that his rich inheritance would descend to him, while her own sons would receive a very

slender provision ; besides, her husband's excessive attachment to his eldest son gave her no hope of his being persuaded to alienate from him any portion of the family property. Her jealousy accordingly grew into a disease, and her mind was distracted with rage and mortification. These feelings were still further aggravated, when Sir Robert built the Tower of Gamescleugh, and adorned that property with all manner of embellishments, as the future residence of his eldest son, who was now about to come of age, and for whom he had arranged a suitable and advantageous matrimonial alliance with a beautiful young lady of high birth. The step-mother now lost all patience, and was firmly resolved to compass the destruction of her hated stepson. The mason-work of the new Castle of Gamescleugh was completed on the young Laird's twentieth birth-day, which was held as a high festival at Thirlestane. The Lady resolved that his hours should now be numbered ; and she accordingly prepared, on the intended festival, to execute her horrid purpose. She had already secured in her interest the family piper, whose name was John Lally. This man procured three adders, from which he selected the parts replete with the most deadly poison, and having ground them to a fine powder, Lady Thirlestane mixed them in a bottle of wine. Previous to the commencement of the feast at Thirlestane, the young Laird went over the Etterick River to Gamescleugh, to inspect the finished work, and to regale the masons and other work-people, who had exerted themselves to have the Castle walls completed by his birth-day. He was attended by John Lally. In the midst of the entertainment of the workmen, the young Laird called for wine to drink their healths ; and John filled his silver cup from the poisoned bottle, which the ill-fated youth hastily drank off. The piper immediately left the castle, as if to return home. But he was never more seen. The most diligent search failed in discovering him ; and it is supposed that he escaped across the English border. Young Thirlestane was instantaneously taken violently ill, and such was the force of the poison that he swelled and burst within an hour. The news was immediately carried to Thirlestane, where a large party of the kith and kin of Scott had assembled to do honour to the festival. But it may easily be conceived what a woeful gathering it turned out to be. With one accord, the guests felt and said that the young laird was

poisoned, but were unable to conceive who could have done so foul a deed to one so universally beloved. The old baron immediately caused a bugle to be blown, as a signal to all the family to assemble in the castle court. He then inquired "Are we all here?" A voice from the crowd answered, "All but the piper, John Lally!" This sounded like a knell in the ears of Sir Robert. He knew the confidence which his lady placed in this servant. His eyes were at once opened to the foul deed, and the conviction that his most dear and beloved son had been slain by the machinations of his wife, shocked his feelings so terribly that he was almost deprived of reason. He stood very long in a state of utter stupefaction, and then began to repeat the answer which he had received. And this he continued to do for several days. "We are all here but John Lally, the piper!" Sir Robert lived in a lawless time, justice was not rightly administered, and it was difficult to punish the crimes of the powerful and noble. Moreover, Sir Robert could not be induced to seek to make a public example of his own wife. However, he adopted a singular and complete, though most unjust, method of vengeance. He said that the estate belonged of right to his son, and that since he could not bestow it upon him while living, he would, at least, spend it upon him when dead. And he moreover expressed great satisfaction at the idea of depriving his lady and her offspring of that which she had played so foul a part to secure to them. The body of the young laird was accordingly embalmed with the most costly drugs and spices, and lay in state at Thirlestane for a year and a day; during the whole of which time Sir Robert kept open house, welcoming and royally feasting all who chose to come. And in this way of reckless and wanton profusion he actually spent or mortgaged his entire estate. While the whole country, high and low, were thus feasting at Thirlestane, the lady was kept shut up in a vault of the castle, fed upon bread and water. During the last three days of this extraordinary feast the crowds were immense. It was as if the whole of the south of Scotland were assembled at Thirlestane. Butts of the richest and rarest wine were carried into the fields; their ends were knocked out with hatchets, and the liquor was carried about in stoups. The burn of Thirlestane literally ran red with wine. The vault where the young laird was interred, in a leaden coffin, is under the

roof of the church of Etterick, which is distant from Thirlestane upwards of a mile; and so numerous was the funeral procession, that when the leaders had reached the church, those in the rear had not nearly left the castle gates. Sir Robert died soon after this, and left his family in utter destitution. It is said that his wicked lady died in absolute beggary. The extensive possessions of the old Baron of Thirlestane were sold, and the name of the family would have been swept from off the face of the earth, if it had not been for the prudence and good fortune of a cousin of the old knight, of the name of Francis Scott. He contrived to buy up a considerable portion of the estate, and ostensibly carried on the line of the Thirlestane family. However the elder branch continued to exist, though in the deepest poverty. And it is not long since, the rightful heir of Thirlestane, nay, possibly, the chief of Buccleuch, was labouring for his daily bread, with the sweat of his brow, as a common peasant. Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, the nearest male descendant of Sir Robert Scott, the last Baron of Thirlestane, in the direct line, was a poor man of the name of Robert Scott, who was then old, childish, and the last of his race. He seems to have been a fine specimen of the Scottish peasant, intelligent, right-minded, and with some degree of the conscious dignity of ancient blood. Several interesting particulars are to be found concerning him in "Remarks on the Partition of the Lennox," a work written with a view to set forth Lord Napier's claims as heir of the line of the ancient Earls of Lennox, in which, incidental mention is made of his lordship's paternal ancestors of Thirlestane.

The younger branch of the Scotts continued to possess Thirlestane with credit and honour. A baronetcy of Nova Scotia was bestowed on Sir Francis Scott, who married a daughter of the Marquess of Lothian. His son, Sir William Scott, married the "Mistress of Napier," that is to say, the lady who was heir-apparent of the Napier peerage. She was the only child of Mr Brisbane, who held respectable situations under government in the reign of Charles II., by his wife, the sister of the third Lord Napier, who on the death of her nephew Nicolson, Baronet of Carnock, the fourth Lord Napier, became Baroness Napier in her own right. Sir William Scott was the father of a son Francis, who, on succeeding his grandmother in the Napier peerage,

became fifth Lord Napier, and thought proper to abandon his paternal surname for that of the title which he had inherited through two females. By his marriage with the Lady Henrietta Hope, daughter of the first Earl of Hoptoun, Francis, the fifth lord, was ancestor of the present peer, and of the gallant Admiral, Sir Charles Napier, while by his second wife, he was ancestor to the famous Indian General, Sir Charles Napier, and his brother, Sir William Napier, the able historian of "The Peninsular War."

## THE SWANS OF CLOSEBURN.

—Wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.—SHAKESPEARE.

At a remote period, Closeburn Castle, the ancient seat of the Kirkpatricks in Dumfriesshire, was surrounded, or nearly surrounded, by a large lake, which probably served the double purpose of defence and ornament; no indifferent consideration at a time when no man was safe for long together whose hand could not protect his head. The building itself was a vaulted, quadrilateral tower, the walls of which, as high as the ground-floor, were of prodigious strength, being no less than twelve feet thick. In it were three series of apartments, all separated from each other by arched roofs; and, though there is no inscription in any part of the tower to decide its precise date, yet from the general appearance and the mouldings of the doors it cannot be less, and may be more, than eight hundred years old. Near it at one time was a chapel dedicated to St Patrick, which gave the name of Kirkpatrick to the farm whereon it stood, and hence, no doubt, the family appellation of Kirkpatrick. But even the ruins of this venerable pile, that existed only a few years ago, have now entirely disappeared.

The lake to which I have alluded was not only beautiful in itself, but it was doubly interesting to the inhabitants of the castle from the legend attached to it; a legend not without its counterpart in other localities, and even in more than one district of England. Whenever any member of the Kirkpatrick family was about to die, either by accident or disease, a swan, that was never seen but on such occasions, was sure to make its appearance upon the lake, coming—no one knew whence, and passing away as mysteriously when the predicted death had taken place. And who or what



was this swan? The following legend may afford an elucidation:—

The lake of Closeburn Castle was at one time the favourite resort during the brief summer season of a pair of swans; their number was never more, and never less. As it is not known the utmost age to which the swan may live, I cannot pretend to say that these annual visitants continued to be the same birds for a hundred and fifty years,—and so long, at least, my legend goes back; it is possible they might have had descendants, who inherited their peculiar habits, and who being equally favoured by the inhabitants of the castle, found their way instinctively to the same spot at the same season. Be this as it may, their appearance was always welcome to the family at the castle, an idea very generally prevailing in the neighbourhood that they were ominous of good fortune to the Kirkpatrick. No matter what mischance might have before impended, it was sure to cease at their coming, and so suddenly as well as constantly, that it required no very ardent superstition to connect the two events into cause and effect. Was not the Lady of one Kirkpatrick at the point of death, and had not the disease left her at the first flutter of their wings? Had not the same thing happened at another period with the heir of the house?—the physicians had left him, as they thought, at the last gasp; the broken-hearted mother knelt by the bed-side of her child, who lay there whiter than his pillow, without motion, without any visible breathing. Hope!—what hope could there be?—and yet she hoped!

It was near midnight—a fine summer midnight, when the flowers slept softly—ah! so softly!—and the air was full of sweet odours, and there was in all nature a calm that might well be called holy, for it filled the heart with gentle, loving thoughts. There was not a cloud in the blue sky, not a ripple upon the lake which seemed to be spread out there as a mirror for the beautiful world around it.

And yet never did night appear half so dark to the poor mother. She could no longer bear to witness the last struggles of the parting spirit, and turned her head away, when—sight of joy! the two swans descended as if from some world above, and the next moment were sailing majestically upon the lake. With a beating heart, as the old legend rushed upon her memory, she again turned to—

wards the death-bed—it was a death-bed no longer; the fatal hour had passed, and the child recovered.

And many similar tales were told by the aged to their youthful auditors, of the good brought to Closeburn Castle by the two swans. New opinions had, indeed, found their way into this neighbourhood, as into other parts; the old darkness, it was said, had given way to new light—was any one the happier or the better for it?—and superstition had lost many of its strongholds; yet, still there were few who did not continue to believe in the kindly influence of the swans, and they were cherished and loved accordingly.

One hundred and fifty years had passed away; 'tis a long, and yet a short time to talk of. Strange contradiction! but one that has been felt by all in those moments when good or evil forces the mind back upon the past. One hundred and fifty years had passed away, and Closeburn Castle rejoiced much in its future lord, a promising youth, not quite thirteen years of age, whose name has been variously given by tradition, as James and as Robert. The choice, therefore, being manifestly left in my own discretion, I will adopt the latter, for no particular reason that I am aware of, beyond the fancy of the moment.

Robert was of a romantic nature, and so bent upon carrying out any purpose which had once entered his head, that few considerations could turn him from it. Mischievous he was, as most boys of his age are, and probably ever will be; and, though ready enough to feel for the pain of others, never unwilling to inflict it. Now it so chanced, in one of his visits to Edinburgh, during the holydays, he was allowed to visit the theatre. The play was the "Merchant of Venice," and greatly was he surprised to hear Portia say of Bassanio, that he should

"Make a swan-like end,  
Fading in music."

This creed to him was not only new, but startling, and he referred his doubts, naturally enough, to his lady mother, who informed him that it was generally believed the swan always sang when it was dying, and never till then. Robert did not for a moment doubt the fact thus announced, but he became particularly anxious to verify it for himself. How was this to be done? He had never yet seen a swan

die, and, according to all probabilities, he was as little likely to come across such a sight as across that other Delilah of his imagination, an aloe in its hundredth year's bloom. But the devil rarely fails to provide opportunity when the human heart is set on evil. Not long after his holiday trip to Edinburgh, Master Robert returned home, and was one fine day walking by the lake with his cross-bow in his hand, with the benevolent intention of killing sparrows, when, unluckily, the prophetic swans came sailing majestically towards him. Here was an opportunity to test his newly-acquired knowledge. Whiz! went the bolt from the cross-bow, without a moment's thought, and lodged in the breast of the foremost swan, killing him much too soon and surely to allow of his singing, had such indeed been his custom. At this catastrophe, the survivor fled with a lamentable scream; while the water, under the influence of the wind, gently drifted the dead body towards the shore.

Robert was filled with remorse for his own cruelty, and the rather, perhaps, as it had turned out so unprofitable. He began, moreover, to be alarmed for the probable consequences to himself, it being quite certain that the murder of the favourite bird, when known, would draw upon his devoted head a general storm of indignation. But he determined it should not be known; and, to insure a thing so desirable, he buried the body deep in the ground, at a short distance from the lake.

Great was the surprise of all, when, the next midsummer, no swans made their appearance. But Robert kept his own counsel. A second and a third year came, and it was still the same, till at length it became the general opinion that the birds must have died in their native home, wherever that might chance to be. Just as they had come to this very natural conclusion, the whole neighbourhood was surprised by seeing a single swan return; and still more were they surprised when they observed a deep blood-red stain upon his breast. The curious would fain have examined this phenomenon more closely, but the bird, unlike his usual habits—if, indeed, he was one of the old swans—was shy even to wildness, and could not be tempted to come near any one. The superstitious—and they were the multitude—looked grave, and shook their heads, fully convinced that if the two birds had brought good, the single one with the bleeding breast as certainly prognosticated evil. A few,

who had no great faith in anything, laughed ; but even their laughter was hushed, when, in less than a week, the Lord of Closeburn Castle died on the sudden without any previous symptoms of disease. The bird then vanished, and was seen no more for some years, till he came to prognosticate a new calamity in the loss of one of the house by shipwreck.

The last appearance of the bird upon record was at the third nuptials of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, the first baronet of that name. On the wedding-day, his son, Roger, happened to be walking by the lake, when on a sudden, as if it had emerged from the waters, he beheld the swan with the bleeding breast. Roger knew and believed the legend, and returned sad and sorrowful to the castle, with the full conviction that some near evil impended over him. His father rallied him on this despondency, so out of character with the business in hand, and told him jestingly that it proceeded from a jealous dislike of his new step-mother ; to which the young man only answered, " Perhaps before long you also may be sorrowful." On the night of that very day, the son died. Here in truth ends the legend, but I cannot let slip this occasion of repeating an old anecdote with reference to the same house.

In those good old times—when every man had, or thought he had, as a principle of freedom, the right of pillaging his neighbour, provided only he were strong enough to do so—the doors of every house were guarded with more than modern vigilance. A singular degree of strictness upon this point cost one of the family of Closeburn a large estate. It was the custom of this gentleman, for his better security, to have the great gate barred and bolted, and the keys brought to him when he sat down to dinner, at which time admission was rigorously denied to all comers without exception. No law of the Medes and Persians could be held more inviolably ; neither rank, wealth, nor relationship being permitted to interfere with its observance. Now it so happened that a near kinsman, the Laird of Carmichael, on his way to Drumlanrig, rode up at a time when the draw-bridge had been raised, and the door bolted ; and to no expostulations would or could the warder give ear ; his orders were peremptory, and so was he. Off then flew the excluded visitor in high indignation ; and, to mark his resentment of what he considered an unpardonable affront, instead of settling his estate in Ross, as

he had previously intended, upon his relative, he bequeathed it to an ancestor of the Duke of Queensbury.

In the latter part of last century, the estate of Closeburn was sold to the Rev. James Stuart Menteth, whose son Charles was created a baronet in 1838, and his son Sir James disposed of the ancient inheritance of the Kirkpatrick's to Mr. Baird, an ironmaster. It is very remarkable that, within a very few years, two of the most ancient family estates in Scotland have been purchased by brothers of the name of Baird, partners in the same wealthy iron firm; Closeburn in Dumfriesshire, for which £220,000 was paid, and Elie in Fifeshire, for which £145,000 was paid. The latter estate had been still longer in the possession of the baronial and knightly family of Anstruther of that ilk, than Closeburn had been in the possession of the Kirkpatrick's. And now both belong to men who, by honest industry, have raised themselves from a very humble position of society, within the last thirty-five years, by ability, judgment, honesty, and frugality,—to which has been added a rare combination of good fortune,—to the rank of the richest commoners of Scotland! The present generation have reason to be proud of their poor and humble origin. Possibly their grandchildren may wish to cover it with the blazon of pedigree; but the fabricators of a colossal fortune have good cause to glory, with thankfulness, in a rise which has been owing mainly to their own merit. Thus in Dumfriesshire have the Bairds supplanted the Kirkpatrick's. Their story forms one of the episodes of my "Vicissitudes of Families."

## THE STORY OF COLONEL JAMES ROCH, THE SWIMMER.

"Where Foyle its spreading waters  
   Rolls onward to the main,  
 There, Queen of Erin's daughters,  
   Fair Derry fix'd her reign.  
 A holy temple crown'd her,  
   And commerce graced her streets,  
 A rampart wall around her,  
   The river at her feet ;  
 And there she sate alone, boys,  
   And, looking from the hill,  
 Vowed the Maiden on her throne, boys,  
   Should be a Maiden still."

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

WHO has not heard of Derry, the "Maiden City" of Ireland, as her burghers jealously denominate her? Which of us has not hung entranced over the "wondrous tale" of her siege, whether we read of it in the simple diary of George Walker, or in the graphic pages of Harris and Graham; or, touched with the light of romance, in the glowing narrative of Charlotte Elizabeth? What listener to the record of its gallant defence and the sufferings of its brave garrison, has been unmoved? Even if our sentiments differed from theirs, our sympathies were not withheld. We saw that they, as well as their opponents, contended for a *principle*; and we recognised the might and sustaining influence it afforded them, in the midst of trials almost unparalleled.\*

\* Not to shock my readers with the details given by Walker, of the species of food to which the garrison were reduced, I will only mention that, during the siege, horse-flesh sold in the markets of Derry for 1s. 8d.

But there was a turning point in the events of the siege, to which our historians have hitherto insufficiently directed attention. Like as in a dreadful sickness there is a crisis, so here there was a moment when suspense was at its utmost, and despair had well nigh blotted out every gleam of hope. The patient endurance of death in its ghastliest forms, the weary waiting for relief, the long hoping against hope, all seemed to be in vain. Human help was a mockery. Human suffering had reached its limit. The world might be rolling on in its accustomed course around them, but within their walls trouble had thickened, and was pressing down all hearts with its intolerable burden. *Whither* now might they look for aid? They were forsaken. They were forgotten. They were given up as a prey to their enemy's teeth.

That crisis passed away, and was succeeded by renewed hope and more confirmed resolution to "do or die." Tidings of approaching relief reached the garrison by a messenger who perilled his life in conveying the intelligence. Weak, wounded, and bleeding, he persevered in his heroic resolution of visiting them and bringing back an account of their state. Had it been in the days of old Rome, his statue would have graced the Capitol, and his name would have been repeated by a thousand tongues. In Ireland, his deed of glory is but little known. Even Macaulay, in his famous description of the deliverance of Derry, makes but slight reference to Roch's exploit, evidently from want of information on the subject. It is greatly to be regretted that, when that brilliant writer was collecting materials in Ireland, he did not devote more attention to the treasures of the Record Tower, in Dublin Castle. I have recently arranged and classified the contents of this very valuable depository of the

per pound; "a quarter of a dog, fattened by eating the bodies of the slain Irish," for 5s. 6d.; a rat for 1s.; a mouse for 6d.; "a small flock (*i. e.* flat-fish) taken in the river, not to be bought for money, or purchased under the rate of a quantity of meal;" a pound of salted hides, 1s.; a quart of horse-blood, 1s. The statement given of the ravages of disease and famine is appalling. Here is one leaf from the diary:—

"July 8, the garrison is reduced to 5520 (*i. e.* from 10,000)

13,	"	"	"	"	5313,	loss in 5 days,	207
17,	"	"	"	"	5114,	" 4 "	299
22,	"	"	"	"	4973,	" 5 "	141
25,	"	"	"	"	4892,	" 3 "	81

Total in 17 days . . . 728

public records, and I have discovered various documents (not examined by Macaulay) which throw much light on the memorable time of which I am speaking.

JAMES ROCH, whose name is at the head of my narrative, had high claims to distinction on account of hereditary descent; and gentle blood will oftenest do gallant deeds. His family, ennobled in the Peerage of Ireland as Lords Roche and Fermoy, was derived from ADAM DE RUPE, one of the Anglo-Norman knights, who in 1170 accompanied the Earl of Pembroke to the invasion of Ireland, and from ADAM DE RUPE he was himself seventeenth in lineal progression.\* His own immediate house had their chief seat at Tourin, a castle romantically situated on the river Blackwater, in the county of Waterford; but his father, along with the greater part of his kin,† had forfeited his estates in the time of the Commonwealth for his devoted adhesion to the fallen cause of the Stuarts, and had died an exile in Flanders. When the War of Succession broke out, Mr Roch's military talents were so well known, that Lord Tyrconnell sent a special messenger, inviting him to cast in his lot with James II., holding forth, at the same time, as an inducement, high promises of a speedy restoration to his lost hereditary possessions. Remembering, however, the faithlessness of the Stuarts, Mr Roch not only peremptorily refused, but directed Trant, the officer who had come on the negociation, to announce to Lord Tyrconnell his resolve

\* *Burke's Landed Gentry*: Article, ROCH of WOODBINE HILL.

† Among these was Maurice, Lord Roche and Fermoy, who when outlawed by the Protector, fled to Flanders, where he obtained the command of a regiment. He here met his Prince, for whom he had suffered so much, also an exile; and it is recorded that, along with his kinsmen, George Roch (father of the subject of this paper), and John Roch his brother, he daily shared with him his pay, remaining himself in contented poverty. The Restoration came; but Charles had forgotten everything. Lord Roche's property was never restored to him. In 1667, he was recommended by the Earl of Orrery to the Duke of Ormonde as an object of charity; and, but for a scanty pension he then obtained, it is probable he would have perished of want. "It is a grief to me," Lord Orrery wrote, "to see a nobleman of so ancient a family left without any maintenance; and being able to do no more than I have done, I not deny to do for him what I could do, to lament his lamentable state to your Grace." And if we needed further comment on the precept—"Put not your trust in princes," we have it in the fact, which has been vouched for by eye-witnesses, that a Lady Roche, of the second or third generation from this nobleman, was seen soliciting alms in the streets of Cork! See "*Vicissitudes of Families*," 1st Series.



to take up arms immediately for the Prince of Orange. In the Williamite army he soon attained the rank of Colonel, and in this capacity was attached to the expedition under Kirke, sent for the relief of Derry, June, 1689.

On the 7th of this month, when, from sheer famine, the brave defenders of the beleaguered city were daily dropping into the grave by scores, there were seen at the entrance of the river three large ships, whose appearance justified every expectation of immediate assistance. They were English. They were sea-borne. Their ensigns indicated their sympathies. The vessels pressed in under easy sail, until they reached the narrow part of the river; and here, frightened by the heavy batteries of the besieging army, and the mighty boom which stretched from bank to bank, they paused. To the horror of the starving town's-people, the crews on board, having surveyed the difficulties, and hesitated awhile, as if uncertain in their movements, hauled again their courses on the opposite tack, and sailed away out of sight. A week passed over. The Cathedral burying-ground was gorged with four hundred additional corpses, when a watcher, who had climbed the tall pinnacle of the spire, announced a forest of shipping at the mouth of Lough Foyle; and after some hours, which seemed like ages, a fleet of thirty sail, the promised succours under General Kirke, could be seen distinctly from the town. But Kirke, who had changed sides, being either luke-warm as a turncoat, or being really possessed but in scant degree with the spirit of a British soldier, proceeded no farther than did the former vessels. The heavy guns of Charles' Fort, the endless lines of musketeers on either shore, and more than all, the fatal boom, seemed to him impassable. Signals were made by the town, expressive of the extremity of its condition; and still Kirke wavered. He responded to their entreaties, by hanging out certain flags, expressive of his kind wishes to the garrison, and of his intention to help them; but he gave no command to his fleet to carry out these views. At length, a resolution was come to; and of what nature? That, considering relief impossible by the river, he would defer any attempt until further reinforcements reached him from England; but that he would send in a message to the town's-people, bidding them keep up their spirits, and to "be good husbands of their victuals."\* Could

\* The words of his letter to Governor Walker.

treachery or pusillanimity descend to a lower depth? Here were thirty ships, stored with victuals, ammunition, and other supplies, for the perishing inhabitants of Derry, arrived at the close of a long voyage made for this end; and the individual intrusted with the sacred duty of throwing in the help, falters in his purpose—doubts its practicability—and ends all with determining to leave it undone!

When Kirke's vacillating conduct became generally known throughout the fleet, it created a universal feeling of disgust. It was felt to be the humiliating confession of his own incompetency. And when his wish to despatch a letter to the Governor was declared, the want of confidence in his administration and the little desire entertained by any to carry out his plans, were shown in the silence with which his proposal was received. Not a man stepped forth to undertake the duty. With many, no doubt, the extreme peril of the task weighed sufficiently. The enemy were masters of every approach by sea and land to the devoted town; the gibbet awaited the capture of the messenger; and, when the highest in command betrays irresolution or apprehension, a panic is generated which descends through all ranks to the humblest serving under him. Kirke, amazed and confounded, stormed with passion, upbraiding his men with cowardice (a taunt which proceeded with an ill grace from such as himself!); and finally, changing his voice to supplication and entreaty, he offered a premium of three thousand guineas to the soldier who was willing to become his messenger.

There was one, all this while, who stood on the frigate's deck silent and thoughtful, apart from the crowd, ever and anon casting wistful glances on the distant hill, whence the booming cannonade proclaimed that Derry was yet untaken. He had heard with astonishment the tidings of his General's lukewarmness and feeble purposing. He had listened, with disdain, to the golden hopes held forth for a venturesome envoy. His heart burned within him, as he thought of brave men, helpless women, and innocent children, sacrificed to selfish imbecility; and a bitter smile gathered on his lip, as he whispered to a brother-officer near him, the overmastering sensations of his bosom:

“Can *nothing* be done to save them?”

“Nothing!” was the reply.

“Then I go myself”—

And as he spoke, Colonel Roch (for it was he) impetuously sought the General's presence; and in a few brave words, that thrilled all, save Kirke himself, announced his determination to be the bearer of despatches to the Governor of the city. He disclaimed the reward as offered by the General, alleging that if he failed and fell, he could not claim it, or would not merit it; but that if he succeeded, the salvation of so many of his fellow-countrymen would be its own rich recompense. Kirke heard him graciously. His letter, written to the heroic George Walker, was folded in a piece of bladder, to preserve it from the water, and to this packet a few leaden bullets were attached, to sink it, if the bearer was about to be made a prisoner. Colonel Roch received many special messages for divers of the garrison; and amidst the prayers and blessings of his companions, was rowed in a small skiff down the lough, in the direction remotest from the city, and beyond the furthest sentinel of the enemy.

He stepped ashore, his life in his hand, but willing to lay it down in the duty he had undertaken. It was summer—bright, joyous summer! The birds carolled on every tree. The green sward he pressed with his foot bore a thousand insect lives on its flowers and blossoms, and sent up rich perfumes that thrilled his heart with rapture. There was a silence, a hallowed peace on every side. Derry stood eleven miles distant; not a cry of the combatants, not a single echo of musketry could be heard. For a moment, it appeared as if the scene on board the shipping he had quitted, or the anguish of the town to which he was repairing, was a dream. Where could such things exist, while heavenly quietude had descended on earth? How could the jarring passions of men stir themselves for misery and ruin, when the God of nature, the Father of mercies, had poured his blessings abroad on hill-side and dale?

The pause lasted but a moment; images, strong stern images of war and its woes rose up before him. The desolated city, with her famine-swept streets, swam before his sight too keenly, too clearly, to be counted as a vision; it was all a terrible reality. And feeling this, he nerved himself for action, and turned precipitately away.

He had marked well the position of the town, and resolved to avail himself to the utmost of the woods, which, circling the hills above him with foliage, reached down to

the margin of the lough, and mirrored their dark masses in its clear glassy waters. He had seen from the vessel's deck that the trees stretched themselves in the direction of Derry from this quarter, and grew thick and close until they almost reached the suburbs. Perhaps, under their friendly shadow, he might pass King James's sentinels; and where the forest would not hide him, in the immediate vicinage of the town, he would commit himself to the water and be swept up, at a fit time, by the current. With the noiseless tread of an Indian hunter, Roch now sped on his journey. Every sense seemed absorbed in that of hearing. Soon, full soon, the dull, distant note of heavy ordnance broke the stillness, and sounded "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before," as he painfully tracked his way through the tangles of the wood. He often saw the light glancing on hostile arms through vistas among the trees. He often heard the measured tread of soldiery passing to and fro in a road just beneath him. He sometimes caught a glance of the white canvas of an encampment, and could even distinguish the *refrain* of the wild songs of its inmates. And through all he passed, unseen, unnoticed; as if, like the Trojan prince, some friendly divinity had encircled him in a clouding vapour. But now the trees became thin. The axe had gone among them. They were felled here and there, and concealment was impracticable. It was certain destruction to go further. A living mass of men, the main body of the enemy, occupied the ground between him and the city. He must remain in his present position until the shadows of night.

And so, burying himself anew in the forest-brake, the intrepid soldier awaited darkness. The elements were propitious. Heavy clouds began to gather. The wind moaned dismally, and gradually increased to a tempest. The sun went down in anger. Thick drops of rain began to fall. They thickened, until the flood-gates of heaven seemed to open and pour down their torrents on the earth. The sentry tightened his jerkin about him, and ceased his methodical round. His fellows drove down their tent-pins more tightly, straining and fastening anew the cords; and then, running beneath the canvas, drew across the flapping drapery. The dumb beasts sought the shelter of the forest. And now, denuding himself of his heavy upper garments, bare-headed and unbooted, Roch creeps forth from his hiding-place. He traverses the encampment without observation. He passes

unchallenged one guard after another. He reaches the water-side. The war of the elements forbids any watching ear to detect a splash. The swimmer is strong for his purpose, although three long miles of the river must now be gotten over. The tide rushing up from the lough bears him onward; and long before the sun has glittered on the thin spire of the cathedral—long before his rays have lighted up the enclosure of the Diamond,\* a band of the 'Prentices have admitted, through the ferry-gate, Kirke's wearied envoy, and the tidings he has brought are circulated far and wide through the town.

And now, one day to be with them—one day, to meet their leaders, and take counsel together—one day, to go among the burghers and confirm them in their resolution—one day, to see with his own eyes the state of the town, that he may report it on his return—one day, and the same, to refresh himself; and he will leave them. On the evening after his arrival, at nightfall, Roch is again breasting the waters, and bears with him Governor Walker's reply. Again, he passes the long windings of the river in safety, and reaches his lair in the forest unharmed. But the foe-man has been there in the interval; and the clothes he had hidden are removed. Another messenger, despatched soon after himself, had been taken prisoner and immediately gibbeted; and the whole of the wood is alive with scouts. It is not long ere pursuers are upon his track. Like a hunted deer, he flees away before them, his only hope being the thick underwood. Into this he dives deeper and deeper. The briars tear gashes in his uncovered limbs, and send streams of gore down his person. He has escaped! He has left them behind; and hark! their voices grow fainter and fainter, as they rush away in a wholly different quarter of the forest. For nearly an hour the wearied one remains in his covert, almost unbreathing; and now he comes forth, that he may retrace his steps. For three miles he passes through the forest, and comes again to the water-side. But he has lost his way. Ere he can plunge into the river, he is in the midst of a party of the enemy's dragoons. To their cry "*Rendez-vous,*" he makes a motion for escape. Whereupon one burly trooper lifts a halbert, and inflicts a

\* A parallelogram in the centre of the city of Derry, from which the four principal streets radiate to the four gates.

ghastly wound on his head, breaking his jaw-bone. The rest grasp him to make him a prisoner ; but his want of clothes saves him, and he slips from their hold. One effort more for life ! Bloody and disfigured, Roch leaps into the river ; and none are so courageous as to follow him. But pistols are plucked from the holsters, and instantaneously a score of bullets plash in the water. *Three* hit him, in the arm, breast, and shoulder : and his whole frame is convulsed in agony. Still, he strikes out ; for he will drown rather than yield. Offers come to him, across the water, of rich reward, if he will give up his letter. Life is promised, and liberty, but all in vain. He still persists in his effort. Shots are again discharged at him, but happily without effect. He grows faint in a little while from the loss of blood ; and now thinks the parting moment near. But he perceives he is borne back again towards the town. Its fair hilly seat again comes before him. He makes one more gallant struggle, and it is successful. He reaches land, and is taken up by the grateful burghers, to faint and fall down before them, almost a lifeless corpse.

How long he lay in this swoon, he could not tell ; but kind faces were around his bed when intellect slowly returned. The voice of prayer was going up in his behalf. Walker, Baker, and other gallant souls, knelt in his chamber. In a few days, he was abroad. It was no holiday time ; it was no season for nursing wounds. Having failed in delivering to General Kirke the governor's letter, he will transmit some tidings at last by telegraph ; and (according to a system he had arranged before he quitted the fleet), he now signals from the steeple of the cathedral, informs the shipping in the lough of the state of the garrison, and of his own misadventure and wounds. The chief inhabitants, at the same time, hold a meeting, at which they determine to bury themselves in the ruins of their city ; and the resolution is adopted, that any individual who makes mention of "surrender" is to be tried by court-martial ; and shall, on its sentence, immediately suffer death.

More than a month passed by. In the interval, the fleet under Kirke left the river ; and the lines of circumvallation were drawn closer and closer around the deserted town, yet the courage of its defenders sank not. Occasional sallies were made ; in the hope of carrying off some of the be-

siegers' cattle, and were generally attended with success. But starvation and sickness did their offices steadily ; and miserable Derry became one huge charnel-house. The mortality during the month of July exceeded 2000. On the 28th and 29th alone, more than 400 of the garrison perished. On the 30th, a solemn service was performed in the cathedral, when Walker addressed the feeble survivors. He declared that "he felt in himself an unshaken confidence that they could not be entirely deserted by over-ruling Providence, and reminded them of the many signal mercies they had received, and of the importance of their defence of the Protestant religion ; and inferred from these considerations the inference, that when at the worst they would obtain deliverance."

The congregation dispersed, some to keep watch and ward on the bastions ; some to climb the cathedral spire, and strain their eyes towards the river in search of help, some to walk moodily to lonely homes, whence "the old familiar faces" had gone for ever. An hour had passed, when three large vessels were espied entering the deserted roadstead. The suspense and anguish of the inhabitants rose to its height. They hung out a red flag from the cathedral to signify their mortal distress. They fired several guns. They rushed down to the water-side, crying out NOW OR NEVER ! They encouraged the crews on board by every species of exclamation and entreaty. The vessels pressed on ; and the shore on either side became wrapped in flame. The guns on the several redouhts forced their deadly missiles into the ships, as they swept by ; but there were heroes on board who disregarded all. And now the boom is being approached ; and one gallant ship shoots past the rest, as if impatient to close with it. She reaches it—she crashes upon it ; the shock is irresistible ; the mighty barricade heaves and groans. It breaks in twain, and the diverging sides are hurried open by the tide. But the Mountjoy herself recoils from the blow ; her sails flap idly on the masts ; she is stranded under the enemy's guns ; they raise a shout of triumph, and swarm down to board the vessel ; she fires her broadside among them, and by the shock of her guns is carried back into deep water, and floats again. But her captain, the gallant Browning, and several of his men now fall dead from the musketry ; and the triumph of the moment is lost in their fall. "The contest after this," writes the Rev. James

Willis,\* "was quickly at an end: the three vessels entered without any further impediment; they were the Phoenix and the Mountjoy transports, commanded by Captains Douglass and Browning, and convoyed by the Dartmouth frigate, Captain Leake; they contained a large and needful supply of beef, meal, and other provisions—and the heroes of Derry were saved, just when their entire provisions were barely enough to keep them two more days alive. At this moment there remained alive 4300 men, of 7300 originally numbered within the garrison. Their provisions consisted of nine lean horses, and one pint of meal per man." The blockade was at an end. The besieging army drew off to Strabane. Of the 20,000 men of whom it had been composed, nearly 9000 had fallen before the walls, chiefly from the sallies of the garrison.

And Colonel Roch—was he forgotten? Not so. The honourable title conferred on him by those in whose behalf he had so perilled life and limb, was *THE SWIMMER*. By this designation he was ever after known through life; and by it he is uniformly distinguished in the family records and papers. Nor did King William, when he ascended the throne of England, overlook his services. In answer to a petition, declaring "that he (Roch) was sent by Major-General Kirke into Londonderry at the time of the siege, with notice of the intended relief, and did, after great hazard of his life, perform that considerable service, swimming up the river into the town; and was forced to stay two nights in the water, and received three wounds from the enemy's shot, which disabled him in his body and prejudiced him in his health;" the King granted him, by patent, in fee, the moiety of the Ferry of his native town, Kinsale, (the other moiety being in the hands of Anthony Stawell, Esq., and William Brookes, by title derived from the Duke of Monmouth, previous to his attainder,) together with all the boats, oars, tackle, furniture, and all fees and perquisites thereof; and the arrears of rent due to the Crown since the forfeiture. "Two years after," says Harris,† "his Majesty made him a grant of all the undisposed Ferries of Ireland, reserving the ancient crown-rents; the value of which said Ferries are recited to be worth above £80 a-year." This grant embroiled him in many law-suits

† "Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen," Vol. iii. pp. 352, 353.

\* Life of William III., pp. 209, 210. Dublin, 1749.



with persons setting up ancient titles to several of the said Ferries, and therefore he made fresh application to the Crown, that, upon surrendering his former patent, he might have a grant of the forfeited estate of James Everard, in the County of Waterford, reported to be worth £66 a-year, together with some few Ferries near his habitation. The King complied with this application, and granted to him the said estate, amounting to 1321 acres, and also the several Ferries of Kingsale, Donegall, otherwise called Passage, and Rathconray, in the County of Cork; the Ferries of Waterford, Passage, and Dungarvan, in the County of Waterford; the Ferries of Wexford, Carrick-upon-Slane, and Ross, in the County of Wexford, and the Ferry of Ballynard, leading to Bridge Island, on the river of Rosse, in the Counties of Wexford and Kilkenny; the Ferries of Strangford, Portaferry, and Narrow Water, in the County of Downe; the Ferry of Lifford, in the County of Donegall; the Ferries of Annabegg and Longhill, in the County of Limerick; and the Ferry of the Abbey of Grange, in the County of Mayo; together with all the boats, oars, tackle, furniture, fees, and perquisites, belonging to them and to every of them, and all arrears of rent due thereout, and the reversion or reversions of such of the said Ferries, whereof any lease or grant for any term of years or otherwise had been before that time made, to be held in fee-simple at several rents amounting in the whole to £34 2s. 11½d. It appears by a subsequent application to the Crown, that this was an unfortunate choice he made, and that he was put to the expense of £1680, in disproving a pretended settlement of Everard's estate; and therefore the King, in the eleventh year of his reign, made him a grant of some other forfeited lands in the Counties of Cork and Meath, returned to be of the clear yearly value of £95 14s. 4d.

After the death of King William, Colonel Roch applied to the Parliament of England, in 1704, for further relief, setting forth his services, and the full state of his case. A clause was in consequence inserted in an Act then passing the Commons, which granted him the sum of £3269 7s. 7d., out of certain Irish forfeitures; but the funds from which this grant was to be derived fell so far short of the stipulated sum that he did not receive above one-third of the voted money. In consequence, he addressed, to a subsequent Parliament, the following memorial, which I here insert, as it sets forth

a graphic account of his sufferings and services, and fully confirms all my previous statements.

“THE CASE OF CAPTAIN\* JAMES ROCH.

“THAT, in the year 1689, Major-General Kirke was sent to the relief of Londonderry.

“THAT, while the General lay in the Lough of Derry, he received intelligence that the Town was capitulating, and in three or four days was to be surrendered.

“THAT all the ways to the town were blocked up by the late King James’s forces; so that it seemed impossible for the General to communicate with the Town.

“THAT the General, considering it was a dangerous enterprise, offered a reward of 3000 guineas to any person that could carry his orders into the city; but it being a business of such difficulty and danger, nobody would undertake it for some time, till at last, the said Roch, out of the zeal he had for the late King (of glorious memory), and for the Protestant Religion, and interest in Ireland, did undertake the same.

“THAT the said Roch underwent the hazard of passing through the enemy’s camps and guards, which extended eight miles; and when he was got beyond them, swam down the Lough for three miles, and by God’s blessing added to his endeavours, got safe to the town, and delivered the general’s message to the Governor.

“THAT, after he had so done, and refreshed himself, but barely for one day, by the command of Colonel Baker, the then Governor, he returned to the General with the state of the garrison, and took water at London-Derry, and swam back three miles to the place where he had left his clothes.

“THAT, when he arrived there, he found his clothes taken away, by which he imagined himself to be discovered; but, however, he was resolved to carry back to the General the Governor’s letters, which were tied in a bladder in his hair, and accordingly travelled naked three miles; but being discovered and pursued by the enemy, he was forced to take shelter in a wood, where the horse could not follow him, and passed through the wood with such hardships and difficulty, that he was torn by the briars, till he was gore blood.

“THAT, having passed the woods, which brought him to

\* His then rank.

the water-side, he was met by a party of the enemy's dragoons, one of which broke the said Roch's jaw-bone with a halbert, before he could get into the water, and after he was in the water, shot at him several times, and wounded him thrice, in the arm, breast, and shoulder, and offered him £10,000 in case he would deliver to them his letters; but the said Roch's zeal for his religion, his King, and his country was such, that he chose to die in the water (which he did expect to be his fate) rather than betray the trust reposed in him.

"THAT, after all these difficulties, by God's providence he got back to London-Derry, and by signals delivered him by the General before he left the fleet, gave the General notice from time to time from the steeple of Derry, how long the town could hold out.

"THAT, King William and Queen Mary, out of a sense of his sufferings and services, did grant to him forfeited estates in Ireland, to a very considerable value; but the same have been decreed from him by the late trustees, and he never received from the said grants more than £180 12s. 5d., as by a report of the said trustees may appear.

"THAT, in the year 1704, setting forth his case to the Parliament, they were pleased in compassion to grant him an Act for £3269 7s. 7d. to be issued out of the forfeitures in Ireland, which did but barely re-imburse him the expense he was out of pocket; so that the petitioner has yet received nothing of the reward promised him for his services.

"THAT, the funds upon which the said money was given proving deficient, and after the expense of four years' time and a great deal of money, he has only received £1148 9s. 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., and no more can be expected from that fund.

"THAT he has spent all the small fortune he had of his own, as well as that he had by his wife, and both contracted great debts, which have very much reduced him; and, unless the honourable House of Commons will afford him some relief he must never expect to return to his native country, for which he has done such signal services, but leave his wife and children exposed to the greatest hardships."

George Roch, Esq., now of Woodbine Hill, worthily represents his very ancient and lordly house.

## THE PREHEN TRAGEDY.

O falsely, falsely murdered!

SHAKSPEARE.

THIS story, taken from the page of real life, could hardly be made darker or more improbable by any infusion of the ordinary elements of romance. Indeed, the actual features of it, such as we have them from undoubted records, require rather to be softened than exaggerated, that the reader may not turn away in disgust from a tale that seems almost too atrocious for belief. Some criminals may be invested with a poetic colouring, and thus reconciled in a degree to our imaginations; but the hero of the Prehen tragedy is a thoroughly prosaic ruffian—he belongs to the school of George Barnwell, and is utterly incapable of being elevated except at the expense of everything like truth.

John Macnaghten was descended from a Scotch family, which is supposed to have come over with King William the Third to Carrickfergus, and to have afterwards settled at Benvariden, in the county of Antrim, a place situated at the north-east extremity of Ireland, about six miles from Coleraine, and two from Ballimony. They were highly respectable, and enjoyed a considerable hereditary estate. His father was a magistrate for Antrim, his mother was a daughter of Henry Macmanus, an alderman of Londonderry; his uncle also was a magistrate, and a cornet on half-pay, at the time of Thurot's landing, upon which occasion he was the first to appear in arms against the invaders, at the head of two hundred stout militia, whom he had animated with his own spirit.

The time of John Macnaghten's birth cannot be precisely ascertained, but it was somewhere about the year 1722. When he was only six years old, his father died; and this,

which in any case is a great misfortune, was doubly so with a boy of his disposition, who, even while at school, exhibited a strong propensity to gambling, and was moreover a coward, a fault of all others the least likely to find indulgence amongst his countrymen. When only eighteen years of age, he was challenged by a schoolfellow—but, wanting the nerve to fight, he was horsewhipped and fled the field. To counter-balance these evil qualities, so far as they could be counter-balanced, he was shrewd, had undaunted assurance, and possessed a good person, and manners so peculiarly winning, that, in spite of his notorious character, he managed to get into some of the first society in the kingdom. This, however, did not avail him with his grandfather, the alderman, who was so offended at his love of play, that he left him nothing, but bequeathed a handsome fortune to his younger brother.

Macnaghten was now of age, and being put into possession of his own estate, had a wider field for the indulgence of his gambling mania. He visited all the fashionable places of public resort both in England and Ireland, played deep, and with such ill success that he was obliged to sell a part of his estate, and mortgage the remainder. But fortune had not entirely deserted him: he contrived to engage the affections of Miss Daniel, daughter of the Dean of Down, and won the consent of the lady's friends to their union upon his binding himself by oath never to play again. The lady had in her own right about five thousand pounds, but the whole of this was settled beforehand upon their younger children.

To all appearance, the gambler was now reclaimed. He treated his wife with the utmost kindness, and for two years he abstained from every game of chance. And now appears the first contradiction in his character; so sacred was his oath to him, that however urged by the one master passion of his mind, he would not on any account violate it; but he fully believed that the oath was no longer binding than those who had extorted it chose it should be so; and he did not hesitate to gain their dispensation of it by a falsehood. He pretended to his wife, and to her mother, Mrs Daniel, that he might have won a thousand pounds, had he not been tied up from play, and alleging that the same chance might again occur, he prevailed upon the ladies to release him from his obligation. The only check upon him being removed, he

went back to the gaming table with more zest than ever, playing so deeply, that he soon became involved in fresh difficulties. Several suits were commenced against him for heavy debts, which ended in the issue of writs, and the despatch of bailiffs to seize his person. Upon one occasion the bailiffs watched their intended prey to a house where he was spending the evening, but instead of arresting him when he came out, they allowed him to get into a sedan, and followed him to his own house. The moment the chair stopped, they came forward and announced their business. Macnaghten declared he would not submit to become their prisoner; the men proceeded to force, which he as stoutly repelled. Unfortunately, the scuffle took place beneath the bed-room window of Mrs Macnaghten, who had then lain-in about a fortnight, and was anxiously expecting his return home. Alarmed by the noise, she was not long in learning what had caused it, when the fright, together with her distress at the desperate state of her husband's affairs, gave such a shock to her nerves, that she fell into a sickness, which shortly afterwards proved fatal.

It would seem that he was affected with genuine remorse at the lady's death, occasioned, as he well knew it was, by his own misconduct. So at least the world judged at the time, and probably with correctness, for he was yet in the novitiate of evil, and well and wisely says the Latin proverb,—"nemo repentè fuit turpissimus"—"no one is utterly bad all at once." But even this feeling, good in itself, yet served as another step in his downward course. To get rid of his grief, he suddenly plunged again into the full vortex of dissipation, so that in a short time his affairs became more embarrassed. Yet even now, his better genius had not altogether abandoned him. The kindness of a noble friend, procured for him the office of Collector of the King's taxes, in the town of Coleraine, which was an addition of two hundred a year to the remnant of his fortune. It still, then, depended only upon himself to be happy, if not to entirely redeem his former fortunes, and he was now bound to abstain from play, as much by justice, as by gratitude to the friends who had become security for him upon his receiving the collectorship. He had pledged himself to do so, and it was in full reliance upon his word that they had become his bondsmen. But even this last sense of honour had now deserted him. He no longer felt any necessity for obtaining a release from

his oath, but rushed headlong back to the gaming table with increased appetite. The consequence may be easily anticipated. He risked the money which had come into his hands as collector of the royal imposts, lost it, and at the end of two years, being discovered to have embezzled the large sum of eight hundred pounds, he was turned out of office, and his securities had to make good the deficiency.

It would be thought that after such an event he must have so completely lost all character as no longer to find acceptance in any decent society. Such, however, was not the case. So generous is the Irish disposition, and perhaps it must be added, sometimes so indulgent to moral delinquencies, that he still found friends amongst the more respectable classes, who could forgive his faults and admit him to their intimacy. It is still more surprising that amongst these should have been one, who had a son of eighteen, and a daughter about fifteen, neither of them likely to benefit by such an acquaintance. This generous, but ill-judging, gentleman was Andrew Knox, Esq., of Prehen, Member of Parliament for Donegal, who, as he had known Macnaghten from infancy, must, one would imagine, have been well acquainted with his vices, and aware of what such a man would be capable. Nothing of the kind appeared in his conduct; he invited Macnaghten frequently to his house, treated him as one suffering, not from vice, but from misfortune, and seemed, in every respect, as if he were endeavouring to repair an imaginary injustice of the world, by an excess of hospitable kindness.

It was now that, with a singular audacity and contempt for men's opinions, the ruined gambler offered himself as a candidate to represent Coleraine. He failed, of course; but so little abashed was he by the defeat, that he next set up for the City of Londonderry. Here too he experienced the same result, whereupon he thought of retrieving his desperate fortunes by marriage. And here, properly speaking, my tale begins, all this preliminary matter having been given but to afford the reader a clearer insight into his character, and as a key, in some sort, to what follows. Having witnessed the growth of the tree, we shall no longer be astonished at its crookedness.

The lady that Macnaghten pitched upon for his matrimonial victim was no other than Miss Knox, the daughter of his kind patron. True it was that every consideration of honour and gratitude forbade such scheme; the generous

and unsuspecting confidence of the father ought unquestionably to have exempted him, if no one else, from an attempt to inveigle his daughter; but then it was this very confidence which afforded him facilities that he was not so likely to find with any other lady; and, as to honour, it has long been received for a melancholy truth that nothing deadens every feeling of the kind so readily, or so completely, as a habit of gambling. Macnaghten formed no exception to the rule.

To win the affections of Miss Knox was the first essential to his scheme; but her youth, being then hardly sixteen, weighed against his knowledge of the world; and his peculiar address, so likely to captivate a female heart, made this no very formidable obstacle; the greater difficulty was to woo the lady without being discovered by either of the parents, who, however tolerant of him in other respects, were not likely to admit a ruined gambler for a son-in-law. His invention and audacity suggested a plan in this dilemma, which would hardly have occurred to any one besides himself. He actually solicited Mr Knox for permission to pay his addresses to his daughter, well knowing beforehand that he would be refused, and meaning to make the greatest advantage of such rejection. In pursuance of this plan, he sought a private interview with the father, whose reply was such as to convince him, if he could ever have doubted it, that his kind host was by no means disposed to carry his romantic generosity so far as to sacrifice his child to a ruined gambler. This hint was enough. Instead of complaining, or in any way pressing his suit, the crafty wooer professed himself to be neither hurt nor surprised at the determination; he only begged that Mr Knox would not mention his request to any one, as he was now made sensible of its impropriety, and was anxious to avoid the mortification of its being known to others that he had so asked and been refused. This petition was too simple, and apparently too deserving of praise, to be denied by a good-natured man like Mr Knox; he willingly passed his word to the effect desired, and Macnaghten on his part declared, with a show of gratitude and much affected humility, that he would abandon his suit altogether.

The first step was thus successfully taken. Having as he thought—and, as was indeed the fact—lulled Mr Knox into a false security, he opened his batteries against the daughter. This he began, by taking every opportunity of



talking of his hope, nay certainty, that his affairs would speedily be retrieved; not that he thought to deceive the parents by such illusive statements, but he expected that, out of mere kindness and compassion, they would not contradict his assertion; and thus they would be more likely to pass for facts with the daughter than if he had stated them to herself in private. At the same time he did not neglect paying her those slight, yet marked, attentions, which though not noticed by others, unless previously put upon their guard, are perfectly well understood by the person to whom they are directed. Here then was the foundation-stone of his building laid solidly and securely. His next measure was one of such consummate artifice that it rather seems to belong to the ingenious intrigue of Spanish comedy than to the events of real life. With the simulated confidence of the fiend, when he whispered Eve in Paradise and tempted her to eat of the forbidden apple, he told the young lady—as a secret he would fain keep, but could not—that he had obtained her father's consent to their union, but that the old gentleman had resolved to hold his intentions private for a year, partly on account of his daughter's youth, and partly because of the present unsettled state of Macnaghten's affairs. "He could not," he said, "deny himself the pleasure of making to her this communication, but he begged that she would not give the least intimation of it to any one, not even to her mother, as it might mortally offend Mr Knox if it should ever transpire that he had revealed what was granted under a solemn pledge of secrecy."

The young lady, flattered, as he had expected, by this confidence, and already most favourably inclined towards him, gave the required promise without hesitation. Here then was a second step in advance, and a most important one, if the young lady were only as silent as she promised: and that she might be so, he did not fail to warn her from time to time that Mr Knox had, in private, repeated his injunction of secrecy, with an intimation that his consent would be withdrawn if the least hint were given to any one of his purpose. This all appeared plausible enough, and now, being convinced that she was only acting as her father desired, she listened readily to the suit of her crafty wooer, who did not hesitate to press it, when he could do so unobserved. Her illusion was yet more confirmed by the exceeding kindness of both her parents towards Macnaghten, kindness which, in

fact, proceeded from a benevolent notion that he had been too hardly dealt with, and that he really and truly repented of his youthful error. Mrs Knox even went so far as to say, she should be glad of so pretty a fellow for a son-in-law, and this, too, in her daughter's presence, although in reality without the slightest idea of such a thing. It was a foolish speech, uttered without consideration, for the mere purpose of showing the high regard she had for him.

Under such circumstances, it cannot be a matter of surprise that Miss Knox listened to her lover when he proposed, by way of binding themselves, they should solemnly read over the marriage ceremony. She gave him the required meeting one morning early, at the house of a Mr Joshua Swetenham, in Londonderry, where they read the matrimonial service in parts, before Mr Andrew Hamilton, a young gentleman only 18 years old. He even prevailed upon her to kiss the book interchangeably with him, and swear that she would be married to him by a clergyman on the first opportunity. She added, however, as the one indispensable condition of her promise—"provided my father consents"—a clause which, of itself, would have annulled the contract, had it otherwise been binding.

The next efforts of Macnaghten were directed to the persuading her that this idle ceremony was in truth a marriage, and that she ought to give herself up to him accordingly as his wife. But the natural instinct of female delicacy foiled all his arts, and saved her from this snare. She refused to listen to any such suggestions, whereupon he determined to effect by force what he found himself unable to accomplish by entreaties, for not only was his state growing more and more desperate, but he had to fear every hour, lest some untoward chance might arise to lay bare his villany. A man of much less craft than he possessed, must have been quite aware that a web so complicated and so finely spun, as were his schemes, must be liable to damage from a multitude of trifles.

As some slight extenuation of his next measure, we should recollect that forcible abduction of women was by no means considered in Ireland at that time in the same light it was in other countries. Neither sex in general was inclined to look upon it as anything more than a venial offence, and it was even asserted that the ladies were far from being angry at a little gentle violence, which served them as an excuse

for doing, what in their secret hearts they were well inclined to, while in appearance they disavowed it. At all events, such marriages often turned out as happy as unions more legitimately contracted.

It so chanced that about ten days or a fortnight after the performance of this mock ceremony, Miss Knox set out upon a visit to William Wray's, Esq., at Ards, nearly fifty miles from Prehen. Strange to say, the young lady's suspicions were so little excited by what had hitherto passed, that she allowed Macnaghten to accompany her on her journey. The parents on their part made no objection, being kept in total ignorance of everything that could disturb their confidence.

The distance being more than could be conveniently accomplished in one day, according to the then existing ideas of travelling, and the really bad state of the Irish roads, it was agreed they should pass the night at Strabane, at the house of Mr M'Causland. Whether the mistress of the mansion had been previously warned, or, from her own observation, was led to doubt Macnaghten, she thought fit to place her young visitor in her own dressing-room. The precaution proved to be no more than necessary, for in the night Macnaghten endeavoured to get into Miss Knox's room, and was only foiled by its situation. This discovery, which he had every right to suppose would be revealed to the parents, led him to precipitate measures. The next day, at an early hour, he persuaded the young lady to walk in the garden, and having reached a secluded spot, attempted to offer her violence. Having repelled him with great indignation, she hurried back to the house, and shortly afterwards resumed her journey to Mr Wray's. Thither he followed her, though at a distance, hoping that some opportunity might yet occur for accomplishing his purpose before her friends at Prehen had taken the alarm.

There had long subsisted an intimate friendship between Miss Knox and Miss Wray, the daughter of the house where she was now residing, and it was not long before the former related to her friend the whole story of what had passed, for she considered, with great reason, that the conduct of Macnaghten had freed her from every obligation of secrecy. Miss Wray lost no time in communicating the tale to her father, who, fearing that Macnaghten might carry her off

from his house, sent her home next day under a proper escort, with a message explanatory of his conduct.

It was now plain to the ruffian,—for he deserves no better name—that he could no longer wear the mask of concealment, nor yet carry her off by force. He therefore openly claimed her as his wife, publishing paragraphs in the newspapers to that effect, which were denied through the same channels by Mr Knox. Even this last extreme act of baseness did not prevent his uncle from harbouring him in his house at Londonderry, which being only at a short distance from Prehen, Mr Knox thought it would be prudent to remove his daughter to his brother's house at Sligo. Such was the state of law and morals in Ireland; a father could not protect his daughter in his own mansion.

Again Macnaghten set out in pursuit of the lady, and, what makes the business yet blacker, accompanied and abetted by his uncle, Alderman MacManus, whose patronage of such villany was, if possible, even more atrocious than the villany itself. If it came to a hanging matter, as in reason it ought, there could be little doubt which of the two deserved the higher gallows.

It was the forenoon when uncle and nephew arrived at their inu at Sligo. Their first business was to inquire what company was then in the house of Mr James Knox, and upon learning that John Magill, Esq., a member of parliament and a commissioner of the board of works, was there, Macnaghten, who had some slight acquaintance with him, sent up his card, with a request that they might dine together. The answer to this was that Mr Magill “knew not, or at least would not know, any such scoundrel.” A second demand by another messenger brought back the same reply. Public as this insult was, Macnaghten took no notice of it, but had even the audacity to make his appearance at an assembly, which chanced to be held in the town that evening, and though Mr Magill and Mr Thomas Knox were both present, he made no allusion whatever to the insulting message of the former. This was too much for the patience of gentlemen, and, above all, of Irish gentlemen. Indignant at such impudent cowardice, and anxious no doubt to provoke him, Mr Magill exclaimed, in something louder than a whisper, that Macnaghten was an infamous scoundrel. But neither of this did the offended person take any notice

at the time. When, however, he had gone back to his inn with a military friend, Mr Gethings, and his uncle, he seems to have thought better of it, or it may be that, by their persuasions, he was induced to send a challenge to the aggressor through the medium of Mr Gethings. The rest is so completely Irish in the gallantry and even recklessness of the principal personage, that I must needs tell it in the exact words of the pamphlet written at the time.

“It being now resolved that he should fight before he slept, he sat up with his company, expecting Mr Magill’s return to the inn, where he had bespoke a bed, ’till four o’clock in the morning, drinking only one bottle of claret. About this time, Mr Magill returned, and, it being in the month of May, the day was broke. As he had been drinking very freely he was immediately shown to his chamber, and began to prepare for bed; but before he was quite undressed, Mr Gethings brought him Macnaghten’s challenge, and acquainted him that he was himself to be his second. Though a man who had been drinking freely till four in the morning, must certainly engage under great disadvantage with an antagonist who, with a view to such an engagement, had drunk only part of one bottle of claret; yet, as in these circumstances the challenge was sent, Mr Magill readily accepted it; and because he would occasion no delay by seeking at that unreasonable hour for a second on his own behalf, he at once declared that he would consider Mr Gethings, with whom he had been sometime acquainted, and whom he knew to be a man of honour, as their common friend. Having made this declaration, and again put on such part of his dress as he had pulled off, he walked into a back-yard with Mr Gethings, where they were met by Macnaghten, and having taken their ground each discharged a pistol against the other; and both missed their aim. They then drew and discharged, each of them, another pistol; Mr Magill had the good fortune at his second firing to wound his antagonist in the leg, about two inches below the calf, where the ball passed clean through between the Achilles tendon and the bone.”

This lucky wound, Macnaghten thought, must be received by the world in full acquittance of all his past delinquencies; and, with his usual assurance, he addressed his late antagonist with a hope “that he did not now think him so great a scoundrel as he had declared he thought him in ‘the

Assembly Room." Magill replied with equal sense and spirit, "By God, but I do;" and, turning his back upon him, left him to the care of his second.

The principal belligerents had now recourse to law, Macnaghten endeavouring to have his mock marriage confirmed, and Mr Knox to obtain a decree pronouncing it altogether null and void. The latter succeeded, and the defeated suitor betook himself to England, to lodge an appeal, as he pretended, in the court of delegates. His real objects were to escape being arrested by Mr Knox, for the costs of the late law-suit, in which he had been cast, and to get himself returned Member of Parliament for Carrickfergus, as protection for the future. With this view, he went to the house of a nobleman, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and, without any previous notice, demanded to see him. Although informed that his lordship was at dinner with some friends, he insisted that his message, desiring to see him upon important business, should be instantly taken in. Hereupon, the nobleman came out, and upon hearing the request of his troublesome visitor, declined all interference, a repulse by which Macnaghten was so little abashed, that a few days afterwards he sent a familiar note, demanding a loan of eighty guineas, as he had been disappointed in certain expected remittances from Ireland. This was refused, and so little sense of shame was now left to him, that, changing his tone and story altogether, in about a week he sent again, and in a letter dated from Kingston gaol, requested the loan of thirty guineas, upon a plea of abject distress occasioned by his law-suits.

I next find Macnaghten playing the accomplished sharper at the Bath gaming-tables; though how he got out of Kingston gaol—if he had ever been there—is not known; and still less is it possible to say how he acquired the necessary funds for such a purpose. Suddenly the scene shifts, he is again in Ireland, and again trying to force himself into the presence of the unfortunate Miss Knox, who was then at Swanlinbar, with her mother, for the benefit of the mineral waters. There he lurked about in the woods for several days, sleeping at night in a poor shieling—but, being discovered, he at once boldly avowed his real character and purpose. In any other country such a ruffian would have been now restrained by the strong hand of the law; "but," says the pamphleteer, and there seems no

ground for doubting him, "a gentleman, discovered in disguise, concealed in a cottage or a wood for the love of a young lady, whom her parents only withhold from his wishes, always rises into new dignity, and is regarded with uncommon ardour of kindness, mixed with a kind of pity and admiration by the multitude, wherever he happens to be; and Macnaghten became so popular at Swanlinbar, after his discovery, that having told his story to the common people, if they had not been led to doubt of its truth by contrary reports from respectable characters, would all of them have assisted him, at whatever hazard, to carry off the lady."

Few prudent families, I suspect, would choose to live in so gallant a neighbourhood as that of Swanlinbar.

I now come to the last act of this play, which, from having been little better than a farce, much in the style of the "Beggars' Opera" heroics, at once deepens into tragedy. Hitherto, Macnaghten had been kept within some bounds, though not very strict or straight, by the hope of inheriting his uncle's fortune. But, tolerant as the old man had for a long time shown himself, he was, at length, so much revolted by the infamous career of his nephew, that he married, with the avowed purpose, if he should have no child of his own, of leaving his fortune to his young wife. This made Macnaghten desperate, and he became more resolved than ever to carry off Miss Knox at all hazards. To effect his purpose, he spread abroad a report that he was at Benvarden—and then, under the name of Smith, and in the character of a sportsman, repaired to the neighbourhood of Prehen. Of the twelve associates he took with him, all deserted him but three—George MacDougal, his plough-driver, James MacCarrel, and one Thomas Dunlop, his tenant.

It was not long before he got intimation that Mr Knox was to set out from Prehen with his daughter and family, and having reconnoitred the country around, he at length found a spot well adapted to his purpose of intercepting them. This was a narrow pass, with ten outlets of escape, through which Mr Knox's carriage must come, between a large dunghill and a cabin belonging to one Keys, that stood under a bank of oak. Behind either of these, the accomplices might remain unseen till the very last moment.

Before day-break upon the morning of the 10th of November, he repaired with his associates to Keys' cabin, bringing with him in a sack six guns, nine pistols, several ropes, and a long leathern strap—the ropes and the strap being, as he said, intended for tying Miss Knox on horse-back behind himself or one of his people.

It would seem that he had not kept either himself or his intentions so secret but that Mr Knox had got some vague information of them. A report had got abroad of his having declared he would possess himself at all hazards of Miss Knox, and that, if opposed, he would cause a scene of blood in the family, which should, in after-times, make the ears tingle of the child that was yet unborn. The party, therefore, in leaving Prehen for Dublin, being thus forewarned, set out in sufficient numbers to be safe, it was supposed, against the premeditated attack. It consisted of Mr Knox, his brother James in a single horse chaise, with a servant riding behind him; young Mr Knox, with his servant, both of them also on horseback; a blacksmith named MacCullough, armed with a blunderbuss and a case of pistols in his surtout-coat pocket, and James Love, Mr Knox's own servant, armed with a fusee. The ladies, with Mr Knox, went in the coach, the two last-named forming a body-guard about them; but, by a strange contradiction, all the rest of the party, who, in numbers, formed its strength, were not armed at all; nor did Mr Knox, with his servant, think it necessary to keep near the carriage, but went considerably in advance, thus serving as a signal for the hidden confederates to prepare for action.

It was about eleven o'clock when the coach passed the cabin. And "now," says our homely narrative, "Macnaghten and two of his accomplices rushed out, each armed with pistols and a gun. Macnaghten presented his gun at the coachman, and threatened him with instant death if he did not stop the horses. The coachman, thus terrified, complied; and Macnaghten's servant coming up to him, presented his gun, and threatened that if he offered to put his horses on again he would shoot him. The coach being thus stopped and detained, Macnaghten hastened round the horses' heads to the coach door, in order to force out the lady; but MacCullough, the blacksmith, coming up to him at that instant and presenting his piece, Macnaghten fired at him, and wounded him in the hand; the fellow,



however, snapped his blunderbuss, but it unfortunately missed fire. Macnaghten fired a second shot at him, and wounded him in the knee and groin, and totally disabled him. In the mean time Mr Knox snapped a pistol at Macnaghten from the coach window, but the cock flying off, that missed fire also. While this was doing, one of Macnaghten's accomplices was charging guns in the cabin and handing them out; and Macnaghten having received one from him in the room of another he had discharged, advanced upon the fore part of the dunghill opposite to the cabin, towards that side of the coach where Miss Knox sat, and with his gun, presented, fired into the coach, and lodged no less than five bullets in her left side. He then went round by the wheels on the other side of the coach, but, as he was going about, James Love, Mr Knox's own servant, fired at his back from behind a turf-stack, and lodged three swan shot in his shoulders, Mr Knox at the same time firing again from the coach, but without effect. Macnaghten, though he felt himself wounded, got round, received another pistol from the cabin, and fired that also into the coach, with the intention to kill Mr Knox, but providentially the shot missed him. After this, Macnaghten and one of his accomplices fired each of them a random shot through the coach, probably with a design to kill every creature that was in it, for all the guns were loaded with swan shot; yet, in all these discharges, the poor young lady only was wounded."

It would seem as if revenge, and not the abduction of the lady, had been the intention of this cold-blooded and cowardly miscreant; for, having gone thus far, he walked off, attended by his accomplices, without the slightest apparent concern, and satisfied no doubt that he had effected as much evil as he could, without too far compromising his own chances of escape. No sooner was the field thus left clear than young Mr Knox galloped off to Strabane, to call in the assistance of the Inniskillen Dragoons then quartered there, and to procure medical aid for the wounded.

In the mean while Miss Knox was taken out of the coach, deluged in her own blood, and placed upon a rude bed in Keys' cabin. The pain from her wounds was well nigh intolerable. She was continually crying out, "My side! my side!" and calling upon God to put an end, by death, to her sufferings. At length Dr Law, a physician of eminence,

arrived from Strabane. Upon examination he found one of the bullets had broken her third rib, counting upwards, and buried itself in her body; that a second had entered her side, about two inches below her ribs; a third nearly two inches below that, but rather more forward; that a fourth had lodged in the head of her hip-bone; and a fifth slightly marked her groin. The doctor at once pronounced her beyond all hope of recovery, any one of the three last wounds being sufficient of itself to produce a speedy death. She was, however, removed, for more comfort, to a decent farm-house about a hundred yards off, and placed upon an easy bed, if any bed could be easy to one enduring such insufferable agony. There she lay for about four hours, piercing the ears and hearts of all around with her cries and groans, at which time she died.

While these things were passing in the cabin and the farm-house, a party of light-horse had arrived under the command of Serjeant Macjurkin, a Fermanagh man, of great boldness, and by no means deficient in military sagacity. Following the advice of the peasants, he took the route of Cumbirlady and Dungiven, and scoured the country on either side, to a considerable distance. But neither of these ways had Macnaghten taken. His horse, with the horses of his associates, had been held for him in a little wood at no great distance from Keys' cabin, and, having hastily mounted, he rode off full speed to Mr Irwin's, the place where he had been abiding the week before, in the feigned character of a sportsman. He did not, however, stop here, but passed on for about a mile, when, finding himself alone, and, as he thought, unobserved, he dismounted, took the bridle and saddle from his horse, concealed them in a ditch, and turned the animal loose. It may here also be remarked that the horse was black, with the exception of some white marks upon the face, which had been coloured over to prevent his being recognised.

Macnaghten now proceeded on foot to a little distance, till he reached the house of one Thomas Winsley, a considerable bleacher, and, without being seen by any of the family or the servants, he managed to conceal himself in a hay-loft. There he hoped to remain undiscovered, until the pursuit for the day was over, when he might escape to some place of greater safety. Perhaps he might have done so, but that two of the pursuing party, Corporal Caldwell, and

a private light horseman, of the name of Reed, who were natives of the vicinity, had, by some unexplained means, gained intelligence of his route, and even of the place where he lay hidden. Possessed of this information, they made their way to the bleacher's house, and boldly entered the hay-loft, though the place was so dark they could see nothing in it. The murderer, on the contrary, saw them clearly enough from his lurking-place, as they stood against the little light that found its way into the room. Without uttering a word, he fired at them, and they instantly returned the shot, directed only by the flash and report of his pistol, but no mischief was done on either side. The horsemen then drew their broad-swords, and regardless of the additional risk thus incurred, pressed forward to take him alive, when the report of another pistol came from the darkness. This, it appears, Macnaghten, hopeless now of escape, had levelled at his own head, but the ball having dropt out, he was only scorched on the ear by the powder. At the moment, the soldiers were not aware of this, yet still they pressed on, although so fully sensible of their extreme peril, that one cried to the other on advancing, "Come, my lad, one of us must fall, but, by God, we will take the villain." Macnaghten, however, had not the means of further resistance, even if he possessed courage enough to make use of them, and he was now dragged from his concealment and bound upon a car, to be secured in the nearest gaol.

Matters now proceeded rapidly; a coroner's inquest sat, and brought in a verdict of wilful murder against both the principal and his accomplices—one of whom, Dunlop, was shortly afterwards taken in a large meal-chest, belonging to a miller, at a place called Ballyhoggy. As it was rumoured that some desperadoes meditated a rescue, Mr Knox procured an order from the Lord Lieutenant for a party of horse, in whom he placed most confidence, to do duty at the prison where Macnaghten was confined. A serjeant's guard was placed within the gaol every night, and two men watched continually in his cell.

I must here again notice the inconsistencies in the conduct and character of this cold-blooded assassin, without attempting to explain or account for them. While he utterly neglected his person, he paid the utmost attention to his wounds, although with the certainty of an ignominious death before his eyes. With this conviction—and how

could he fail of it?—such a desire to get healed could not proceed from a love of life; and just as little could it be attributed to any religious feeling; nothing, indeed, could be more remarkable than his utter want of remorse for what he had done, and his total indifference to the death of one whom he professed to have loved, and whom he had so cruelly murdered. Well might the Rosicrucian, Comte de Gabalis, exclaim, “*Le cœur humain est un abîme! qui pourra le connoître?*”

On Monday, the seventh of December, he was summoned to take his trial at Strabane, but his brother did not desert him in the hour of distress, guilty as he was in the eyes of all reasonable beings—of all, indeed, who can distinguish between right and wrong, between black and white, although this would not seem to be a common quality amongst the warm-hearted and impetuous Irish, who are much too apt to let feeling outweigh judgment. Counsel, learned in the law, was procured to defend the criminal, and a motion was made to put off the trial, under pretence that he had been hindered by wounds and close confinement from making the necessary preparations for his defence. Upon this the Honourable Mr Baron Mountney, Mr Justice Scott, and Mr Justice Smith, who were upon the bench at the time, granted a postponement until the following Friday, when the trial began, and, according to Serjeant Burke, in his account of it in his “*Trials connected with the Upper Classes,*” lasted five days.

Upon the Friday Macnaghten was again brought into court on a bed, dressed in a white flannel waistcoat, with black buttons and holes, a black crape about his arm, a dirty parti-coloured night-cap upon his head, and a beard of a month's growth. Every indulgence was extended to him that could be with propriety, nor was he in the least wanting in himself. He is described as having made his defence with so much eloquence and feeling as to draw tears from many of the spectators. He stated, and the judges listened to him with patience—that “no man ever loved a woman better than he loved Miss Knox, and that he had no intention to kill anybody, much less that young lady; but that he came with a party to carry off one whom he considered as his wife, and had armed himself and his companions, only that they might be able to oppose force by force, if he should be resisted in his attempt. He declared also that he

did not fire at the coach till he felt himself wounded, and that, in the agony caused by his wound, he neither knew nor cared what he did. But these declarations, he said, were not intended to obtain a verdict which might give him life—his only wish being now to die—but to clear his character from the imputation of murder. He was also very importunate with the court to consider Dunlop, his accomplice, as acting wholly under his influence in what he did; and said, that as he did not commit any act of violence himself, but was only present at the action, he hoped they would spare his life."

These few sentences, it must be owned, combine all that the utmost ingenuity could devise to soften the harsher features of his crime, and to excite the sympathies of his audience, unless he had set up a plea of actual madness at the time. This generous care for his accomplice, his indifference to life himself, and his having fired at his victims only while smarting under the agony of his wounds—all these might be, and probably were, no more than pretences, but they were such as, if believed, must have gone far to enlist the feelings of an Irish jury in his favour. However, all Macnaghten's efforts were fruitless, and a verdict of **GUILTY** was given.

The most important change in his character is now to appear. That he was constitutionally timid must be evident to every one; and it was natural to expect that the near approach of death, together with the depression arising from wounds and imprisonment, would have made him yet more pusillanimous, or else would have given him the courage of desperation. Neither of these was the case. The bravest could not have shown himself more calm or less shaken by the prospect before him. From the moment that his doom was fixed, he showed no signs of flinching, but, at the same time, this show of courage continued unmingled with that recklessness which, to the common observer, will often supply the place of real spirit.

In a religious point of view his character also underwent a total change; but this, of course, cannot be considered as anything surprising; most men are content to fly to religion for consolation when all earthly hope has left them. Although he had repulsed the services of the attendant clergyman with contempt, he now had the sacrament administered

to him at his own request, and received it with every appearance of devotion.

Incredible as it may seem, Macnaghten was to the last a great favourite amongst the people. "He had," says the old pamphleteer, "many popular good qualities, which, with the advantage of his person and address, gained him the general good-will of the lower sort of people, which was not lessened, even by the crime for which he died. They were wholly ignorant of the ingratitude and dissimulation of his devices to seduce the young lady into that contract which, he pretended, gave him a right to her person. They considered his endeavour to get her into his possession as a gallant and spirited attempt to do himself a justice; and the death of the young lady as an accidental effect of an unjust resistance made against that attempt by those, who by superior power and influence would have overborne right. These notions, however erroneous and extravagant, had taken such possession of their minds, that there was not a carpenter to be found in the country about Strabane that would erect a gallows for his execution; nor could any person be procured to undertake it for hire. The sheriff, therefore, was obliged to look out for a tree which might serve for the purpose; and upon a tree he must at last have been executed, if the uncle of the unhappy young lady, and a party of gentlemen, who were moved with a just indignation at the thought of being reduced to the necessity of such an expedient to execute a wretch who had committed a murder with every possible aggravation, had not themselves made a gallows and set it up. It was erected on a plain between Strabane and Lifford; and on the 15th of December, about one o'clock in the morning, Macnaghten, who had been fettered upon his condemnation, was brought down from his room in the prison, in order to have his fetters taken off; but there was not a smith to be found that would do it; and if one of those who had refused the office had not been compelled by a party of the light-horse to perform it, the criminal must, contrary to law, have been executed with his fetters on; and the sheriff was obliged to send for the executioner, a very old man, from Cavan. Everything, however, being at last ready, he was carried to the place of execution, dressed in a very slovenly manner, and in the very coat which he wore when he committed the

murder; declaring, but for what reason cannot be known, that "he would wear no other."

Even at this last trying moment his courage did not fail him, only he asked if his head was to be stuck upon the gaol, and seemed much pleased when the sheriff replied in the negative. He refused to address the public, but assured some of his prosecutors then present, that he forgave them his death, although he himself did not ask forgiveness of any one. Ascending the ladder with a firm step, he placed the rope about his own neck, and threw himself off with great violence, in hope to break the vertebræ, and thus insure a speedy and less painful death. The force, however, was such that the rope gave way, and he fell to the ground. Thereupon the sympathising crowd made an opening in their ranks that he might escape; but the executioner, and those determined that justice should be done, closed around, when, notwithstanding the pain he must have suffered, he remounted the gallows as calm as ever, declaring that Lord Ferrers was quite right in saying, the anticipation of death was much worse than death itself. He was again thrown off, and this time so effectually, that in a few minutes he ceased to struggle. Dunlop was hanged at the same time.

Such was the fate of John Macnaghten, a man designed by nature for better things, but one in whose mind the seeds of goodness were destroyed at an early period of life by a passion for gambling.

## THE TRUE ROMANCE OF EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU.

The history of a philosophic vagabond pursuing novelty.  
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

It is a somewhat hackney saying, that truth is oftentimes more wonderful than fiction; and of this, Edward Wortley Montagu affords a very complete illustration. From his early days he was ever at tilt with the world's opinions; and, but that sufficient documents are at hand to prove the reality of my narrative, I might well expect to be set down amongst those who, to borrow Shakspeare's censure of certain players, "imitate nature most abominably." Certes, there is many a romance that less oversteps the modesty of nature than the simple reality of our chronicle, and yet more care has been taken to soften down, than to aggravate, the features in my hero's character.

Edward Wortley Montagu was the son of the highly gifted but eccentric Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and while yet an infant was taken by her to Constantinople, whither her husband had been sent as ambassador from England. The child was then only three years old, and, it is very possible, may have imbibed the roving propensities of his manhood from being thus early accustomed to travel. With a boldness that few mothers besides herself would have evinced, she tried upon him the experiment of inoculation for the small-pox, he being the first English child that had ever been subjected to it; and, beneficially no doubt for the European world, Jenner's better discovery being yet unknown, the practice in this instance turned out so successful, that Lady Mary was afterwards enabled to introduce it amongst her own countrymen with a confidence that finally subdued all the opposition of prejudice and ignorance. The following account is given of this matter by Mr Maitland,



who attended the embassy to Constantinople in the capacity of surgeon.

“About this time the ambassador’s ingenious lady, who had been at some pains to satisfy her curiosity in this matter, and had made some useful observations on the practice, was so thoroughly convinced of the safety of it, that she resolved to submit her only son to it, a very hopeful boy of about six years of age. She first of all ordered me to find out a fit subject to take the matter from, and then sent for an old Greek woman who had practised this a great many years. After a good deal of trouble and pains I found a proper subject, and then the good woman went to work; but so awkwardly, by the shaking of her hand, and put the boy to so much torture with her blunt and rusty needle, that I pitied his cries, who had ever been of such spirit and courage that hardly anything of pain could make him cry before; and therefore inoculated the other arm with my own instrument, and with so little pain to him that he did not in the least complain of it. The operation took in both arms, and succeeded perfectly well. This operation was performed at Pera, near Constantinople, in the month of March, 1717.”

Two years afterwards, the family returned to England, when the young Edward was sent to Westminster School. And now it was he began to show, that if he had inherited the talents of his mother, he had also imbibed her eccentricity; but in his case, so much aggravated, as at times almost to assume a tinge of madness.

The boy had not been long at school before he began to grow weary of its trammels. Whatever may have been the cause, he fled from the Westminster cloisters, managing the affair with so much adroitness as to baffle every effort made to discover him. Handbills and advertisements were repeatedly issued, but to no purpose; the purlieus of Covent Garden and the recesses of St Giles’s were searched from one end to the other, and under every stimulus of high rewards, yet they found not a vestige of the truant. It seemed as if he were lost to his family for ever; no unlikely thing, if we consider the state of the metropolis in those days.

It so happened that a friend of the family, Mr Forster, had some business to transact with the captain of a ship then lying at Blackwall, for which place he set out, attended by one of the domestics of old Mr Wortley Montagu.

They had not gone far in Blackwall, when their attention was caught by the sound of a familiar voice crying fish. Both at the same time exclaimed, "How like the voice of young Montagu!" and immediately they despatched a sailor after the boy, under pretence of a wish to deal with him. Unsuspecting any snare of this kind, the young itinerant came back with the sailor, carrying upon his head a basket of plaice, flounders, and other small fish. With them, to see, was to be assured, in spite of all the boy's coolness in denying himself. When, however, he found that he was discovered beyond any chance of concealment he flung down his basket and ran away. This it was that betrayed him. It was soon discovered to whom the basket belonged, and with this clue they had no difficulty in finding out where the boy had taken up his abode, and it now appeared that he had been regularly bound by indentures of apprenticeship to a poor but honest fisherman, whom, it appeared, he had served with equal diligence and fidelity for upwards of a twelve-month. His master was enthusiastic in his praise; he cried his fish with energy, made his bargains with shrewdness, and, what might seem yet more wonderful, was punctual in bringing home the produce to the old fisherman. Notwithstanding the reluctance of the master and his apprentice to part with each other, the boy was taken home, and a second time sent to school at Westminster.

"One man may take a horse to the water, but a dozen cannot make him drink," says an ancient English proverb. So, too, Mr Forster, aided by the servant, might bring master Edward home again, and his father might send him to school once more, but it was soon found that to make him stay there was quite another matter. In a very short time he gave them the slip, as he had done before, and bound himself to the master of a ship, then sailing for Oporto. This man was a Quaker, and a conscientious one, who, believing young Montagu to be a poor, deserted, friendless creature, treated him with much kindness. He clothed him decently, supplied him with good and wholesome food, and made a sea-life as pleasant as it could be made to one in his situation. Still there was restraint, and restraint was a thing most alien to his nature; so, the moment the vessel reached Oporto, he started off again, totally forgetful of the good Quaker's kindness to him; and, although ignorant of the language, he ventured a con-

siderable distance up the country. It was the vintage-season. He offered his services, was put upon a brief trial, and was found useful enough to be retained.

In this way, two or three years passed in the interior of Portugal, without his making the least attempt to improve his situation; till one day he was ordered to drive some asses to the factory. The commission was intrusted to him on account of some business which could not be transacted without a knowledge of the English language. But no sooner had he arrived there, his good—or as he probably would have termed it, his bad—stars, caused him to be recognised by the English consul; or, if he could have had any doubt upon the subject, it was fully confirmed by his former master—the old Quaker, whose vessel happened to be lying in the harbour. Thereupon, the young wanderer was consigned to proper keeping, and brought home, where, by the mediation of Mr Forster with his parents, he was again received into grace and favour. To this gentleman, was thenceforth intrusted the care of his education, a duty he discharged with so much zeal and judgment, that though the pupil had lost much ground by his late wandering habits, he was not long in regaining it, and making considerable advances beyond the point attained when he ran away from Westminster. But well and truly sings the old Epicurean poet—

“*Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem,  
Testa diu.*”

And deeply was young Edward imbued with the spirit of vagabondizing; or, as phrenologists would more delicately term it, the organ of locomotiveness was singularly predominant with him. He ran away a third time, and entered as a fore-mast man aboard a ship, bound for the Mediterranean, to the great vexation of his father, whose patience seemed at last exhausted. He absolutely refused any further interference in his favour, declaring that, as he had made his bed, so he must lie. But Mr Forster again played the part of mediator, and after much argument prevailed so far upon old Montagu, that he allowed him, if he would take the trouble, to go in search of the prodigal, and bring him home again.

So determined a friend was not likely to fail in his mission. In a short time he had tracked out the fugitive, and once more restored him to his father, who was even brought

to consent that he should now go abroad, under the direction of his kind mediator. The West Indies was chosen for the place of his retreat during the next few years, and an ample stipend was allotted for his support.

It would appear that this singular plan, like many other empirical remedies, succeeded in effecting a temporary cure at least, when more legitimate remedies had failed. He studied so as to obtain a competent knowledge of the classics, and what was of much more importance to his future welfare than all the learning of a Porson, he had acquired so much apparent steadiness, that his father now sent for him home, and ventured to place him in one of the public offices. There, for a time, he kept up the same appearances, and in 1747, was returned one of the knights of the shire for the county of Huntingdon. It soon, however, became manifest that consideration had not, in his case, as in that of Henry the Fifth, completely done its work; it had not "whipped the offending Adam out of him," for it was not long before he had deeply involved himself in debt; and, towards the latter end of the year 1751, he was fain once more to set out upon his travels.

Paris, unfortunately, was the place of his first excursion, and here his extraordinary passion for gambling betrayed him into an affair which, to say the least of it, had a very suspicious appearance at the time, and which has left a stain upon his name, that has never been completely obliterated. As the matter is one of so equivocal a nature, it is but fair to give his own account of it, and nearly as may be in his own words.

"On Sunday, the 31st of October, 1751, when it was near one in the morning, as I was undressed and going to bed, I heard a person enter my room; and upon turning round and seeing a man I did not know, I asked him calmly *what he wanted?* His answer was that *I must put on my clothes.* I began to expostulate upon the motives of his apparition, when a commissary instantly entered the room with a pretty numerous attendance; and told me with great gravity, that he was come, by virtue of a warrant for my imprisonment, to carry me to the Grand Chatelêt. I requested him again and again to inform me of the crime laid to my charge; but all his answer was, that *I must follow him.* I begged him to give me leave to write to Lord Albemarle, the English Ambassador; promising to obey the warrant, if his Excellency was not pleased to answer for my forthcoming. But the Com-

missary refused me the use of pen and ink, though he consented that I should send a verbal message to his Excellency, telling me at the same time that he would not wait the return of the messenger, because his orders were to carry me instantly to prison. As resistance under such circumstances must have been unavailable, and might have been blameable, I obeyed the warrant by following the Commissary, after ordering one of my domestics to inform my Lord Albemarle of the treatment I underwent.

“I was carried to the *Chatelêt*, where the jailors, hardened by their profession, and brutal for their profit, fastened upon me, as upon one of those guilty objects whom they lock up to be reserved for public punishment; and though neither my looks nor my behaviour betrayed the least symptom of guilt, yet I was treated as a condemned criminal. I was thrown into prison, and committed to a set of wretches, who bore no character of humanity but its form.

“My residence—to speak in the jail dialect—was in the *SECRET*, which is no other than the dungeon of the prison, where all the furniture was a wretched mattress and a crazy chair. The weather was cold, and I called for a fire; but I was told I could have none. I was thirsty, and called for some wine and water, or even a draught of water by itself, but was denied it. All the favour I could obtain was a promise to be waited on in the morning; and then was left by myself under a hundred locks and bolts, with a bit of candle, after finding that the words of my jailors were few, their orders peremptory, and their favours unattainable.

“After a few moments of solitary reflection, I perceived myself shut up in a dungeon destined for the vilest malefactors; the walls were scrawled all over with their vows and prayers to Heaven before they were carried to the gibbet or the wheel. Amongst other notable inscriptions, I found one with the following note underneath, viz.—*These verses were written by the priest who was hanged and burned in the year 1717, for stealing a chalice of the Holy Sacrament.* At the same time I observed the floors were studded with iron staples, either to secure the prisoners, or to prevent the effects of their despair.

“I continued in this dismal dungeon till the 2nd of November, entirely ignorant of the crime I was accused of; but at nine in the morning of that day, I was carried before a magistrate, where I underwent an examination, by which I

understood the heads of the charge against me, and which I answered in a manner that ought to have cleared my own innocence."

He then goes on to explain the nature of the charge in the following words :—

"Abraham Payba, a Jew, under the name of Roberts, gives an account of his leaving England with Miss Rose, intending to make the tour both of France and Italy, being provided with bills for considerable sums upon the Bank of England and several eminent bankers in London. He then sets forth that, coming to lodge at the Hotel d'Orléans, he was greatly surprised by my pretending to visit him, as he had no manner of acquaintance with me. That next day he set out for the country, from whence, returning on the 23rd of September, he found a card from me, inviting him to dine, which he was polite enough to comply with; and that at my lodgings he dined with a large company of English. That I forced him to drink, till I perceived he was fuddled, of several sorts of wines and other liqueurs during dinner, which was not over till about six in the evening, when the company retired to my apartment to drink coffee. That after this all the company went away, excepting Mr Taafe, my Lord Southwell, and myself; and that Mr Taafe took a pair of dice, and, throwing them upon the table, asked, *who would play?* That the complainant, Roberts, at first excused himself because he had no more than two crowns about him; upon which the other said that he had no occasion for money, for he might play upon his word of honour. That he (Roberts) still excused himself, alleging that he had occasion for all his money for a journey, on which he was to set out on the Wednesday following. But that Mr Taafe, Lord Southwell, and I, insisted so strongly on his playing that, being flustered with wine, and not knowing what he did, he at last yielded; and that, taking advantage of his situation, we made him lose in less than an hour, 870 Louis-d'ors, and that we then suffered him to go about his business. That, next day, Mr Taafe sent him a card, inviting him to supper, but he excused himself; and on Sunday, the 26th of September, he received a letter from the same gentleman desiring him to send the 400 Louis-d'ors he had won of him; and that he (Roberts) wrote him in answer that he would pay him a visit on the Thursday following. But that, on the 27th of September, between

eleven and twelve at night, Mr Taafe, Lord Southwell, and I, knocked with great violence, menaces, and imprecations at his gate, where, getting admittance, we informed him that if he did not give to each of us a draught for the several sums we had won of him, we would carry him instantly to the Bastile—the archers, with the governor of the Bastile, waiting below for that purpose. That we told him it was a maxim in France, that all gaming-debts should be paid within twenty-four hours after they were contracted; and at the same time we threatened to cut him across the face with our swords if he should refuse to give us the drafts we demanded. That, being intimidated with our menaces, and ignorant of the customs of France, he gave us drafts for our several sums upon Mr Walters, the younger, banker in Paris, though he had no money of his in his hands. That the complainant, well knowing the drafts would be refused, and thinking his life in danger, resolved next day, being the 28th, to set out for Lyons; that there, and since his return to Paris, he understood that Mr Taafe, Lord Southwell, and I, on the very day of his leaving Paris, came early to his lodging, where, meeting only with Miss Rose and her sister, Mr Taafe persuaded the former to leave the complainant and to go with him to the Hotel de Peron, promising to send her over to England in a short time. After this, that he searched all the trunks, portmanteaus, and drawers belonging to the complainant, from whence he took out in one bag 400 Louis-d'ors, and out of another, to the value of 300 Louis-d'ors in French and Portuguese silver; from another bag, 1200 livres in crown pieces, a pair of brilliant diamond buckles, for which the complainant paid 8020 livres to the Sieur Pierre; his own picture set round with diamonds to the amount of 1200 livres, beside the value of the picture, which cost him 10 livres to the Sieur Marolles; a shirt buckle set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, which cost him 650 livres, to the Sieur Pierre; laces to the amount of 3000 livres; seven or eight women's robes, or gowns; two brilliant diamond rings, several gold snuff-boxes, a travelling chest containing his plate and china, and divers other effects, which he cannot call to mind; all which Mr Taafe packed up in one box, and, by the help of his footman, carried in a coach, which waited for him at the corner of the street of the Little Augustines, to his own apartment. That afterwards Mr Taafe carried Miss Rose and her sister in another

coach to his lodgings, where they remained three days, and then sent them to London, under the care of one of his friends."

The accusation, it must be allowed, carries upon the face of it many improbabilities. In the first place, the Jew does not make his complaint till a full month after the date of the supposed transaction. Secondly, it does not seem very likely that this Payba or Roberts should have gone off quietly to Lyons, leaving such large sums of money in his lodging on the very day when his formidable enemies must have been most incensed against him by the non-payment of his drafts, and were, according to his own estimate of them, capable of any daring attempt to right themselves. Then, again, the character of the Jew must be weighed against that of the accused. Wortley Montagu was no doubt a wild, daring spirit, capable of many strange things, but nothing in his previous or subsequent career would induce a belief that he was capable of robbery. Now the Jew was notoriously a fraudulent bankrupt, who sought shelter in France from the penalties he had incurred in England. Then, again, it is not easy to understand how a cunning Jew should have been so simple as to believe, or Mr Montagu so absurd as to assert, that he had brought with him the archers and the *governor of the Bastille*. Lastly, upon the examination of Payba's witnesses, they all contradicted each other to such an extent as to be unworthy of belief.

The result of the whole was that the court, in the first instance, pronounced the innocence of the accused, and condemned the Jew to pay all costs and make reparation of honour in the presence of twelve persons elected by the injured party. From this sentence, Payba appealed to the High Court of La Tournelle in Paris, when the judgment was reversed, and the parties definitively dismissed the court. Hereupon Montagu appealed in his turn, but we are left totally in the dark as to the termination of this matter, which appears to have been a gambling transaction of no very honourable nature to any of the parties implicated. The Jew, it would seem, having lost his money by one fraud, was willing to regain it by another of a yet worse description; and such, it would seem, must have been the opinion of the higher court.

Having, as he says of himself, played the *petit maître* at Paris for a season, Montagu returned to England, and in 1754



was returned member for Bossiney. The duties, however, of a Member of Parliament were by no means sufficient to occupy the time of a mind so active and so intelligent. He tells us, "that to search out and adore the Creator through his works is our primary duty, and claims the first place in every rational mind. To promote the public good of the community of which we are born members, in proportion to our situation and abilities, is our secondary duty as men and citizens. I judged, therefore, a close attention to the study of history the most useful way of employing that time which my country recess afforded, as it would enable me to fulfil this obligation; and, upon this principle, I take the liberty of offering these papers as my mite towards the public good." He alludes to a work called "Reflections on the Rise and Fall of the Ancient Republics, adapted to the present state of Great Britain," a work he unquestionably wrote, but the authority of which was much disputed by some, who, in defiance of the contradictory evidence of dates that made the thing impossible, would persist in believing the claim set up to it by his former friend and tutor, Mr Forster.

It is said that the success of this work greatly propitiated his father. However this may be, the old man's will evinced no particular confidence in his moral merits. It bequeathed him an annuity of one thousand a-year to be paid him during the joint lives of himself and his mother, Lady Mary; and after her death, an annuity of two thousand a-year during the joint lives of himself and his sister, Lady Bute. By the same will he was empowered to make a settlement on any woman he might marry not exceeding eight hundred a-year; and to any son of such marriage he devised a considerable estate in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This last clause led to an action, not the least singular in his singular career, which will be recorded in its proper time and place.

He now resolved to travel again, previous to which, however, he contrived to give some mortal offence to his mother—of what kind is not known, and perhaps, after all, it was nothing more than that she was too eccentric herself to put up with any eccentricities in another, although the deceased parent might truly have said of his son's peculiarity,—

"He had it not from me, but from his mother."

In 1762 we find our traveller at Turin. But he did not

waste his time here as he had done in Paris, in frivolity and vice; or, if some leaven of his former wildness remained, it was in great measure redeemed by his love of literature and science. It was here that he wrote two letters to the Earl of Macclesfield, which were read before the Royal Society, and afterwards published in a quarto pamphlet, entitled "Observations on a supposed Bust at Turin."

In the same year his mother died, and, like so many other parents, retaining the ruling passion strong in death, bequeathed him a solitary guinea, with the sarcastic observation that, "his father had amply provided for him." In consequence of this will an enormous property devolved to the Earl of Bute, who had married his sister, but who, with a generosity very unusual in such cases, bestowed upon the disinherited a considerable portion of what he had thus lost. Nor does he appear to have taken much to heart this disappointment of his natural expectations. The maternal bequest was brought to him while he was on his travels, and he presented it, as the tale goes, with much gaiety of heart to his companion, Mr Davison.

He now set out for the East, where he remained for three years, and though we have no account of much of the time spent there, still one important portion of his travels has been preserved to us in a letter written by himself to his friend, Dr Watson, detailing a journey from Cairo in Egypt, to the Written Mountain in Sinai.

Of the events of Wortley Montagu's residence in the East little more is known than an adventure in which he was implicated while at Alexandria, and which will hardly find grace from any but those who adopt, in its widest extent, the code of Ovid,

"Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantum."

The tale is told by Abbé Winkelman, in his letters, according to whom, Mr Montagu got acquainted with the Danish ambassador, who had the misfortune, as it proved in his case, to possess a handsome wife. Under various pretences our traveller persuaded the consul to go to Holland, and some time afterwards showed a feigned letter to the lady, containing an account of her husband's death, whereupon she was induced to marry him. Not long afterwards the Danish resident at Constantinople received from the Texel advices of the supposed dead consul; but the catastrophe of

this unpleasant affair is not given. The Abbé only tells us that the seducer carried his victim with him into Syria, and that he was not safe in any of the Grand Seignor's (or Sultan's as he is now called) dominions when the cheat was discovered.

We next find him performing quarantine at Venice, a perfect Asiatic in dress as well as manners; his beard, which he had suffered to grow for two years and a half, reached down to his breast, his head-gear was Armenian, his bed the ground, his food rice, his drink water or coffee, and his greatest luxury a pipe. All the English at Venice made a point of visiting him, an attention which gratified him highly, and which he repaid by the narration of the different wonders he had met with. Of the Arabs and their country he spoke in glowing terms, declaring that if a man were to drop his cloak in the highway, he would find it there six months afterwards, an Arab being too honest to pick up what belongs to another; and were you to offer money for the provision you met with, the Arab would demand why you had so mean an opinion of his benevolence as to suppose him capable of accepting a gratification. From Venice it would seem that he went to Pisa. The account he gives of himself in a letter dated from this city, and addressed to the learned Father Lami at Florence, is highly characteristic of the man, and shows at the same time how little we know of his foreign travels. In this letter he says, "I have been making some trials that have not a little contributed to the improvement of my organic system. I have conversed with the nobles in Germany, and served my apprenticeship in the science of horsemanship at their country-seats. I have been a labourer in the fields of Switzerland and Holland, and have not disdained the humble profession of postilion and ploughman. I assumed at Paris the ridiculous character of a *petit maître*. I was an abbé at Rome. I put on, at Hamburg, the Lutheran ruff, and with a triple chin and a formal countenance I dealt about me the word of God so as to excite the envy of the clergy. I acted successively all the parts that Fielding has described in his Julian. My fate was similar to that of a guinea, which at one time is in the hands of a queen, and at another is in the fob of a greasy Israelite."

Notwithstanding the Abbé Winkelman's statement of our traveller not being safe in any part of the Grand Seignor's dominions, I find it stated in the public papers of 1766,

that he had been received with uncommon respect at Constantinople, after having passed through Salonica, and having visited the islands in the Archipelago.

In the beginning of the year 1773 he was at Rosetta, in Egypt, as appears from a letter to a medical friend in London; and which, from its graphical account both of himself and of the country, is well worth that we should make a few brief extracts from it. "I am much obliged," he says, "for the compliment that you pay my beard; and to my good friend, Dr Mackenzie, for having given you an account of its advantages enough to merit the panegyric. I have followed Ulysses and Æneas—I have seen all they are said to have visited, the territories of the allies of the Greeks, as well as those of old Priam, with less ease, though with more pleasure, than most of our travellers traverse France and Italy. I have had many a weary step, but never a tiresome hour; and however disagreeable and dangerous adventures I may have had, none could ever deter me from my point; but, on the contrary, they were only stimuli. I have certainly many materials, and classical ones too, but I am always a bad workman; and a sexagenary one is, of all workmen, the worst—as perhaps with truth the fair sex say. This is very true; but the Patriarchs only began life at that time of the day; and I find that I have a patriarchal constitution. I live as hardly and simply as they did. Inured to hardship, I despise luxury; my only luxury is coffee and the concomitant of claret, *exceptis excipiendis*. I stayed a considerable time at Epirus and Thessalia, theatres on which the fate of the world was the drama. I took exact plans of Actium and Pharsalia. . . . I am totally taken up with the study of the Arabic language."

In the June of this year he quitted Rosetta, and in the same month we find him in the Lazaretto, off Leghorn. From that place he went to Venice, where he stayed two years, but more than ever enamoured of Oriental customs, and fully purposing a journey to Mecca and Medina. During his residence at Venice he was visited by the Duke of Hamilton and Dr Moore, the latter of whom has left us a singular account of his habits and appearance. "He met his Grace," says Dr Moore, "at the stair-head, and led us through some apartments furnished in the Venetian manner, into an inner room quite in a different style. There were no chairs, but he desired us to seat ourselves on a sofa, while he

placed himself on a cushion on the floor, with his legs crossed, in the Turkish fashion. A young black slave sate by him; and a venerable old man with a long beard served us with coffee. After this collation, some aromatic gums were brought and burnt in a little silver vessel. Mr Montagu held his nose over the steam for some minutes, and snuffed up the perfume with peculiar satisfaction; he afterwards endeavoured to collect the smoke with his hands, spreading and rubbing it carefully along his beard, which hung in hoary ringlets to his girdle. This manner of perfuming the beard seems more cleanly, and rather an improvement upon that used by the Jews in ancient times. We had a great deal of conversation with this venerable-looking person, who is, to the last degree, acute, communicative, and entertaining, and in whose discourse and manners are blended the vivacity of a Frenchman with the gravity of a Turk. We found him, however, wonderfully prejudiced in favour of the Turkish characters and manners, which he thinks infinitely preferable to the European, or those of any other nation. He describes the Turks in general as a people of great sense and integrity; the most hospitable, generous, and the happiest of mankind. He talks of returning as soon as possible to Egypt, which he paints as a perfect paradise. Though Mr Montagu hardly ever stirs abroad, he returned the Duke's visit, and as we were not provided with cushions, he sate, while he stayed, upon a sofa with his legs under him, as he had done at his own house. This posture, by long habit, has become the most agreeable to him, and he insists upon its being by far the most natural and convenient; but, indeed, he seems to cherish the same opinion with regard to all customs which prevail among the Turks. I could not help mentioning one which I suspected would be thought both unnatural and inconvenient by at least one half of the human race, that of the men being allowed to engross as many women as they can maintain, and confining them to the most insipid of all lives within their harems. "No doubt," he replied, "the women are all enemies to polygamy and concubinage; and there is reason to imagine that this aversion of theirs, joined to the great influence they have in all Christian countries, has prevented Mahometanism from making any progress in Europe. The Turkish men, on the other hand, have an aversion to Christianity equal to that which the Christian women have to the religion of Mahomet. Auricular confession is

perfectly horrible to their imagination; no Turk of any delicacy would ever allow his wife, particularly if he had but one, to hold private conference with a man on any pretext whatever. I took notice that this aversion to auricular confession could not be a reason for the Turks' dislike to the Protestant religion. That is true, said he, but you have other tenets in common with the Catholics, which render your religion odious to them. You forbid polygamy and concubinage, which, in the eyes of the Turks, is an intolerable hardship. Lastly, the Christian religion considers women as creatures upon a level with men, and equally entitled to every enjoyment both here and hereafter. When the Turks are told this, they are not surprised also at being informed that women in general are better Christians than men; but they are perfectly astonished that an opinion, which they think so contrary to common sense, should subsist among the rational, that is to say, the male part of Christians."

The best and indeed the only comment requisite upon these doctrines, is what Mr Montagu said of himself, "that he had never once been guilty of a small folly in the whole course of his life." Nor will it surprise any one to be told that from the Protestant religion he went over to the faith of Rome, and from that again deserted to Mahomedanism, strictly maintaining all its observances, except in the one article of circumcision. A neglect of this ceremony, upon one occasion, nearly cost him his life.

Amongst other singularities he was anxious that the Turks should believe he was a son of the Grand Seignor, and many were credulous enough to receive him for that which he pretended to be. But the head of all his offences against the usages of life, was the following advertisement, intended to defeat one of the absurd conditions of his father's will, mentioned in the commencement of my narrative. It ran thus—

" MATRIMONY.

" A gentleman, who hath filled two succeeding seats in parliament, is near sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass, if he dies without issue; hath no objection to marry any widow, or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polished manners, and five, six, seven, or eight months

gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to — Brecknock, Esq., at Will's coffee-house, facing the Admiralty, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every possible mark of respect."

It is said that a lady was actually found to answer the terms of this advertisement, but the termination of this extraordinary man's career was rapidly approaching. While dining at Padua, with the artist Romney, a partridge-bone stuck in his throat. His attendants, thinking he was about to expire, called in a priest, at which he was highly indignant, and being asked in what faith he would leave the world, he replied, "I hope a good Mussulman."

Inflammation supervened, and in a few days he died, leaving a son, Edward Wortley Montagu, then in the East Indies, a daughter Mary, who was a nun, in the Ursuline convent at Rome, and a reputed son, Fortunatus, otherwise Massond, a black boy thirteen years old, who resided with him both at Venice and Rosetta.

The remains of this most eccentric of travellers were deposited under a plain slab, in the cloisters of the Hermitants at Padua.

## LEADERS OF FASHION.

FROM GRAMONT TO D'ORSAY.

These strange flies, these fashionmongers, these *pardonnez-moys*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench.—SHAKSPEARE.

LEADERS of Fashion! — and why should they not have their biographies as well as Doctors, Lawyers, or Soldiers? If they have not done as much good in their career, they have done some at least, and far less harm; besides, life, to make it tolerable, needs its lighter refinement as well as its graver accomplishments.

Coxcomby is of very ancient date, and not only the weak-witted, but some of the wisest men the world e'er saw have had their share of it. Sardanapalus was a pure coxcomb, but he was a soldier, and a brave one too. Alcibiades, a hero, comes down to posterity, his heroism obscured by his magnificent foppery. Pericles, too, the illustrious Pericles, was somewhat of a fop. Foppery might be shown to have existed in full force amongst the Hebrews. Was even Solomon free from it? The conquerors of both Hebrews and Greeks, the Romans, have had very accomplished fops amongst their mightiest. Personal vanity ruined Coriolanus; and even Cæsar was ashamed of his bald head, and was glad to cover it with laurels. Among those young Roman soldiers who subdued the world, were exquisites who painted, rouged, and curled their hair, and wore rings light or heavy, according to the season. Kings, in more modern times, have countenanced, by their example, the race of dandies; as, for instance, Louis-le-Grand of France, who never allowed even his own valet to see him without his full-bottomed wig. And what could not be said of Charles II. and his Cavalier courtiers with



their love-locks? Nor have statesmen, and others of the highest talent, escaped the infection of the *beau* malady. There never was a more arrant fop in his way than Cardinal Richelieu. Petrarch, in writing to his brother, says, "Recollect the time when we wore white habits, on which the least spot, or a plait ill plaited, would have been a subject of grief, and when our shoes were so tight that we suffered martyrdom." The Abbé Delille was one of the most charming poets of France. His "Jardins" is a masterpiece of rural verse, and his translations of Virgil and Milton are among the very best translations ever made: his "Georgics," particularly, come very close up to, and by some are thought to rival, the original. Yet the gentle Abbé Delille was more proud of his person than his poetry, and that, although he was considered by all, except himself, a very plain man. He was, it is reported, in the habit—even when advanced in life—of dressing his hair with rose-coloured powder. Byron confesses that in his minority he had a touch of dandyism; and adds that "he had retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at four-and-twenty." The celebrated Austrian minister, Prince de Kaunitz, wore satin stays, and passed a portion of every morning in walking up and down a room, in which four valets puffed a cloud of scented powder, but each of a different colour, in order that it might assume the precise shade that was most agreeable to the taste of the grave diplomatist. Still more surprising is it to find such fierce vanities lurking in the breast of a pious man like Robert Nelson, the reputed author of the "Whole Duty of Man." Raffaello Urbin, the Prince of Painters, even, has been subject to an imputation of coxcombry, but he was young and of great personal beauty. The world lost him in his thirty-eighth year. All Rome wept at the sight of his corpse still beautiful in death, as it lay in state in the Vatican before his own immortal production, "The Transfiguration," and all admitted that blame could hardly attach to any self-estimation on the part of such a man. Would it be too curiously to consider, as Hamlet says, if one were to surmise whether Raffaello's two companions in supreme immortality, Shakspeare and Cervantes, who, by the way, both died on the same day some hundred years after him, were of foppish taste or habits? Yet how well did Cervantes and Shakspeare understand and describe every phasis of foppishness. In all his madness, there was ever a little of the fop peeping out of Don Quixote, and there was

a ludicrous deal of it about his friend and conqueror, that learned prig, the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco: but incomparable among fops stand those of Shakspeare, such as the fop of Hotspur's apology, and Malvolio, and Don Adriano de Armado, who confessed to being a gentleman and a gamester, because they were "both the varnish of a complete man." To pass from the ages of artistic and literary excellence, to an age of eloquence, I regret to find Charles James Fox a perfect maccaroni in his youth, and, like his friends, Lord Carlisle, a poet and a man of exquisite taste and erudition, and Lord Essex, wearing red-heeled shoes. Political fame however destroyed personal vanity: as Fox grew older, he turned a sloven. The late Marquis Wellesley, one of the brightest intellects of his age, carried the spirit of foppery so far, that he would often play the coxcomb solely for his amusement. There he would sit in his own room for hours, with no other spectator than what he saw reflected in the mirror, dressed out in full costume, and decorated with the blue riband and the garter, as if he meant to appear at a chapter of the order or a royal levee. All this shows that foppery and coxcomby were far from being inconsistent with the very brightest genius: but to now come to those who were fops by profession and predominantly so.

I open the ball—or, perhaps, I should rather call it masquerade of beaux—with PHILIBERT, COUNT DE GRAMONT, who appears to have possessed much the same medley of vices and virtues that I shall presently find distinguishing his immediate successors in the fashionable world. In three points they all closely resembled each other; they were gamblers and wits, and dressed—not foppishly, but with the most perfect taste. A thorough knowledge, too, of mankind was common to them all.

In those days, every French gentleman, if not an Abbé, commenced life as a soldier; sometimes they united the two characters, however discordant, and such, it is said, was the case with Gramont, when he assisted at the siege of Irino. Then, war had two faces, being much what Voltaire said of the French themselves—a compound of the tiger and the monkey; men laughed and joked in the very face of death; a ball or a play the night before a battle was no uncommon thing. In such a camp, Gramont was quite at home, as much so as in the salons of Paris. He was the brother of Antony Duke de Gramont, and his birth gave him entrée

everywhere. His family was one of centuries of position and renown. They were the Gramonts who had been Viceroy of Navarre: had been marshals and warriors, cardinals and bishops, statesmen and ministers. His blood told; but it was his wit and his extravagance that made him welcome to all, and when he had exhausted his own funds, he replenished his purse by the arts of the gambler; arts, alas! then more honoured than blamed in a nobleman or gentleman.

The campaign ended, Gramont passed over to Turin, and intrigue being an essential part in the character of a man of fashion, he devoted himself to the levities and libertinism of the times. The subject, however, is not one into which I need care to enter.

This gay adventurer came first to England for no other purpose than to see Oliver Cromwell, whose bad-elevation hung like a mighty shadow over all Europe, filling the boldest states with awe and apprehension.

Gramont's second visit to England was under very different circumstances, when the Puritans had, though free men and the founders of modern freedom, practised an absurd tyranny over the minds and amusements of the people, and had thus opened a way for the Restoration. In a little time, he became a general favourite in the court of Charles the Second; gambling, intriguing, dressing, and scattering about repartees with the most brilliant of that brilliant but naughty circle. The king, with his usual profuseness and a good nature that disregarded public expense, offered to settle a handsome pension upon this gay and profligate foreigner, but De Gramont had the good sense to refuse it; why, indeed, should he not, when he had an enchanted Peru in the gaming-table?

To secure the favour of Charles, he now procured from Paris a handsome chariot, valued at two thousand guineas, and presented it to the king. The unlucky chariot, however, proved a mere apple of discord. The Queen desired to appear first in so bright a vehicle with the Duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine had a no less violent longing, and, being *enceinte* at the time, vowed she would miscarry if her demand were not complied with. Finally, Mrs Steward protested that she never would be *enceinte*, if the vehicle were not first lent to her. The threats of the last carried off the prize from her competitors.

A letter from Madame de Chaumoit announced to De Gramont that Louis permitted his return to the French court,

from which he had so long been banished. He accordingly returned, but on meeting his brother, he learnt that the good wishes of Madame had anticipated reality. The king had given no such permission, and Gramont, nothing loth, once more returned to England, where for a time he followed his usual course of dissipation. It was then that he promised to marry Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn. The engagement thus made he was in no hurry to fulfil, and had even once more set out for France, in all probability to escape from it. At Dover he was overtaken by two of the lady's brothers, who significantly asked him "if he had not forgotten something?" "Yes, indeed," he replied, without losing his usual self-possession, "I have forgotten to marry your sister." And forthwith he returned to London, and was married. He died on the 10th of January, 1707.

After Gramont, three leaders of fashion principally divided amongst them, in pretty equal ratios, the honours of the fashionable empire. These were Sir George Hewett, Bart., of Pishobury, Herts., and Beau Wilson, and Beau Fielding. Hewett, who afterwards became an Irish viscount, as Viscount Hewett of Gowran, was generally supposed to have been the original of Etheredge's *Sir Fopling Flutter*, in the comedy of *The Man of the Mode*. He it was, say the chroniclers of small things, who softened the rough *damn me* of earlier days into *damme*, which, after-times, growing yet more delicate, attenuated into *demme*, thus enjoying the luxury of an oath without offence to the refinements of a tender conscience. It is noticed in "Rochester's Farewell."

" Had it not better been, than thus to roam,  
To stay and tie the cravat-string at home!  
To strut, look big, shake pantaloon, and swear  
With Hewett, Damme, there's no action here."

Beau Wilson, the second-named of the triumvirate, was a far more remarkable character, as much unexplained mystery having hung about him as about any hero of romance. He belonged to the family of Wilson whose present head and representative is Lord Berners, and whose fame has been recently enhanced by a gallant scion of the house, the hero of Delhi, Major General Sir Archdale Wilson, Bart. and K. C. B. I have however gone so much recently in my Second Series of "Vicissitudes" into detail about Beau Wilson's

origin and parentage, that, to avoid repetition, I need only refer to the article there. Wilson entered life as an officer in the army, having nothing else to look to for support but his profession. The war broke out, or at least was fought, in Flanders, then, as it has been often since, the common battle-ground of Europe, where thousands of combatants left their bones to fertilise the soil, as some compensation for the havoc they had occasioned. Wilson, however, who was called out upon duty, seems to have thought, with Falstaff, "that the better part of valour is discretion," or probably in his case "dissipation." Though he did not mind the fighting, he could not bear the slavery and drudgery of active service, and so he very discreditably resigned, and was glad to borrow, whether in real or feigned want, forty shillings from a friend to return to England.

Thus poor, and with sullied repute, it might be concluded that he was crushed, beyond all possibility of again rising. No such thing. To the astonishment of every one, he suddenly burst upon the world of fashion as one of its brightest ornaments; his dress, table, stud, equipages, all being of the highest order, and his hospitality boundless. How was all this done?—he seldom played, and was not known to have any intrigues, which might have supplied the means of this extravagance. Some surmised that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, and was enabled to transmute the baser metals into gold, a theory that was sanctioned by the general belief, even of the learned, in those days. Others, less credulous, or more disposed to evil constructions, did not hesitate to whisper—and that pretty loudly—that he had played abroad another part in which gentlemen of those days were wont to figure—that of highwayman, and that he had robbed a Dutch mail of a parcel of rough diamonds. Possibly he lighted in fair or freebooting war on this plunder, and that would account for a man brave as he—for brave he certainly was—quitting the army so suddenly, and concealing his unshared spoil under the guise of poverty. Be the truth as it may, Wilson himself preserved an inflexible silence upon the subject, and knew how to evade the curiosity of his friends, while wearing the appearance of the utmost frankness in his conduct and conversation.

One solution of this mystery, though not altogether free from doubt, has been given in some intercepted letters appended to the *Memoirs of the Court of England, in the Reign of*

*Charles the Second*, a work published about a hundred and fifty years ago. It is there stated that he was enabled to support these expenses by the liberality of the Duchess of Cleveland, with whom he had an intrigue. The thing, not otherwise improbable, is yet rendered somewhat doubtful by the singularity and minuteness of the details.

The end of this singular character was in accordance with his reckless and daring disposition. Rivalry about a lady, Elizabeth Villiers it is said, afterwards Countess of Orkney, was the cause of Wilson's quarrel with another fop of the day, Beau Law—a man however whose foppery was temporary only, for he was to be a great man soon, no other than the Law of the Mississippi scheme, and the Comptroller General of the Exchequer in France. Wilson and Law fought a duel in the centre of Bloomsbury Square, having gone each to the scene of action in a coach drawn by four horses. Law killed Wilson, and had to fly to France, where his vast plans apparently made all the people rich at once, and where their own madness fast brought them to worse poverty and ruin than they endured before. To crown the mystery of Wilson's life, a small sum of money only was found after his death amongst his effects, and yet, at the same time, to increase the wonder, he left not a single debt.

I should here speak of the famous John Law—at least of that period of his life when he was a London Beau, but I prefer referring the reader to the article "The Laws of Lauriston," to which I have already alluded in the recent Second Series of my "Vicissitudes." Law's career should be all recounted together, for he ought not to be looked on as a mere Beau: he was really a man of wonderful genius and resource, and as such belongs to the history of France, where he made so great a figure, and where his descendant became a Marshal and a Marquis, and where, too, his family, of ancient Scottish descent, are still in the enjoyment of nobility and high credit and position.

The last of the Hewett, Wilson, and Fielding triumvirate was Beau Fielding. Swift speaks of him as one of those "who made mean figures upon some remarkable occasions," an indefinite kind of censure, that may signify anything. However it is to be interpreted, Fielding was of a good family in Warwickshire, and, being intended for the bar, he was sent to London, where he soon yielded to the temptations of fashionable life, and abandoned his profession. At this time he

was the possessor of two qualities, which, although good in the abstract, are dangerous gifts, if not ballasted by a moderate stock of prudence—he was young, and he was handsome, so handsome indeed that he attracted the particular notice of Charles the Second, who called him “the handsome Fielding.” His brain seems to have been pretty well turned before, by the admiration which his person and dress so generally excited; but this sentence from the lips of royalty settled the matter. Commanded by a prince, he became the prince of fops, and while sparing no expense in his own dress, he was equally lavish and fantastic in the attire of his footmen, who usually wore yellow liveries with black sashes, and black feathers in their hats. Like Wilson, it would seem, he was more than sufficiently ready to draw his sword, and not always so bravely; for instance, he ran a poor link-boy through the body in St. Martin’s Lane. One evening, in pushing forward to show off his finery at the theatre in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, he was unlucky enough to tread upon the toes of a young lawyer called Fullwood, who instantly called him out. The result was, that the beau got severely wounded; but it might be some comfort to him, that his antagonist, who seems to have been a remarkably pugnacious gentleman, became involved in a second duel, the same night, with a Captain Cusac, who killed him, greatly, one would think, to the peace and quiet of Lincoln’s Inn Fields.

The patrimony of Fielding was at length eaten up by his excesses, and for a time he subsisted upon his intrigues, and the supplies obtained from the gaming-table, where he was usually successful. Probably even these combined resources were insufficient to meet the demands of a life like his, and he in time found a more certain way of reëstablishing his shattered fortunes, by marriage into a family to which it is said Dean Swift belonged, viz. that of Barnham Swift, Viscount Carlingford. This Viscount died without male issue, and his title became extinct; he left an only daughter, Mary, the heiress of his wealth. Fielding married her. Mary Swift was a devoted adherent of the Church of Rome, and she made a convert of her husband. Fielding now figured as a Catholic and a Cavalier: he attached himself to the cause of James the Second, raised a regiment in his own county for the king’s service, and followed the royal exile into France, where he was liberally supported by remittances from his wife until all her money was exhausted. The

extravagance of the beau preyed on the affection of the wife. The whole Swift property was scattered to the winds, and poor Mary, broken-hearted at being no longer able to sustain one whom she looked on as a martyr to loyalty and religion, died in grief and poverty. Fielding found himself in as great difficulties as ever, to remedy which he again had recourse to wedlock. This time he was completely taken in. The object of his new courtship was a Mrs Deleau, of Waddon, a widow of large fortune. But unfortunately Fielding did not get at the right Mrs Deleau. He was in a very ludicrous way made the victim of a false personation, and, under the idea that he was actually marrying Mrs Deleau, he was fast wedded to an adventuress, one Mary Wadsworth, without a shilling. Upon discovering how grossly he had been deceived, he would not admit the marriage, and forsook the deceiving bride. He then married Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, at the time in her sixty-first year, who had been mistress of Charles II. But Fielding discovered to his cost that his marriage to the sham Mrs Deleau was a good one. The Duchess, being treated by him with much brutality, was glad to hear of the affair with Mary Wadsworth, and at once handed Fielding over to the law. He was indicted for bigamy, and on the 4th Dec., 1706, was tried at the Old Bailey, and found guilty. Sentence was accordingly about to be passed upon him, but he craved the benefit of clergy, and was allowed it, and, further producing the Queen's warrant for suspending the usual burning in the hand, he was admitted to bail. The Court of Arches annulled the marriage between the Duchess and Fielding. The whole of this singular story and trial appear at length in Serjeant Burke's "Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy." The ugly result of Fielding's courtship, ending as it did in confirming the Wadsworth espousals, seems to have operated in reconciling him to the treacherous Mary Wadsworth. They made up, and in his will he styles her "his dear and loving wife." He died of a fever at his house in Scotland-yard, in the year 1712, when he was sixty-one years of age. "The Tatler," a periodical devoted to passing events and living characters, gives the life of him under the fictitious name of Orlando. "His descent," says Bickerstaff, "was noble, his wit humorous, his person charming. But to none of these recommendatory advantages was his title so undoubted as that of his beauty. His complexion



was fair, but his countenance manly; his stature of the tallest, his shape the most exact; and though in all his limbs he had a proportion as delicate as we see in the works of the most skilful statuaries, his body had a strength and firmness little inferior to the marble of which such images are formed."

"His equipage and economy had something in them more sumptuous than could be received in our degenerate age; therefore his figure, though highly graceful, appeared so exotic that it assembled all the Britons under the age of sixteen, who saw his grandeur, to follow his chariot with shouts and acclamations; which he received with the contempt which great minds affect in the midst of applauses. I remember I had the honour of seeing him one day stop and call the youths about him, to whom he spoke as follows:—

"'Good bastards, go to school, and do not lose your time on following my wheels. I am loath to hurt you because I know not but you're all my own offspring. Hark ye, you sirrah, with the white hair, I am sure you are mine; there's half-a-crown for you. Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before?' 'Never such a one as you, noble general,' replied a truant from Westminster. 'Sirrah, I believe thee; there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman.'" Making the necessary allowances for the colouring of a humourist like the Tatler, I have no doubt this caricature is yet a sufficient likeness of one whom nothing could put out of countenance; and yet he occasionally met with some tolerably sharp lessons. Thus, for instance, when he had given, on his carriage, some part of Lord Denbigh's arms, Basil, the fourth earl of that family, got a house-painter to daub his coat of arms all over in the public ring of Hyde Park, in broad day.

To the trio just described, succeeds in our phantasmagoria the somewhat less celebrated Beau Edgeworth, a member of that family which in later times has been so distinguished by the literary talents of Richard Lovel Edgeworth and his daughter Maria, the admirable authoress; and by the courageous devotion of the Abbé Henry Essex Edgeworth who attended Louis XVI. on the scaffold. Beau Edgeworth has found a niche in the extensive portrait-gallery of the "Tatler." Steele, in speaking of him, says, "There is a very handsome, well-shaped youth frequents the coffee-houses about Charing Cross, and ties a very pretty ribbon with a cross of jewels at his breast. This being something new, and a thing in which

the gentleman may offend the Herald's Office, I have addressed myself to him, as I am Censor—

‘Dear Countryman,—Was that ensign of honour which you wear given you by a prince or a lady you have served? If you bear it as an absent lover, please to hang it on a black ribbon; if as a rewarded soldier, you may have my license to continue the red.—Your faithful servant,

‘BICKERSTAFF, Censor.’”

Alas for the subject of this poignant, yet good-humoured satire! Edgeworth eventually became mad, and died in the Dublin Bridewell.

I next come to the celebrated Beau Richard Nash. Richard Nash was born at Swansea, in Glamorganshire, in 1674; and after having finished his education at Jesus College, Oxford, he abandoned his intended profession of the law, and bought an ensigncy, under the idea that a red coat was the most promising costume for a man of pleasure. He soon, however, discovered that a military life had its duties, and some of them more than sufficiently onerous. He therefore sold his colours, and, betaking himself to the law, contrived, though with very scanty means, to dress well and mingle in the first ranks of fashion. He even now showed symptoms of that glory which, at a later period, was to raise him in Bath to the throne of King Bladud, and by his intrepid assurance persuaded his compeers to look upon him as .

“The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.”

It being resolved by the members of the Inner Temple, of which Nash was a member, to give an entertainment in honour of King William, he was appointed to arrange and preside over the whole. In this office he gave such general satisfaction, that the king offered to knight him, but equally impudent and sagacious, he replied, “Please your Majesty, if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least able to support my title.” But William had too many rapacious Dutch favourites, and too many needy English partisans, to take a hint of this kind. Yet with all the follies of his head, Nash was of a kind and generous disposition, of which the “Spectator” gives us a humorous example. When he was to render his accounts to the Masters of the Temple, he charged, amongst other items, “For making one man happy, Ten Pounds.” Upon being asked to explain so

singular a charge, he replied, that happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife and a large family that ten pounds would make him happy, he could not refrain from trying the experiment. If, however, they objected to the item, he was quite willing to refund the money. To the honour of the Masters be it said, that they not only acquiesced in their treasurer's demand, but ordered the sum to be doubled, in proof of their satisfaction.

Some singular anecdotes are told of Nash at this early period of his career, and all equally characteristic of the man as he appears in after-life.

Thus, upon one occasion, happening to lose all his money at York, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, on condition that he would stand at the great door of the Minister in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. Unfortunately he was recognised by the dean, who exclaimed in surprise, "What! Mr Nash in masquerade?" "Only a Yorkshire penance, for keeping bad company," replied the unabashed beau, pointing to his companions, who stood near, laughing at his exposure. But horse-play of this kind was the fashion of the age, and, as appears from another instance, was sometimes carried to outrageous lengths. Upon this occasion he was invited by some officers to dine a-board a ship, then under sailing orders, when, having been completely intoxicated, he was carried off by his facetious hosts, and compelled to make the cruise with them.

In this voyage he was present at an engagement, in which a particular friend was killed at his side, and he himself, as he used afterwards to tell the story, wounded in the leg. This tale, however, was so far from meeting with general belief, that a lady one day openly expressed her incredulity, when he was relating it for the hundredth time in the public rooms at Bath. "I protest, madam," replied Nash, "it is true; and, if I cannot be believed, your ladyship may, if you please, receive further information; feel the ball in my leg."

Our hero was now thirty years of age, without fortune, and without the talents to secure one, except it were his talents for the gaming-table. To this he trusted chiefly for his support, but the vice was too common and too genteel in those days to infer any loss of character. Now here, it must be allowed, was a "nodus vindice dignus," and accordingly the "Deus ex machinâ" was not long wanting.

Previous to this time the worn-out votaries of fashion had no agreeable summer retreat, where they might recruit themselves after the fatigues of a winter campaign in London. They spent that season amidst a solitude of country squires and parsons' wives, and were sadly in want of some place where they might unite the pursuit of health with the pursuit of pleasure. Bath too, but in a humble way, was enlisted into the service of the exhausted fashionables. The company assembled there was numerous enough to form a country dance upon the bowling-green, to the music of a fiddle and a hautboy. In fine weather they usually sauntered in the grove, between two rows of sycamore trees, while the real, or supposed, sick drank the waters. For the better maintenance of order a master of the ceremonies was elected, the immediate predecessor of Nash being a certain Captain Webster; but he appears to have been a very feeble monarch, and to have had little power over his independent subjects; the gentlemen smoked and wore boots in the public rooms, and the ladies made their appearance in aprons. If the company liked each other, they danced till morning; if any one lost at cards, he might insist on the winner's continuing the game till luck changed, or he wanted means to pursue it any further. The lodgings for visitors were paltry, though expensive; the rooms were floored with boards, coloured brown with soot and small beer to hide the dirt; the walls were covered with unpainted wainscot, and the furniture was no less contemptible, consisting of nothing but a few oak chairs, a small looking-glass, and a table, with a pair of tongs and fender. The pump-house was without any director, and the chairmen permitted no ladies or gentlemen to walk home at night without insulting them. To crown all, a fashionable physician of the place having been offended, he declared, in revenge, "he would cast a toad into the springs," meaning of course that he would vote against the use of them.

It was at this juncture that Nash happened to visit Bath. Hearing of the doctor's threat, he replied to it in the same strain, assuring the people that he would charm away the toad's poison in the same way that the Neapolitans cured the bite of the tarantula—namely, by music. His offer was accepted by the alarmed *Bathites*; he was fully invested with powers to try the efficacy of a band of music in opposition to the doctor's reptile, and his nostrum having suc-

ceeded, the throne of Bath was decreed to him by the popular suffrage.

The first care of the new monarch was like that of his brother kings—to call upon the people for subsidies to support the honours of his throne. This new tax appeared in the shape of a subscription of one guinea each for a band of six performers, who were to divide six guineas a week for their trouble. Moreover, he allowed two guineas for the sweeping and lighting of the rooms, and paid the corporation an annual rent for the use of the pump-rooms, which he placed under the care of a proper officer, called the *Pumper*.

In the first year, the good subjects of King Nash contributed no less a *benevolence* than seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds. New and more commodious houses began to be built, the streets were better paved, cleaned, and lighted, the chairmen were reduced to order, and an Act of Parliament was obtained, exempting invalids, who came to bathe or drink the waters, from all manner of tolls in going out of the city for recreation.

His next care was to prevail upon one Harrison to erect an assembly-room, the company having been till then obliged to drink tea, and game in a mere booth. At the same time he provided a better band at a double salary, and paid Harrison three guineas a week for the use of his room and candles, besides establishing public promenades, and improving the suburbs, in spite of the opposition made by the corporation, who looked upon all such improvements as likely to prejudice their city.

Having brought things to this pitch, King Nash began to think it was high time to legislate for his subjects, and accordingly he hung up his new code in the pump-room. These laws he attempted to season with humour, and this seasoning, it must be allowed, was a little piquant. *Eccce signum—*

“That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen—unless he has none of his acquaintance.

“That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past, or not come to perfection.

“That all whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for their authors.”

This last regulation will call to the mind of most of my

readers Sir Peter Teazle's denunciation, the main idea being the same, though rendered a thousand times more poignant by the terse and brilliant style of Sheridan. "Surely," says Mrs Candour, "you would not be quite so severe on those who only repeat what they hear?"—"Yes, madam," replies Sir Peter, "I would have law merchant for them, too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the endorsers."

The balls, by Nash's direction, began at six, and precisely as the clock struck eleven he would give a sign to the band, whereat the music ceased. Nor could any considerations of rank induce him to deviate from his rules. The Princess Amelia upon one occasion having applied to him for one dance more after the usual warning had been given, he replied that the laws of Bath, like the laws of Lycurgus, were immutable, and actually continued inexorable to her entreaties. This, it must be owned, was going tolerable lengths, but he went even further. In his detestation of white aprons, he one evening tore the prohibited article from off the Duchess of Queensbury, who had somehow contrived to smuggle herself in, and he threw it amongst the ladies' women upon the hinder benches, observing, that none but abigails appeared in white aprons. The Duchess, like other ladies, submitted with a good grace to the ukase of the Bath autocrat.

But the gentlemen were much more refractory than his lady lieges. It cost him no little exertion to banish boots, to which the squires adhered for a long time with wonderful pertinacity. The chapter of wearing swords was a yet more difficult one, but he had resolved to put an end to this practice, which led to many duels in the heat of the moment, which, but for the weapon being so ready at hand, might perhaps have been avoided.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes deeds ill done."

Whenever he heard of a challenge being given, he had both parties arrested, and thus, as he himself expressed it, "hindered people from doing what they had no mind to."

Another of the new monarch's regulations provided that whenever any fresh visitant came to Bath, he should be welcomed by a peal of the abbey bells, and afterwards by

the music of the city waits, for which, of course, he was expected to give an adequate remuneration according to his rank and fortune.

The amusements of the day usually began with bathing, the hours appointed for this purpose being from six to eight in the morning. "In the morning," says our old chronicler, "the lady is brought in a close chair, dressed in her bathing clothes, to the bath; and, being in the water, the woman who attends presents her with a little floating dish like a basou, into which the lady puts a handkerchief, a snuff-box, and a nosegay. She then traverses the bath; if a novice, with a guide; if otherwise, by herself; and having amused herself thus while she thinks proper, calls for her chair, and returns to her lodgings."

The amusement of bathing was immediately succeeded by a general assembly of people at the pump-house, some for pleasure, and some to drink the hot waters. Three glasses at three different times were the usual portion for every drinker, and the intervals between every glass were enlivened by the harmony of a small band of music, as well as by the conversation of the gay, the witty, or the forward.

The gentlemen withdrew to their coffee-houses to read the papers, or converse on the news of the day, with a freedom and ease not to be found in the metropolis.

People of fashion made public breakfasts at the assembly-houses, to which they invited their acquaintances, and they sometimes ordered private concerts; or, when so disposed, attended lectures on the arts and sciences, which were frequently taught there in a pretty superficial manner, so as not to tease the understanding, while they afforded the imagination some amusement. The private concerts were performed in the hall-rooms, the tickets a crown each. Concert breakfasts at the assembly-house sometimes made also a part of the morning's amusement, the expenses of which were defrayed by a subscription among the men. Persons of rank and fortune, who could perform, were admitted into the orchestra, and found a pleasure in joining with the performers.

Thus passes the tedious morning of a day at Bath in Nash's reign. When noon approaches, and church—if any please to go there—is done, some of the company appear upon the parade and other public walks, where they continue to chat

and amuse each other till they have formed parties for the play, cards, or dancing for the evening. Another part of the company divert themselves with reading in the booksellers' shops, or are generally seen taking the air and exercise, some on horseback, some in coaches. Some walk in the meadows round the town, winding along the side of the river Avon and the neighbouring canal, while others are seen scaling some of those romantic precipices that overhang the city.

When the hour of dinner draws nigh, and the company have returned from their different recreations, the provisions are generally served with the utmost elegance and plenty. Their mutton, butter, fish, and fowl, are all allowed to be excellent, and their cookery still exceeds their meat.

After dinner is over, and evening-prayers ended, the company meet a second time at the pump-house. From this they retire to the walks, and from thence go to drink tea at the assembly-house, and the rest of the evening is concluded either with balls, plays, or visits. A theatre was erected in the year 1735 by subscription, by people of the highest rank, who permitted their arms to be engraven on the inside of the house, as a public testimony of their liberality towards it. Every Tuesday and Friday evening it concluded with a public ball, the contributions to which were so numerous that the price of each ticket was trifling.

This picture of Bath as it was, is worth preserving, now that these manners and customs have nearly all passed away, and with little chance, as it would seem, of their ever returning.

The expenses of Nash soon became more extravagant than ever. His usual mode of travelling to Tunbridge Wells, which formed a sort of subsidiary to Bath,—I believe his portrait hangs in the assembly-room at Tunbridge Wells to this day,—was in a post-chariot drawn by six greys, with outriders, footmen, French horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. The gaming-table was his Peru, yet, unlike others of this desperate trade, he could be honest even in dishonesty, and numerous instances are recorded of his generosity to losers, involving, upon more than one occasion, the return to them of several thousands. The greatest blot in his character was his countenancing, and, in fact, sharing the spoils of certain sharpers, who set up banks and E.O. tables. But with all his experience, he was no match for people of this description. After a time, they defrauded him of his portion,



and, while the tables were flourishing, he was reduced to the very brink of ruin. In the dilemma, he had recourse to the law, but all he got by this was the exposure of his connection with the sharpers, which, before, had scarcely been suspected.

Never, perhaps, was there a more compound character than that of Beau Nash, the king of Bath, and also of Tunbridge Wells, a colony sent out from the parent state. I have already noticed his generosity, but he had other redeeming qualities. He was essentially kind-hearted, and disposed to serve every one, and so determined an enemy to slander, that he would not allow the ladies their natural privilege of running down each other. In those days, the men of gallantry, as they called themselves, held much the same opinion with Clarindore in the *Parliament of Love*, and considered it a matter of glory to publish to the world any victories they might have obtained over female weakness.

“After victory,  
A little glory in a soldier's mouth  
Is not uncomely; love being a kind of war too,  
And what I did achieve was full of labour  
As his that wins strong towns, and merits triumphs,  
I thought it could not but take from my honour  
If it had been concealed.”

But the monarch of Bath repressed all such practices with a high hand, and thereby gained the friendship of many ladies of rank, who had been harshly treated by the slanderers. The widow of the hero of Blenheim, the old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in particular, entertained much regard for Nash, often taking his advice in worldly affairs, as well as matters of mere taste. From the cut and colour of a livery, to letting leases, building bridges, or forming canals, Nash was her Grace's chosen counsellor, and, considering the general sagacity of the then antiquated Duchess Sarah, this was saying not a little for him. Before public gaming was suppressed by Act of Parliament, and while Nash was yet in the meridian of his fortunes, his benefactions were generally found to equal all his other expenses. The money he got without pain he gave away without reluctance; and, when unable to relieve distress, he was often seen to shed tears. Of this many instances might be given, enough to fill, if not a volume, yet a lengthy chapter. I will take only two or three.

A gentleman of broken fortune standing behind his chair one day, as he was playing a game of picquet for two hundred pounds, and observing with what indifference he won the money, could not help whispering to a by-stander, "Heavens! how happy would that money make me!" This chanced to be overheard by Nash, who immediately thrust the money into his hand, and exclaimed, "Go, and be happy."

A clergyman brought his family to Bath, his wife being afflicted with a lingering disease, which, according to the doctors, could only be removed by the use of the hot wells. His living amounted to only thirty pounds a year, and it may be easily supposed that he was soon reduced to severe distress, the greater part of his clothes being gradually sold to obtain a temporary relief. At length, his appearance became so shabby, that, from the number of holes in his coat and stockings, Nash used to nickname him Dr Cullender. This, however, was but the momentary thoughtlessness of one who seldom suffered anything to stand in the way of a joke, even when, as in the present case, it was not remarkable for brightness. No sooner did he learn the real state of affairs with the poor parson, than he set about making a collection for him, and to stimulate the public generosity, himself subscribed five guineas. In less than three hours a couple of hundred pounds were raised, a piece of good fortune that did more for the wife's recovery than all the Bath waters. Nor did Nash's kindness for a mere stranger stop here. He solicited and obtained from a nobleman a living for the poor curate, of a hundred and sixty pounds a year.

Another and higher instance of his generosity remains to be recorded; higher, because it involves the exercise of a rare magnanimity, and one which for a moment must make us forget the natural frivolity of his character.

In the early part of his life, Nash had made proposals of marriage to a young lady of rank and fortune, and being then in high favour with the nobility, and moreover in affluent circumstances, the father listened to his suit with much satisfaction. When, however, he opened the affair to the lady herself, she at once candidly told him her heart was already given to another. The father, upon being informed of this avowal, became furious, and insisted upon his daughter's compliance. Things were carried to the last extremity, when Nash undertook to settle the affair. He sent for his favoured rival, with his own hand presented his mistress to him,

and presented her with a fortune equal to that which her father had intended to bestow upon her. The consequence was, a complete reconciliation between the old gentleman and his daughter.

But he, who had so often and so munificently relieved the distressed, became at length reduced to a very pitiable state of want. He was now more than eighty years old, and the faults, as well as the infirmities, of age began to steal rapidly upon him. He became rude and fretful, and in the midst of his vain longing after pleasures that he could no longer enjoy, was ever haunted by the fears of death. Yet he had already lived much too long for his repute or happiness, and at length died in his own house in St John's Court, Bath, on the 12th of February, 1761, when he was aged eighty-seven years, three months, and some days.

His funeral was celebrated by the corporation of Bath with much splendour, and amidst a very general expression of grief, not only the streets, but even the house-tops, being filled with anxious spectators.

I have already entered somewhat at large into the character of this singular, and I must add, with all his faults, good man; yet, after all, he is best painted by his actions. Under that impression I will venture to give another anecdote of him, somewhat out of place perhaps, but the addition must be taken as the postscript of a letter, which supplies what the writer, following only the natural current of his fancy, and narrating without art, had previously omitted.

His object was to establish a hospital at Bath by public subscription. Once while walking round the rooms with his hat in his hand for that purpose, a certain duchess entered, at no time remarkable for charity. Nash planted himself directly in her way, when the lady, finding escape impossible, gave him a tap with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Mr Nash, for I have no money in my purse." "With pleasure, madam," was his reply, "if your Grace will tell me when to stop." And taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket he began to count them into his hat. "One, two, three, four, five." "Hold, hold, sir," cried the duchess; "consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash, and continued dropping in the guineas; "six, seven, eight, nine, ten." The duchess now grew angry, and called again to him to stop. "Pray compose yourself, madam," said Nash respectfully,

“and don't interrupt the work of charity—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen.” Here her Grace actually seized his hand. “Be calm, madam,” said Nash, going on with his performance, “your name will be written in letters of gold, and on the front of the building, madam—sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.” “I shan't pay a farthing more,” exclaimed the duchess. “Charity hides a multitude of sins,” replied Nash; “twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five.” The lady now seemed to be exhausted with vexation, and about to faint, exclaiming, “Nash, I protest you frighten me out of my wits; I shall die.” “Madam,” said the imperturbable Nash, “you will never die of doing good; or if you do, you will be the better for it.”

Other stars were not long in rising in the fashionable hemisphere, but they could hardly be called stars of the first magnitude; compared with their predecessors, they would seem to have shone with diminished brilliance. I shall run through them with a brevity suited to their inferior importance as lights of fashion, whatever their abilities in other respects.

I have already spoken of Charles James Fox. The Earl of March seems to have gone somewhat farther. He writes to his friend George Selwyn, in Paris, 1776. “The *muff* you sent me by the Duke of Richmond I like prodigiously, vastly better than if it had been tigré, or of any glaring colour; several are now making after it.” And again in 1776, he writes, “Pray bring me two or three bottles of perfume to put amongst powder, and some patterns for velvets that are new and pretty.”

His friend, George Augustus Selwyn, was yet more distinguished, his wit and peculiarities giving him a high place in the world of fashion. He was born on the 11th of August, 1719, and was the second son of Colonel John Selwyn, of an ancient family in Gloucestershire, and who, in his youth, had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. At Eton School he was a contemporary with Gray and Horace Walpole. He then proceeded to Hertford College, Oxford, which he left before the time to take a trip upon the continent, returned to College, and got expelled for an idle jest, which his superiors considered blasphemy.

His father's influence soon procured for him a lucrative situation in the Mint. In 1747 he obtained a seat in Par-

liament, and in the November of 1751—his brother having died before his father—he inherited, upon the decease of the latter, the whole of the family estates.

One of the most remarkable features in his character was a morbid love for sights of death and execution. This, indeed, has been denied, by showing the fallacy of some of the many anecdotes circulated—no very difficult matter—but such was evidently the belief of his contemporaries. Thus, when the first Lord Holland, upon his death-bed, was told that his friend Selwyn had called to inquire after his health, he replied, “The next time that Mr Selwyn calls, show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead he will be glad to see me.” Thus, too, Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, “This old Craggs—who was angry with Arthur More, who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him—turned round, and said, ‘Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind, are not you?’ I told this story the other day to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins, and corpses, and executions; he replied that Arthur More had had his coffin chained to that of his mistress. ‘Lord!’ said I, ‘how do you know?’ ‘Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St Giles.’”

One more instance of the same kind, and I have done with this part of the subject. Being attacked by some ladies for his want of feeling in being present at the beheading of Lord Lovat, he replied, “Well, I made amends by going to the undertaker’s to see his head sewed on again.” And this excuse was no more than fact. He had duly assisted by his presence at this revolting ceremony, and no sooner was it concluded, and the perfect corpse placed in its coffin, than imitating the voice and manner of the Lord Chancellor at the trial, he exclaimed, “My Lord Lovat, your lordship may arise.”

Strange to say, the man who could thus sport with death, and enjoy the pain of others, was anything but deficient in feeling. He was passionately fond of children, and possessed a heart always open to the appeal of wretchedness. His friendships, too, were warm and lasting.

Of his witticisms, many are on record; but, like most colloquial flashes, they lose much of their brilliancy when read instead of being heard. The joke which sparkles when

uttered, becomes too often vapid and pointless when committed to paper. A few instances, therefore, will suffice:

At the trials of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, observing a Mrs Bethel, who was remarkable for a hatchet-face, looking earnestly at them, he exclaimed with affected compassion, "What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners before they are condemned!"—an allusion to the custom of the executioner's turning the edge of his axe towards the prisoner when condemned, and reversed before sentence has been passed.

On another occasion, observing Mr Ponsonby, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, tossing about bank-bills at a hazard-table at Newmarket, he exclaimed, "Look! how easily the Speaker passes the money-bills."

The beautiful Lady Coventry was one day exhibiting to him a splendid new dress, covered with large silver spangles, the size of a shilling, and asked him what he thought of it? "I think," replied the wit, "you will be changed for a guinea."

*Ex pede Herculem*—for it would occupy more canvas than can here be spared to paint our Hercules in his full proportions. It will be enough to add that he died on the 25th of January, 1791; and in his seventy-second year.

I now come to one of the most celebrated heroes of fashion, and to a new system of foppery. This hero was George Bryan Brummel: his system was termed Dandyism. Brummel's strange career has occupied more than one biographer. The Westminster Review has ably discoursed upon him, and Captain Jesse has written a capital life of him—a book indeed too good for the minor importance of its subject. A Norman author and a man of note in the French literary world, M. J. A. Barbey D'Aureville, has produced a talented and remarkable essay, entitled, "Du Dandyism, et de G. Brummel," which he published in quaint form under the editorship of the learned M. Trebutien, in the very town of Caen, where Brummel died. From all these writers I borrow in the following account. George Bryan Brummel was the son of William Brummel, Esq., Private Secretary of Lord North. There is some doubt as to the original station in life held by Brummel's parents. His grandfather followed a business of some kind in Bury Street, and, as usual with the denizens of that lodg-

ing-house locality, added to his means by letting out a large portion of his house. While Brummel's father was yet a boy, Sir Charles Jenkinson, afterwards a member of Lord North's cabinet, and Earl of Liverpool, came to lodge there, and this led to his being employed in a Government-office when his lodger and patron had attained to eminence. The Jenkinson patronage brought William Brummel under the notice of that "god of Emoluments," as he was called, Lord North, and favour and fortune followed the introduction. He became High Sheriff of Berks.

Beau Brummel, though perhaps not so remarkable for wit as George Selwyn, was certainly more distinguished as a leader of fashion. Although not a fop, he was the best dressed man of his day, the tie of his neckcloth, and the polish of his boot-tops, being the general objects of admiration. His good taste led him to avoid all peculiarities of appearance; to perfect dandyism in fact.

George Bryan Brummel, the Beau, was born in Westminster the 7th of June, 1778, and his father, while Lord North's Secretary, having increased his wealth by speculating in the funds, sent him, at the proper age, to Eton. Here, although a very general favourite, he did not rise above the average of boy-students, being much more distinguished for fun and frolic than for study. Even at this early period he affected a peculiar elegance, and obtained from his school-fellows the soubriquet of "Buck Brummel," the term *dandy* not being then in use. In those days, Brummel's humour had already got much of that peculiar character which afterwards distinguished him, and which is more easily illustrated by example than made clear by explanation. The following is an instance:—

Contests between the Etonians and the bargemen were frequent. Upon one of these occasions, an unlucky bargeman, or bargee—the latter is the Eton term—fell into the hands of the schoolboys, who, in resentment of their having been roughly handled by him in some previous quarrel, were well disposed to fling him over the bridge into the river. In the midst of the tumult, and when nothing else could have saved the poor fellow, Brummel made his appearance amongst them, exclaiming, "My good fellows, don't send him into the river; the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it almost amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold!"—From drowning to the almost certainty of catching cold!

—what an exquisite instance of pathos ! It proved irresistible, and laughter succeeding to indignation, the bargee was suffered to escape.

From Eton, Brummel went to Oriel College, Oxford ; but he could not have remained there long, for he was not much more than sixteen when his father died, and it was only three months afterwards that he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the 10th Hussars, at that time commanded by the Prince of Wales. This was on the 17th of June, 1794.

He had, when a boy at Eton, been presented to the Prince on the terrace at Windsor. It now seems that some of the heir-apparent's boon companions mentioned to him the young Etonian as having grown up into a second Selwyn, where-upon his Royal Highness expressed a wish to see him. As he had no undue bashfulness to stand in the way of his preferment, he was soon received into a high degree of favour. His assurance, indeed, was sublime, leading him to do and say things which would scarcely have entered into the head of any one but himself. Take this for an example :—

A great law-lord, who lived in Russell Square, had one evening given a ball, at which a Miss J., one of the beauties of the day, was present. All the young men were of course anxious for the honour of dancing with her, and numerous were the applications made to her as she sat enthroned in an arm-chair. Being, however, to the full as proud as she was beautiful, she refused them all, till the young hussar made his appearance, and he having proffered to lead her out, she at once acquiesced, greatly to the wrath of the disappointed candidates. In one of the pauses of the dance, he happened to find himself close to an acquaintance, when he exclaimed, " Ha ! you here ? Do, my good fellow, tell me who that ugly man is leaning against the chimney-piece ? " " Why, surely you must know him," replied the other ! " 'tis the master of the house." " No indeed," said the cornet coolly, " how should I ? I never was invited."

This was a feat that, perhaps, no one except Theodore Hook ever rivalled.

No sooner had the novelty of a soldier's life worn off than Brummel grew weary of it, though the reason he assigned for quitting the army was quite in keeping with the character of the man. His regiment, being at Brighton, was suddenly ordered to Manchester. The news arrived in the evening, and early the next day Brummel made his appearance before



the Prince, who was not a little surprised at so unseasonable a visit. After due apologies made and received, Brummel proceeded to explain—"Why the fact is, your Royal Highness, I have heard that we are ordered to Manchester. Now you must be aware how disagreeable this is to *me*! I really could not go; think, your Royal Highness—*Manchester*! Besides, *you* would not be there. I have, therefore, determined, with your Royal Highness' permission, to sell out." The flattery was well timed, and secured the Prince's acquiescence. How changed is Manchester since Brummel's days! Little could he foresee how the then mere mart of manufacture was to become a city of public and private palaces, bringing fashionable crowds from all Europe to its Exhibition, to be opened by a Prince who found in the home of its Mayor a residence that might vie with many a royal abode. A year after Brummel had thus so disdainfully treated Manchester, then a giant rude in incipient growth, he came into possession of his fortune, which, having accumulated during his minority, amounted to thirty thousand pounds, whereupon he took up his abode in May Fair, and soon was distinguished for the excellence and simple elegance of his dinners. The Prince of Wales himself is said to have been more than once a guest at his table.

At this time of his life he has been thus described by his biographer. "His face was rather long, and complexion fair; his whiskers inclined to sandy, and hair light brown. His features were neither plain nor handsome, but his head was well shaped, the forehead being unusually high, showing, according to phrenological development, more of the mental than the animal passions; the bump of self-esteem was very prominent. His countenance indicated that he possessed considerable intelligence, and his mouth betrayed a strong disposition to indulge in sarcastic humour; this was predominant in every feature, the nose excepted, the natural regularity of which, though it had been broken by a fall from his charger, prevented his countenance from degenerating into comicality. His eyebrows were equally expressive with his mouth, and while the latter was giving utterance to something very good-humoured or polite, the former, and the eyes themselves, which were grey and full of oddity, could assume an expression that made the sincerity of his words very doubtful."

Brummel now established his peculiar system, that of

Dandyism, which, based on the principle of Horace, the "Nil admirari," consisted in a perfect elegance in dress and manner, with an avoidance of all that might be remarkable or outré in either. Dandyism, says one enthusiastic writer on the subject, "introduced the calm of antiquity into the agitations of modern life. It was impassibility gracefully in action." Dandyism grew rapidly into public favour, but was carried by many far beyond the foppish simplicity Brummel would inculcate. The dandies as they multiplied became very unlike their founder. However, under their paramount influence, the Bucks and Maccaronies passed into utter oblivion.

It would be doing little justice to the character of Brummel to set him down for such a mere coxcomb as might be found among dandies generally. On the contrary, he was a man of infinite shrewdness and observation, was naturally refined in taste and elegant in manners, his very affectation being as much assumed as the folly of Touchstone; and it might truly be said of him, "under the presentation of that he shoots his wit." Mere foppery could never have made him, as he was, the intimate friend of so many men, distinguished by birth and education; nor could it have made his society so much a matter of fashion with the higher classes. Something, no doubt, he owed to his satirical spirit, which in a short time made him dreaded, and thus established himself as the autocrat of that world in which he moved. It has been said that Madame de Staël was in awe of him, and considered her having failed to please him as her greatest misfortune, while she placed the Prince's having neglected to call upon her only as a secondary cause of lamentation. The great French authoress, however, was not without reason in her regrets; to offend or not to please Brummel was to lose caste in the fashionable world, to be exposed to the most cutting sarcasm, the most poignant ridicule, and, in many cases, to be made the subject of practical jokes, that in justice should have drawn down a horsewhipping upon the shoulders of the perpetrator. A single instance of this kind will be quite enough to justify the assertion. The victim was an old French emigrant, whom Brummel met on a visit to Woburn or Chatsworth, into whose hair-powder he managed to introduce some finely-powdered sugar. The next morning the poor marquis, quite unconscious of his head being so well sweetened, joined the breakfast-table as usual; but scarcely had he made his bow, and plunged his knife into the Perigord

pie before him, than the flies began to desert the walls and windows to settle upon his head. The weather was exceedingly hot, the flies of course numerous, and even the honey-comb and marmalade upon the table seemed to have lost all attraction for them. The marquis relinquished his knife and fork to drive off the enemy with his handkerchief. But scarcely had he attempted to renew his acquaintance with the Perigord pie, than back the whole swarm came, more teasingly than ever. Not a wing was missing. Those of the company who were not in the secret could not help wondering at this phenomenon, as the buzzing grew louder and louder every moment. Matters grew still worse, when the sugar, melting, poured down the Frenchman's brow and face in thick streams, for his tormentors then changed their ground of action, and having thus found a more vulnerable part, nearly drove him mad with their stings. Unable to bear it any longer, he clasped his head with both hands and rushed out of the room in a cloud of powder, followed by his persevering tormentors, and the laughter of the company.

The following is an instance of how closely excess of affectation may often resemble humour.

An acquaintance once, in a morning call, who had then been recently travelling in the north of England, persisted in cross-questioning Brummel about the lakes—which did he like best?—Tired at length of his guest's affected raptures, Brummel turned to his valet, who chanced to be in the room—“Robinson!”—“Sir?”—“Which of the lakes do I admire?”—“Windermere, sir,” replied the valet, who had acuteness enough to understand his master's humour. “Ah! yes, Windermere,” repeated Brummel; “so it is, Windermere.”

He pretended to look upon the city as a sort of African region, unknown to the civilized world, except from the report of certain adventurous travellers. Being asked by an eminent and wealthy merchant to dine with him in the city, he replied, “With pleasure, if you'll promise faithfully not to tell any one.”

The intimacy between Brummel and the Prince of Wales lasted for some years, much longer, indeed, than might have been anticipated, all circumstances considered. The quarrel, which eventually broke up this intimacy, has been attributed to various causes; some said it was owing to Brummel's desiring the Prince to ring the bell, who, on doing so, ordered

Brummel to be shown out. This story was always denied by Brummel himself; Moore makes the Prince say,

“Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill  
To mortal, except, now I think on't, to Beau Brummel;  
Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,  
To cut me, and bring the old king into fashion.”

Others said, and with more probability, that the dispute arose from the friend's too open ridicule not only of the Prince, but—and this was really unpardonable—of the excellent Mrs Fitzherbert. The Prince was growing stout, and Brummel called him Big-Ben, and Mrs Fitzherbert Benina. This came to George's ears, and one certainly cannot blame him for not putting up with such ribaldry. Brummel however, with his usual intrepidity of assurance, protested that it was he who had cut the Prince. “*Non nostrum est tautas componere lites,*” says one of Brummel's biographers, but it seems to me that a Prince such as George is far more likely to have been the abandoning than the abandoned party.

The loss of his royal friend estranged many from Brummel to whom he had before been a welcome visitant, but they generally suffered for their time-serving, his unrelenting wit as little sparing them as it did the Prince himself. A notable instance of this was seen in the case of a fashionable lady, by name Thompson, living near Grosvenor-square, who had a formidable rival, so far as giving parties went, in a Mrs Johnson, an inhabitant of the terra incognita, Finsbury-square, or its immediate vicinity. The West End dame was giving a grand ball, at which his Royal Highness had consented to be present, in consequence of which Brummel, of course, was not invited. Great then was the lady's surprise when, upon the eventful night, and at the moment she was anxiously expecting the Prince's arrival, who should walk in but the unasked and obnoxious Beau Brummel. Suppressing her indignation as best she could, the lady walked forth from the circle of her friends, and informed him that he had not been invited. “Not invited, madam, not invited?” said the unwelcome visitor in his blandest tones; “surely there must be some mistake;” and leisurely feeling in all his pockets to spin out the time, and give a better chance for the Prince's arrival, while the hostess was in an agony, he at length drew forth a card, which he presented to her. At a glance she saw it was that of her rival at the East End, and returning it

hastily, exclaimed, "That card, sir, is a Mrs Johnson's; my name is Thompson." "Is it, indeed?" replied Brummel, affecting much surprise. "Dear me, how unfortunate; really, Mrs John—Thompson, I mean; I am very sorry for this mistake: but you know, Johnson and Thompson, Thompson and Johnson, are so much the same kind of thing. Mrs Thompson, I wish you a very good evening." And making one of his most elaborate bows, he retired slowly and mincingly, amidst the ill-suppressed laughter of all present, except the hostess herself, who was bursting with indignation, and totally at a loss to reply to such matchless effrontery.

For years did Brummel maintain his supremacy in the fashionable world, notwithstanding his having been cast off by the Prince, and the neglect of some in consequence. But though even royal disfavour could not seriously lower him, he managed in the end to do that which no one else could do—he ruined himself: the gaming-table, in the long run, deprived him of all his fortune. Then came bills to supply the deficiencies of the hour, and, with that, the consummation which they never fail to bring about when necessity has recourse to them. A quarrel ensuing with the friend joined in one of these acceptances, and who accused him of taking the lion's share, he was obliged to quit England, and take up his abode at Calais. It has been said, ludicrously enough, that Brummel and Bonaparte fell together. The Moscow of the former, according to his own account, was a crooked sixpence, to the possession of which his good fortune was attached, but which he unfortunately lost.

Brummel's reign lasted from 1794 to 1816. On the 16th May of the latter year, after dining on a capon and a bottle of claret, he quitted London: on the 17th he was at Dover, on the 18th he was at Calais. There, with the wreck of his property, he settled in a handsome house, and was for some years still sought after by nobles and gentlemen of fashion, who would, as they passed from one country to the other, visit the Arch-dandy in his graceful seclusion. Lord Westmoreland stopping one day at Calais, invited Brummel to dine with him at his hotel at 3 o'clock. Brummel sent back a refusal, stating that he never ate at such an hour. Brummel, after a time, came to that miserable mode of support, borrowing. It took a tolerable long period before he exhausted all his friends, from some of whom he was con-

tinually receiving even large sums of money, so much in one instance as a thousand pounds. He was thus enabled to go on in a way suited to his usual refined habits, and, to charm his retirement, he set seriously to work at acquiring the French language. In this he so well succeeded, that in a short time he could both write and speak it with tolerable fluency and correctness, a sufficient proof that he was by no means deficient in understanding. Brummel went once to Paris, but did not like it. He and his dandyism were things unknown and unintelligible to the Parisians, and he came back to Calais, the St Helena of his fashion.

It will naturally be supposed that, as time went on, the tide of bounty towards him rolled in a constantly decreasing stream. Some friends were lost to him by death, others perhaps grew weary of relieving him. A visit of George the Fourth to France held out to him a momentary gleam of hope. The King on his way to Hanover stopped a night at Calais. He was half inclined to see Brummel and to be reconciled with him. But Brummel foolishly coquetted and held back in hope of the honour or reparation of a special summons to the royal presence. The opportunity was lost. The Monarch of England haughtily passed on, and never again noticed the fallen sovereign of dandyism. Still he was not so wholly bereft of friends, but that he continued from time to time to receive remittances from England; and, at length, by the friendly intervention of the Duke of Wellington with William, IV., a monarch ever ready to do a kindness, Brummel was made British Consul in Caen, the historic and learned capital of Lower Normandy, a city of much architectural beauty and much classic refinement—the Oxford of France. Many English of the better class resided there then, but Brummel when he was appointed was altogether on the wane. He was, too, so deeply involved in debt that he could scarcely obtain the means of arranging with his creditors before proceeding to the seat of his Consulate.

It may be supposed that, with the consular income, Brummel regained a state of ease and comfort; but this was far from being the case; the large deductions made from his income to discharge the arrears of debt incurred at Calais, left him a very insufficient overplus for a man of his habits. He soon got involved at Caen, as he had before been at Calais. And what was worse, every day proved him to be more and more incapable of his office—one certainly of no great

difficulty. But the man was quite listless and broken, and the very post sunk into insignificance under his incapacity. He perceived this falling off, but unfortunately not the cause, and in the vain hope of getting a more lucrative, or at any rate a still more sinecure, situation, he wrote home that the consulate at Caen was perfectly useless to the English nation. The government thanked him for the information, abolished the consulate, but forgot to provide him with any other situation. A vice-consulate was established and given to Mr Armstrong, a highly respectable tradesman at Caen. Brummel was thus once more thrown upon the charity of his friends without a single sixpence in his pocket. To relieve him from these difficulties, enhanced as they were by illness, his acquaintance, Mr Armstrong, the vice-consul, in a most generous spirit undertook to see what could be done for him in England. The mission was so successful that he returned with money enough to pay off the most pressing of the demands upon the ex-consul.

Evils now began to throng thick and fast upon Brummel. He had more than one attack of paralysis, and to crown all, he was flung into prison at Caen by his French creditors. What such a man, so fastidious in all his habits, must have suffered when he found himself locked up in a wretched room, floored with stone, and many common decencies of life disregarded, may be easily imagined. The details would be too painful for these pages. Caen itself came to his rescue. The authorities there and the inhabitants both French and English subscribed for his relief. These efforts, and a second visit of Mr Armstrong to England, were so successful, that Brummel was enabled to leave his prison, after having been confined there for upwards of two months.

It would be as painful as useless to follow him through his decline—sickness, loss of memory, and absolute imbecility, till at last his manners became so coarse, that he could no longer be allowed to eat at the public table of the hotel he frequented. His final state was one of perfect idiocy,—unable to distinguish bread from meat, or wine from coffee. Happily there was still a refuge. Caen once more, with Christian spirit, put forth a saving hand, and gave the poor sufferer a last asylum, in its magnificent hospital of the *Bon Sauveur*, one of the most admirable institutions in Europe,

within whose extensive precincts, the lunatic, and the deaf and dumb are cared for, and the poor instructed, and various other works of charity carried out by an order of nuns. Here Brummel was placed in a comfortable room, and here he died on the evening of the 30th of March, 1840. Mr George M. Musgrave, in his excellent "Ramble through Normandy," in describing the famous hospital of the Bon Sauveur, gives the following eloquent and feeling description of Brummel's sojourn in that asylum. "It was in a quiet secluded little quadrangle of the men's compartment, planted with evergreen shrubs and flowers, and basking in the pleasantest sunshine on one side, a cool delightful shade proffering shelter on the other; that, upon request to be shown the quarter I am about to particularize, I was led into the parlour, and afterwards into the bed-room, occupied at the time of his death on the 30th March, 1840, by George Brummel, of unhappy celebrity, once Consul of Caen. \* \* Brummel, through the intervention of the most benevolent of strangers, rather than by any direct act of his few remaining friends, became an inmate of this enviable asylum in the year 1838, and remained in it the greater part of two years, in fact, to the day of his decease. I conversed for some time with the gardener, Pierre Dubois, who acts as an over-looker and attendant among the patients lodged in the section of St Joseph, as this part is called. He said Brummel was so paralyzed in body, as to require the arms of two persons to support him when walking about the garden: that he always appeared to be totally unconscious of his melancholy condition, and spoke of himself as the owner of large possessions. He would occasionally intimate to each of the attendants, who waited upon him by turns, that he had made ample provision for them in his will, and that through his application at head-quarters, every one of them would find himself promoted to situations of distinguished trust in England. His animal spirits appeared to have been generally good. His voracious appetite never failed; but he drank barley-water only, mixed with a very small quantity of wine, as his usual beverage.

"While I was listening to Pierre Dubois's account, an elderly sister joined us who remembered Brummel well, and had often tended him during his last illness. She mentioned him as *un bon enfant*; which would lead one to



infer he had ingratiated himself, fatuous as he was, with those who had access to him in his depressing solitude. Apart from the condition of mental darkness in which this singular man went down to the grave, his days in this delightful retreat comprised, in all probability, a period of far greater contentment and comfort, than he had ever tasted in the zenith of his prosperity and, I might say, of his power! All that the unwearied solicitude and kindness of the best of nurses could do in mitigation of human sufferings, in aid of decrepit feebleness and failing faculties; all that could soothe the excitement of feverish paroxysm, allay disquietude, and make all the bed of a moribund patient tranquil and easy in his last sickness, was done, and nobly done here. Like ministering angels, these holy women live in the continual discharge of these offices; and wherever and whenever endemic pestilence, contagion, and death, have from time to time raged within the wards, or desolated the homes of the population lying within the range of their activity, there have they, in fearless faith and self-devoting zeal,

“Tended the sick, busiest, from couch to couch,”

and by these were our fellow-countryman's pillow smoothed, his wants anticipated, his wishes humoured, and his eyelids closed. *They* cared for the selfish, self-sacrificed, and ruined man, to the last; and whoever shall henceforth visit that Zoar, that little refuge, where passing by I beheld their devotions (and deeds to such professions answerable), and learned how worthily these recluses bear the name of Him who went about only to do good, will gaze with no light wonder and interest on the resources of consolation abounding in that foreign home, where, fed, clothed, and solaced by Samaritan charities, this stranger exile died. The bed-room occupied by Brummel during his residence as an *Aliéné* (a patient in a state of mental *dérangement*) in the Hôpital du Bon Sauveur at Caen, and the parlour underneath, were the habitation of the celebrated De Bourrienne (Napoleon's unfaithful Secretary), who died here on the 7th February, 1834, at the age of sixty-four. He, also, never recovered his reason.”

When Brummel's reign ceased, like that of James II., by retirement to France, there was no successor to his vacant throne. Dandyism declined, despite of the attempts of

Lord Petersham, afterwards Earl of Harrington, and of a few others to sustain it. "Swellism," as it is called, succeeded, and had for a time a bad predominance. The gentle foibles of the Brummel school made way for coarser customs. Boxing came into fashion, and whenever boxing does grow fashionably popular, it is a bad sign for fashionable refinement. Men of rank usurped the coachman's office, and drove gigs and public four-horse coaches. Night riots in the street were thought clever and even aristocratic. Tom and Jerry was the drama most in vogue. But suddenly a terrible event put a stop to all this—at least with gentlemen. Thurtell, a leader among swells, committed an infamous murder, and died the felon's death. His trial brought out many ugly revelations, and created a thorough disgust towards all of his class. Swellism when exposed to the light of day appeared mere blackguardism. Men of character however exuberant their spirits, forsook it altogether; and gradually fashion returned to the refinement, without the gambling of the Nashs and the Brummels. Some few years since a gentleman of elegance and erudition assumed Brummel's sceptre. This was Alfred, Count D'Orsay. His reign was short but brilliant. An aristocrat by birth and alliance, a scholar by education, an artist by nature, and a thorough adept in all manly sports and exercises—one of the best equestrians of his time; a man too of a kind disposition and most courteous and pleasing manners, D'Orsay, whatever may have been his faults, had a beneficial influence on public fashion. All he did tended to refinement, and, curiously, during his rule, boxing was quite in the shade, and smoking was not as prevalent as now. He encouraged art, and he had many men of genius for his friends; among them, no less a personage than the present imperial ruler of France, who assisted him to the last. Misfortunes, it is to be feared, hastened D'Orsay's death,—but enough—his career has been too recent to fully descant upon it. I would only add, that on a green eminence in the village of Chambourcy, beyond St German-en-Laye, where the rustic churchyard joins the estate of the Gramont family, rises a marble pyramid. In the sepulchral chamber, there is a stone sarcophagus on either side, each surmounted by a white marble tablet; that to the left encloses the remains of Margaret, last Countess of Blessington, who died the 4th June,

1849; that to the right received, on the 7th August, 1852, the body of her step-daughter's first husband, Alfred, Count D'Orsay, the leader of fashion during the reigns of William IV. and Queen Victoria. This gifted and highly accomplished gentleman—the exquisite artist, the able sculptor, and the general “arbiter elegantiarum”—leaves a void not yet filled up. With the wit of Gramont, the refinement and kind-heartedness of Nash, and the elegance of Brummel, D'Orsay combined mental acquirement and considerable genius. His successor, to inherit his qualifications, must be a man of no ordinary stamp.

## GENERAL DALZELL'S DINNER AT DUDDINGSTON.

————— Our foe  
 ————That is hitherto come in spite  
 To scorn at our solemnity this night,  
           \*          \*          \*          \*  
 Content thee \* \* let him alone,  
 He hears him like a portly gentleman.—SHAKSPEARE.

LORD DUNDEE, Scotland's "Bonnie Dundee," has found many admirers, but no voice has ever yet been raised in favour of another fierce Cavalier opponent of the Covenanters, General Thomas Dalzell. Yet, in this stern executor of the behests of his sovereign, there were gleams of kindly and amiable feeling, with which the exercise of his authority was occasionally tempered.

Thomas Dalzell was the son of the Laird of Binns, an estate which had not been long in his family. It was more anciently possessed by the House of Meldrum, and belonged to the "Esquire Meldrum," who is the hero of one of the poems of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, of which there is an interesting account in Lord Lindsay's charming family biography. The father of Thomas Dalzell must have been a country gentleman of good fortune, to judge from the mansion-house of Binns, which was built, or at least re-modelled, by him. In the old drawing-room, a chamber of spacious dimensions, there is a beautiful ornamented plaster ceiling, with heraldic devices, in which the arms of the father and mother of the General are often repeated. The former are those of Dalzell, Earl of Carnwath, without any difference; so that it is probable that the family of Binns were cadets of that house; while the latter being those of Bruce of Kinloss, show that the reddest blood in Scotland flowed in the veins of the

General. Thomas Dalzell was early imbued with the most devoted sentiments of loyalty to the King, and all his influence as a country gentleman was exerted in behalf of Charles the First. After the murder of that monarch, he allowed his beard to grow, in token of mourning; and until the close of his life, he never suffered it to be shaved or trimmed, but used a large comb, which is still preserved as a relic in the family. Disgusted with the Commonwealth, Dalzell sought military service abroad. He entered into the Russian army, and soon obtained high rank. He was Lieutenant-General to the Czar Ivan, and distinguished himself in the wars which that monarch waged against the Tartars. He was a stern, commanding old soldier, with high notions of military discipline, strict and conscientious views of what he considered his duty, and loyalty to his master, which could not be shaken. Although his rank was high and his power was great at the court of the Czar, he could not resist the impulse of his loyal feelings, which urged his return to his native country on the restoration of the Stuart line; and he came back to Scotland an old and war-worn veteran, to consecrate his latter days to the service of the son of that master whom he had dutifully defended when alive, and for whom he had never ceased to mourn. The diploma which General Dalzell received from the Czar, shows the value which was entertained for his services, and how much he was appreciated by that sovereign. He also accumulated considerable wealth in the Russian service, and his descendants still preserve the inventories of the rich and costly plate with which he replenished the buffet at Binns—cups of gold and vessels of silver in profuse abundance. Those were days when the Scottish soldier of fortune became the companion of princes. A curious story is related of General Dalzell, which is noticed by a popular historian of the present day. In the course of his continental service, he had been brought into the immediate circle of the Court of the Emperor of Germany, possibly having been despatched on some diplomatic mission by the Czar to the successor of the Cæsars. He had the honour to be a guest at a splendid Imperial banquet, where, as a part of his state, the German Emperor was waited on by the great feudal dignitaries of the empire, one of whom was the Duke of Modena, the head of the illustrious house of Este. Thus the veteran Scot was

seated at a table, which, for form's sake, was served by princes. After his appointment by King Charles the Second as Commander-in-chief in Scotland, he was one day invited by the Duke of York (afterwards James II., and then living at Holyrood) to dine with him and the Duchess, Princess Mary of Modena. As this was what might be called a family dinner, the Duchess manifested some degree of repugnance to admit the General to such an honour; whereupon the veteran remarked that this was not his first introduction to the house of Este, for that he had formerly known her Royal Highness's father, the Duke of Modena, and that his Highness had stood behind his chair, while he sat by the Emperor's side!

After his period of foreign service, Dalzell returned with great wealth and honour to Scotland, where, during the remainder of his life, he united the functions of a country gentleman and improver of his paternal estate, with those of a stern and severe military commander. King Charles II. appointed him Commander-in-chief in Scotland. He exercised this authority strictly, perhaps unmercifully; while he resided at his beautiful seat of Binns, which he embellished with handsome buildings, and fine woods and gardens. His long residence in foreign countries, his outlandish appearance and habits, his venerable, white, flowing beard, and a certain reserve and mystery in his manners and deportment, contributed to environ him with a superstitious awe; and he was noted, far and wide, as a necromancer and wizard. He himself enjoyed the wonder and dread with which this reputation inspired his country neighbours. He surrounded his pleasure-grounds with walls, in which he had formed secret passages, which enabled him to overhear much that went on, while he was supposed to be at a distance; and, in the house of Binns, there are hidden stairs and corridors, and concealed doors, which enabled the General to maintain a character for ubiquity, as well as preternatural knowledge. There are portraits of him preserved at Binns. In one he is beardless, clothed in complete armour, with a battle-field in the distance. In this he is represented as fighting for King Charles I., and has already the appearance of a man advanced in middle life. In another, he is represented as dead, with his white beard long, flowing, and descending far down his breast, covering his coat of mail. It is difficult to

look upon this portrait of the wizard, painted after death, without a shudder of awe.

Binns House is a beautiful specimen of an old Scottish mansion. It was probably built by the father of the General, in the reign of King James I. of Great Britain, and much enlarged and adorned by the General himself, with the spoils of his Tartar campaigns; and it remained very much in this state until about thirty years since, when it was greatly improved, the house being enlarged, and the grounds beautified, by the excellent taste of the late Sir James Dalzell, Bart., the great-great-grandson of the first baronet, who was the General's son.

Much has been said of the cruel persecution of his countrymen by the old Russian General, and I will not here inquire whether or not this charge be generally well founded. It may be, that warfare with the Turk and Tartar taught this Scottish soldier of fortune to entertain a low estimate of human life and limb, and he may have exercised upon the rebellious Puritans some of the discipline which it was his habit to inflict on his mutinous soldiers, or the conquered enemies of the Czar. But it is my pleasing duty here to record an instance of his kindness and good feeling, which is moreover interesting, as it is in some measure illustrative of the habits and manners of the Scottish aristocracy during the seventeenth century. One of the nearest neighbours of General Dalzell was the Laird of Duddingston, George Dundas, a gentleman of very ancient family, being a cadet of the old and distinguished line of Dundas. His immediate ancestor had been created an earl by King James III., with whom he was a great favourite; but the honour was rescinded by his rebellious son, like all the other titles conferred by that unhappy monarch during the last years of his reign, and Dundas remained a Laird.

George Dundas was proprietor of an extensive estate, and dwelt in an ancient manor-house standing on the outskirts of a beautiful wood, about two miles above the Frith of Forth, and four miles and a half from Binns House. The old mansion of Duddingston was burnt to the ground seventy years ago. Mr Dundas was not only well descended; he was nearly allied to distinguished houses. He was cousin to the Lord Panmure, his mother having been Isabella Maule, a daughter of that noble house, of the most

ancient Norman blood ; which unites the great pedigrees of Maule, de Valonüs and Barclay—and his wife was Katherine Moneypenny of the ancient line of Pitmilley, in Fifeshire, a family known by every one conversant with Scotch or French heraldry, to be most noble: whether as Lords of Bothwell or as Seigneurs de Concessault. The mother of Cardinal Beaton was a daughter of this house, and Katherine's great-grand-aunt. These honourable persons, the laird and lady of Duddingston, were most pious and devout, according to the tone of religion then prevalent in Scotland; being devoted to the cause of the Covenant, and worshipping God according to the strictest rules of Puritanical observance. And truly, in those unhappy times, there was little else of what could be called religion in the country. The Episcopalian party give us very scanty evidence of piety, and though that of the Covenanters was gloomy and fanatical, it was apparently sincere, and the severity and moroseness of its character may have been in some degree owing to the cruel treatment they received.

George Dundas and Katherine Moneypenny were most exact in the punctual performance of their devotional duties. And the *exercise*, as it was called, of prayer, praise, and reading of God's word, was regularly *engaged in*, three times every day, before breakfast, before dinner, and before supper. On these occasions every member of the family, without exception, was expected to attend. And a goodly sight it was to see the numerous children of the laird and lady, their large body of domestic servants, and the guests who were in the habit of surrounding their hospitable board, kneeling in godly sincerity and singleness of heart, before the throne of grace, and lifting up their voices with one accord in the praise of their heavenly Father.

Though Dundas was a strict religionist, he was anxious to perform the dutiful offices of a country gentleman; and, as one of them, he considered the keeping up a friendly and neighbourly intercourse. Much, therefore, as he disapproved of General Dalzell's severity in the exercise of his office of Commander-in-chief, and sincerely as he deplored the working of the measures of Government, he was anxious to be as much as possible on a footing of kindness and civility with him, as one of his nearest neighbours, and one with whom his family had always kept up intimacy, notwithstanding an hereditary opposition of principles. For



Duddingston's father, like all the members of that branch of the Dundas's (Dundas, Arniston, and Duddingston), were zealous Covenanters, and keen asserters of liberty of worship. However, no sooner was Dalzell returned from Moscow, than Dundas sought to renew his old family friendship with him, and the General gladly met him half way ; so that the Puritan Laird surprised many of his covenanting friends by the familiar intercourse which subsisted between him and the king's lieutenant-general. But when persecution broke out, this intercourse slackened somewhat, though it did not altogether cease. It happened one day, during a visit which the Commander-in-chief paid to Binns House, to enjoy a little relaxation from the fatigues of duty among his groves and gardens, that he sent to say to Dundas that he would go to Duddingston to dine with him. With a heavy heart the Lady Duddingston heard her lord return a favourable answer to this proposal. She had learnt to look upon her old neighbour as a wicked persecutor and enemy of God's people—and on that account alone she would have shunned his society. But she was moved with immediate fears for the safety of her husband and family. She knew that the daily mid-day prayers would not be omitted before the Commander-in-chief; and she was well aware that many expressions occurred in them which might offend Dalzell, and perhaps bring his vengeance upon her husband and children. She, therefore, secretly gave orders to her old grey-headed butler, to cause dinner to be served up in the hall without the usual preliminary *exercise* of prayer and praise. Dalzell and the other guests were assembled; Duddingston, his lady, and family had done the honour of reception with due courtesy to their distinguished guest. The great bell was rung, Dundas's countenance wore for the moment an expression of stern solemnity. He had a duty to his God to perform, which he knew might involve him in a world of trouble, for he would not omit one iota of his usual services before the king's lieutenant; even although that implied prayer in behalf of those who were accounted the king's enemies, and supplications that God would soften his Majesty's heart and shorten the arm of his persecuting General!

Dundas, being thus prepared to brave the lion in the pride of his power, was much displeased when his train of servants appeared in the hall, not bearing his usual cushions

for prayer, Bibles, and Psalm-books ; but the smoking trenchers, capacious vessels, and portly flagons for the noontide meal. He immediately ordered all these preparations to be delayed, and the cushions, Psalm-books, and Bibles to be brought in their place. The Lady Duddingston's heart sank within her when she saw the firm purpose of the laird. She thought of the fate of many of the heroes of the Covenant, and expected to see her husband, as soon as prayers were over, ordered down to his own hall-door, and that by the double row of dragoons who had waited on the General, and who were, at that moment, regaled with the best that the larder and cellars afforded. But there was no help for the laird's constancy to his cause and his custom, and all that she could do was to pray God to soften the persecutor's heart.

The religious services were accordingly performed as usual. The prayers were said, the psalms were sung, God's mercy was invoked for his suffering servants, the king's cruel purposes were deprecated, and especial allusion was made to the General himself, whose hard and stony heart the Lord was entreated to soften. Dalzell quietly took his part in all the exercises, knelt, listened, and stood up with the rest ; and when all was over, he went up to Dundas, embraced him, and congratulated him upon being an honest, high-principled, and courageous man, who did before his face exactly that which he would have done behind his back. He said that he honoured his sincerity, and would scorn to take advantage of the opportunity which his hospitality had afforded, of letting his real sentiments be known. He then sat down to dinner with much cordiality, and pledged a cup of wine to the roof-tree of Duddingston and to the good neighbourhood and friendship of their families. Next morning he sent a score of pikes and halberts to Duddingston with which the laird might arm his servants to defend him or his house in case of any sudden attack during those times of trouble.

After many generations, and during peaceful times, the blades of some of these pikes were turned into carving knives, with which the descendants of the old persecuting General were often plentifully helped at Duddingston's hospitable board.

## THE BEWSEY TRAGEDY.

Unarm'd, and in his bed surpris'd,  
 Vilely they butcher'd the devoted lord !  
 Meanwhile, a servant maid, with pious guile,  
 Bore in her apron, artfully conceal'd,  
 The infant heir, and, many a danger braved,  
 Saved him uninjured from the ruffian's sword,  
 The Negro's valour favouring her escape.

BEWSEY : *a Poem.*

A TERRIBLE legend attaches to the eminent family of Boteler, or Butler, of Bewsey, in Lancashire, some of whose early members were summoned to Parliament as Barons of Warrington. The hero of this tale is Sir John Boteler, representative of the family in the reigns of Henry VI. and VII. His wife, whose Christian name was Anna, was a daughter of Sir John Savile.

King Henry was about to pay a visit to Lathom House, when Lord Derby, anxious to do honour to his royal guest, and, perhaps, also to show the power and number of his friends, sent a message to all connected with him, to make their appearance at Lathom on a certain day. His missives also bore that every one should appear in his livery, a custom of the time, which inferred no menial degradation. Amongst other places, a demand of this nature was sent to Bewsey Hall, greatly to the indignation of Lady Boteler, who, her husband being absent, returned for answer, "that she considered her lord as fit to entertain the king as any earl."

Lord Derby took fire at this curt and not very courteous reply, but, as it admitted of no higher or more immediate revenge, he was forced to limit the expression of his feelings to a system of petty annoyances, not the less galling, perhaps, because they were trifling. A thorn may fester and rankle

as much as any sword. On his part, Sir John was not slow to retaliate, and one day, when the earl, being on his way to London, wished to cross the ferry over the Mersey, at Warrington, Sir John, in whose right it was, refused to allow his passing. The earl was thus compelled to go round by Manchester, at which he was so much exasperated that, to prevent a repetition, as well as to punish Sir John, by depriving him of his tolls—they amounted to about one hundred marks per annum—he built a bridge across the river, and made it free to all passengers. Sir John refused to allow any such encroachment upon his vested rights; the passage of the river, he maintained, was exclusively his own, and cross by the ferry, or cross by the bridge, the traveller should equally disburse what was due to the ferry. The earl applied to the king, who gave his authority for making the bridge free, a decision which, if it satisfied one party, was no less distasteful to the other. The feud, therefore, continued as violent as ever, and the fires of discord, first lighted by Dame Anna, and for awhile no more than a little spark, now threatened to swell into consuming flames.

It would seem as if in this war of mutual annoyance, the earl had somehow got the worst, for he now planned a mode of revenge not at all consonant with his usual character. He determined to get rid of his enemy by the short, sharp remedy of murder, using for his agents in the business Sir Piers Legh and William Savage, both gentlemen of family in Cheshire. To carry out their project, it was necessary to bribe the porter and a servant within the hall, both of whom they appear to have found little difficulty in corrupting. By these confederates, the most fitting time for the deed was marked by placing a lighted taper in a certain window, when they crossed the moat in a coracle, a small tub-like boat formed of hides, and were silently introduced to the chamber of their victim. Even then the deed of blood was not accomplished without a hard struggle. A faithful chamberlain, who slept in the ante-room, would fain have opposed their entrance, but he was killed, and Sir John was murdered in his bed.

The infant heir of the estate would probably have shared the same fate, but for the presence of mind of a Negress, who bore away the child in her apron unperceived.

Even now the horrors of the night were not ended. The murderers took away with them one of the treacherous serv-

ants, and for reward hanged him upon a tree, that he might not turn king's evidence against them. What became of the other servant is not said, and therein the legend may be thought to somewhat halt. It must also seem strange, that the perpetrators of so barbarous a deed were never brought to justice. Lady Boteler did, indeed, institute proceedings, but it would seem the law's delay was long, as the prosecution was not completed when she had taken a second husband, Lord Grey, who disallowed her suit—in consequence of which she separated from him, and returned to Lancashire. "If," said she, "my lord will not let me have my will of my husband's enemies, yet shall my body be buried by him."

According to some accounts, Sir Piers Legh, being an ecclesiastic, and, therefore, not so easily brought to a severer punishment, was condemned to build Disley church, as a penance for the share he had in this transaction. This task he performed in 1527.\*

In the Bewsey chapel at Warrington church is a splendidly decorated tomb of Sir Thomas Boteler and his lady, enclosed within railings. Their recumbent effigies, hand-in-hand, are placed upon an altar tomb; he in armour, she in a remarkable mitre-shaped cap, surrounded by various sculptured saints, but there is no inscription. Under an arch in the wall, near this monument, was formerly the figure of the faithful black servant noticed in the legend.

The family of Boteler is now extinct, and the Bewsey estate has descended, through female heirs, successively to the families of Ireland, Atherton, and Powys, and is now enjoyed by Thomas Atherton Powys, third Lord Lilford.

Bewsey Hall, the scene of the tragedy, is still to be seen about a mile north-west of Warrington. It is an irregular fabric, built principally of brick. The moat also remains, and is in tolerable preservation.

\* Disley church, near Stockport, in Cheshire, is still in the patronage of the Legh family, and now vests in Thomas Legh, Esq., of Lyme.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TALISMAN.

Take heed on't,  
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;  
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition  
As nothing else could match.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE story that I am about to narrate, being not only founded on fact, but closely confined to it, will, of necessity, be brief; yet, brief as it is, it will require a somewhat long preamble to make it perfectly comprehended. In the language of the field, we must try back, and take a view of matters long anterior to the actual commencement of our tale.

Sir John Perrot derived his name and estate from an ancient and illustrious family in Pembrokeshire. Popular report, however, gave him a much higher origin, and would fain have planted the bar sinister in his arms, making him to have been a natural son of Henry the Eighth: "If," says Naunton, "we compare his picture, his qualities, his gesture, and voyce with that of the king, whose memory yet remains amongst us, they will plead strongly that he was a surreptitious scion of the blood royal."

He was unusually tall, and of immense bodily strength, his eyes quick and piercing, his hair auburn, or, as his biographer styles it in his old-fashioned language, *alborne*. He was of an undaunted spirit, skilful in military matters, and of a sound judgment, though he could not pretend to much learning. Moreover, he had a wonderful proneness to cholera, and when in cholera would swear as fearfully as my uncle Toby's troops in Flanders. When he was only eighteen years old, which was about the thirty-sixth year of Henry the Eighth's reign, he was sent up to London to the house of the Marquess of Winchester, then Lord Treasurer of England. Here he found

two other young men, the Earl of Oxford and the Lord Abergavenny, it being the custom of those times for well-born youths to be brought up in the families of noblemen. The earl chanced to be effeminate: the lord, on the contrary, was of so fierce and quarrelsome a temper, that the household dreaded him, and welcomed the advent of the stranger from Pembroke-shire, as one who was likely to tame him. "Is there such a one?" said he, "let me see him." And being introduced to young Perrot, he exclaimed, "What, Sir! are you the kill-cow that must match me?"—"No," replied the other, "I am no butcher, but if you use me not the better, you shall find I can give a butcher's blow." A combat was the immediate result, when the turbulent lord got himself well drubbed, not only into civility but into friendship. The league, however, did not last long between these fiery spirits. Upon one occasion they determined to give a banquet to their friends, but falling into some dispute, and thence to blows, they broke the glasses about one another's ears, so that by the time the guests arrived, not a goblet was left, and the floor was running with blood instead of claret.

Perrot's next adventure, though it began ominously enough, promised well for his future fortunes. He had gone to Southwark—every reader of our old plays knows the ill-repute of the city suburbs in those days—accompanied by a page, when he was set upon by two yeomen of the crown, against whom he defended himself with much courage. This story coming to King Henry's ears, he was so much delighted with his bravery and personal appearance, that he promised him a speedy advancement. This intention was frustrated by the monarch's death, which happened soon after.

Becoming a great favourite with Edward the Sixth, Perrot was made a Knight of the Bath at his coronation. In 1551 he accompanied the Marquess of Northampton in his embassy to treat of a marriage between Edward and a daughter of the French king; and while in that country he gained much reputation by his strength and prowess. Of this, the following story affords a lively instance:—

"The marquess, being a nobleman that delighted much in all activitie, and did keep always the most excellent men that could be found in most kindes of activitie and desportes, which the King of France understanding, and being willing to shew hym such pleasure as was used in that countrie—on a time he brought the Marquis to hunt the wild boare, it

fell out that a gentleman charging of the boare with his chasing staff, did not hitt right, and so the boare was ready to run in upon hym. Sir John Perrot perceiving hym to be in perill, came in to his rescew, and with a broad sword, which he then wore, gave the boare such a blow that he did well neare part the head from the shoulders. The King of France, who stode in sight of this, came presently unto hym, took him by about the mydle, and imbracing hym, called hym Beaufoile ; whereat he supposed that the kinge came to trie his strength, and taking the kinge also about the midel, lifted hym somewhat high from the ground ; with which the kinge was nothing displeased, but proffered a good peusion to serve hym." This was politely declined by the patriotic and burly Englishman.

Upon his return to England, Sir John lived so extravagantly that his large estates became involved. The game he played on this occasion—for it wears but little of the appearance of mere chance—was crafty enough. Retiring to a place which he knew was frequented by the king about that hour, he began to complain aloud, but as if to himself, of his own follies. "Must I," he exclaimed, "be the man that shall overthrow mine own house, which hath continued so long ? Better I had never been born. What shall I do to recover my estate ?" And then he went on, still arguing aloud, to consider that although the king might wish him well, still being young and under the control of ministers, he could do him no essential service. Hence he inferred that it would be better for him to quit the court, where he would only spend more money, and betake himself to the country, for the purpose of nursing his estate.

The king overheard, as Sir John no doubt intended he should do, the whole of this self-accusation. He indignantly repelled the notion of his not having the power to serve where he had the will, and in proof of this he relieved him from all his difficulties, though in what way, whether by place or hard cash, his biographer has omitted to mention.

The king having died, and Mary having ascended the throne, it was quite natural that the Protestant Sir John should find himself at times in peril. The queen had ordered the Earl of Pembroke to clear Wales of heretics, and the Earl in turn laid claim to Sir John's assistance in carrying out this purifying. The latter refused with his usual bluntness, and the matter coming to the queen's ears, she was



exceedingly indignant and refused his suit for the castle of Carew, which she had before promised, observing that "he smelt of the smoke," an allusion to the burning of heretics, somewhat dangerous when coming from such lips. But it may be doubtful, whether Mary was naturally cruel, though too easily led by those who were. On this occasion she was soon pacified, and becoming reconciled to Sir John, notwithstanding his avowed difference of faith, bestowed upon him the castle and lands she had promised. It should, moreover, be mentioned to the honour of the Earl of Pembroke, that when Sir John was hard pressed by his enemies, that he came forward nobly to the rescue. "My lords," said the generous earl, "I must tell you my opinion of this man, and of this matter. For the man, I think he would, at this time if he could, eat my heart with salt, but yet, notwithstanding his stomach towards me, I will give him his due. I hold him to be a man of good worth, and one who hath deserved of her Majesty in his service, as good a matter as this which he seeketh, and will no doubt deserve better, if he will reform his religion; therefore, since the queen has passed her gracious promise, I see no reason but he should have that which he seeketh."

Upon the death of Mary, the fortunes of Sir John naturally rose higher than ever. He had always been a favourite with Elizabeth, and now upon her coming to the throne, was employed in affairs implying the highest confidence in his abilities both as a soldier and a statesman. He was sent into Ireland as President of Munster, and, having gained signal successes over Fitzmaurice and other rebels, he returned, after an absence of two years, to England.

Such was the early career of our hero, as it appears in the chronicles of his times, and, with this necessary preface, I now proceed to the tradition of the queen's talisman, which might otherwise have appeared abrupt and unintelligible.

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It was high tide at Greenwich—famous old Greenwich! even to this day, however cockneyfied, still a sovereign spot among nautical localities. There Queen Elizabeth was then holding her court, and by the general bustle as well as by the concourse of barges below the palace, it was evident that something more than usual was in agitation. Strange rumours were in circulation amongst the crowd

of an intended invasion of England by the Spaniards, while others, who claimed to be better informed, declared that the invasion did not regard England but Ireland, to which country the Spanish king was about to send a large force to assist the Irish rebel, Fitzmaurice, in his revolt.

"But," said the maintainer of this last notion, "the queen has sent for stout Sir John Perrot, who, no doubt, will give a good account both of the Dons and of the rebels. By my faith, yonder he comes, and with a brave set of followers. One, two, three—as I live, twelve barges, and at least fifty men in orange-coloured cloaks; many of them, I'll be sworn for them, are of birth and quality."

"But which," inquired another, "is Sir John Perrot?"

"He in the stern of the fourth barge—that tall, broad-shouldered giant, that looks as if he could carry the Tower on his back without help."

The subject of these remarks now stepped out of his boat, and was speedily followed by his companions. Scarcely had he set his foot upon the quay than he turned round to one of them, exclaiming, "Cogswouns, Arden, you must do an errand for me to Mistress Blanch Parry; in my hurry I had forgotten it. Take this diamond to her, and say from me, that a diamond coming unlooked for, always brings good luck with it. I will see her in the evening, if I get away from the queen time enough."

In relating a brief tradition like this, it would be out of place to enter into any long description, or to add anything to what I find plainly written down in the old chronicles. Sir John was received most graciously by Queen Elizabeth, and with some surprise at the speed in obeying her summons.

"God's light, Sir John!" she exclaimed, "I looked not for you as yet, albeit I thank you heartily for your speedy repair hither. Is it not two hundred miles from here to Pembrokeshire?"

Sir John allowed that it was much about that distance.

"And how have you done to settle your estate in the country?" demanded the queen.

"An it like your Majesty," replied Sir John, "I have taken this care for all; that, setting all private business aside, in respect of your Majesty's service, I have in the country appointed the white sheep to keep the black; for I may well enough adventure them when I am willing to adventure my life in your Majesty's service."

With this reply Elizabeth expressed herself well satisfied, and was proceeding in her commendations, when Sir Christopher Hatton, who was no friend to Sir John, and who had entered the presence-chamber only a few minutes after him, said, with a bland smile,

“Sir John’s zeal and loyalty are well known, yet I doubt whether Mistress Blanch Parry may not claim some share in his speed upon this occasion.”

A visible shade passed over the queen’s brow, and she bit her lips as if to suppress the words that came to them.

“What mean you, Sir Christopher? I understand you not.”

Sir Christopher, in the same subdued tone, and as if he were relating an acceptable tale, proceeded to repeat the message he had overheard Sir John giving to his follower Arden. For a moment the whole court looked upon the lover as a lost man; but well and wisely sang the poet—

“varium et mutabile semper femina.”

The dark cloud passed away as rapidly as it had appeared, and she presented him “with a fair jewel, hanged by a white cypress, signifying withal that as long as he wore them for her sake, she did believe, with God’s help, he should have no harm.” Sir John, in no little surprise at this sudden turn of fortune, knelt down, and having kissed her hand exclaimed, “I will ever wear this jewel for your Majesty’s sake, and doubt not, with God’s favour, to return your ships in safety, and either to bring the Spaniards—if they come in my way—as prisoners, or else to sink them in the seas.”

Whether it was owing to the queen’s talisman, or was merely the result of accident, his visit to Ireland was as fortunate as it had been on the preceding occasion. He was not longer in pacifying or suppressing the discontented; friends and enemies alike professed to be contented with his rule; and the bad weather, or some other untold cause, prevented the Spaniards from even attempting their threatened landing. He therefore resolved to return to England, and had just reached the Downs, when he came upon a piratical ship under the command of one Dereyfold, who had obtained considerable notoriety by his successful daring in the Channel. To this ship he immediately gave chase, pursuing it to the coast of Flanders, when, his good fortune still continuing, he made a prize of the pirate, and bent his course

back again to the Downs. Here his ship grounded on the sands called the *Kentish Knocks*, and while she lay beating upon her side a storm came on, and they were in imminent danger of being cast away. In this state they continued during the whole night; but at daybreak the wind shifted, and drove them out to sea. To make their condition yet worse a dense fog arose, so that for four days they were tossed about without knowing where they were, till at last they took the pirate into their council. Under his direction, for it appears he was a much better seaman than his captors, they at length reached the Thames in safety.

It might have been thought that one so successful in his enterprises would have been loaded with honours upon his return. But the frank and, it must be owned, rough humour of Sir John had made him many enemies. The most active and persevering of these was a certain Thomas Wryott, a justice of the peace, who, from some unexplained cause, would never allow him a moment's respite. First he set on the pilot of his ship to prefer a charge against him for having put his ship in unnecessary peril, and the queen to uncalled-for expenses; but though the latter was almost as great a fault in Elizabeth's eyes as could well be committed, the accuser got reproach instead of credit. Then Wryott preferred a petition of his own against Sir John, but this also failed; the Master of the Requests, to whom the queen had sent the case for examination, reporting the knight's innocence. Hereupon Wryott complained to the queen against the master, and this accusation being referred to the privy council was by them declared malicious. Other schemes were tried by the justice with no better success, and he was now at his wit's end,—determined not to abandon his plans against Sir John, yet totally at a loss what to do next; when one day a courtier said to him,—“You may as well shoot your arrows against the moon as try anything against Sir John Perrot; know you not, man, that the queen long since gave him an amulet to keep him from all harm?”

The age of Elizabeth, as every one knows, was pre-eminently an age of superstitions, and Wryott had his full share of the general weakness. He had heard before of the queen's talisman, but somehow it had slipt from his memory, but now that it was brought thus vividly to his mind, with so much, as he imagined, to confirm its powers, he be-

gan seriously to debate with himself how he might best deprive his enemy of this supernatural safeguard. All at once the knight's passion for Blanche Parry occurred to him: could she not in some way be made the instrument for carrying out his purpose.

It is seldom that the Devil fails to suggest the way of evil to those who are disposed to tread it. Upon this occasion the busy fiend suggested that it would be no bad plan to excite the jealousy of Blanche by persuading her that the talisman was a love-token; in which case she might be induced to coax the knight out of it; or, failing in that, to rob him of it. No sooner had the thought entered his head—however it came there, whether diabolicé or otherwise—than he set about carrying it into effect.

It was no difficult matter to excite the jealousy of Blanche, who well knew the inconstancy of her admirer, and when he hinted that Sir John might pretend it was a present from the queen, she at once declared her resolution not to be duped by a mask of that kind—the easiest resolution in the world for a woman to adhere to—and she did adhere to it most firmly, alternately scolding and coaxing, now threatening to poison both herself and her lover, and the next day—oftentimes the next hour—assuming the most winning airs to attain her object. But all to no purpose; whether she played the angel or the devil, Sir John remained inexorable, swearing most shockingly when she stormed, and in a somewhat lower key when she had recourse to the female arts of cajolery. Blanche plainly saw at last, that if she meant to possess the talisman, there was nothing left for her but to steal it, and in this moral conception she was greatly strengthened by her friend the Justice.

How Blanche managed to possess herself of the talisman does not appear from any existing record, or whether indeed it was lost or stolen. All that can be said with certainty is, that just before Sir John was despatched to Ireland, for the third time, and now as Lord Lieutenant, or as it was then called, Lord Deputy—the amulet was missing. But in the bustle of preparation, that followed upon his appointment, little thought could be given for its recovery; if not forgotten, the matter was neglected; and now behold the good knight once again upon his way to Ireland, much against the advice of his half-brother, Sir Henry Jones, who foresaw what envy and hatred he was likely to draw upon

himself by undertaking the employment. The result proved the truth of his predictions. Although successful alike in peace and in war, his honest severity in repressing abuses procured for him a multitude of maligners, who found able supporters in his ancient enemies, Wryriott, and Sir Christopher Hatton, whom he had bitterly offended by ridiculing his love for dancing, an occupation held by the rough-spoken soldier in profound contempt. As the old chronicler quaintly phrases it, "Ever since Sir John reflected on *his dancing*, he lost his *own footing*, and never stood on his legs." Both of these, and more particularly the latter, did their best to incense the queen, and they so far succeeded that she wrote several angry letters to him upon his conduct. When, however, there were renewed signs of a Spanish invasion, Elizabeth, who well knew his military excellence, wrote to him in a very opposite strain, but her cajoleries produced no other effect upon him than contempt, which he had not prudence enough to keep to himself. In the great chamber at Dublin, he gave vent to his feeling, in the presence of friends and enemies, with equal indifference. "Lo! you now," he exclaimed, "she's out of her wits for fear of the Spaniards, and now I am again one of her white boys." The first part of his exclamation was, indeed, much coarser than we can venture to write, and, coming to the ears of Elizabeth, no doubt made her more inclined to listen to his enemies than she might otherwise have been. He was recalled to England, and his opponents so far prevailed, that he was committed to the Tower upon the charge of high treason.

Here he was visited by the faithful Blanche,—faithful at least in her attachment, though she had wronged him in the affair of the talisman, to the loss of which he attributed his present misfortunes. Blanche, on hearing this, was too much terrified to own that she had abstracted it, and, the more so, as it was no longer in her own possession. Wryriott had contrived to make her surrender the talisman to himself, by threatening, in case of non-compliance, to betray the secret to Sir John, whose wrath upon such a discovery was a thing to be dreaded. How should one, by nature so timid, dare to brave a man, of whom it was popularly said, "he was so like a son of Henry VIII., that he would not be Queen Elizabeth's subject." No, the talisman must be recovered; but how? Wryriott was not the person to

listen to any, or to do anything, that could in the least compromise the gratification of his own peculiar interests or passions, and these were now all enlisted on the side most opposite to her wishes. Unluckily, Wyrriott was fully tainted with the superstitions of his age; he had observed that Sir John, till the loss of the talisman, had been invariably prosperous in all his undertakings, and, instead of attributing this result to natural causes, he at once settled it in his own mind that it arose from his possession of the jewel. Blanche soon found that solicitations availed nothing, and she had recourse to threats,—she would betray all to the queen, even though in so doing she must, at the same time, confess her having been the original thief. Wyrriott turned pale at this menace; it was full of danger to him, for love, in those days, had much the elastic properties of indian-rubber, and might safely be stretched by a powerful hand into a rope to hang him. Sir John, though illegitimate, was the Queen's own brother; he had besides done her good service in Ireland and elsewhere, and was warmly befriended by the great Burleigh. There was no knowing what might happen.

In this dilemma, Wyrriott used every argument he could devise to make Blanche abandon what he termed an insane desire to save a man who did not care for her. Was it not as notorious as the sun at noon-day, that Sir John, besides having a wife, possessed a score of female favourites? "It might be true—indeed it was true," she replied; "but this was no time to think of such things when his life was in peril." Finding that persuasions availed nothing, Wyrriott, with a face that was almost livid with suppressed passion, at last consented, and was about to leave the room, as he said, to fetch the jewels. Blanche stopped him; there was something in his look that had fully aroused her suspicions, and she insisted on not letting him go out of her sight until he had given up the talisman. At this demand he smiled, as one might suppose the fiend to smile, and beckoning her to follow, led the way without more words. They traversed several rooms, and passed now up-stairs, and now down, according to the fashion which prevailed in most English houses of the olden time, until at last they came into a cellar, or vault of some kind, dimly lighted, though without any visible outlet. No sooner had they entered than Wyrriott flung the door to with sudden violence. Almost at the

same instant, his hand was upon her throat, grasping it so strongly as to prevent her uttering a single cry ; and in the next, after a short struggle, he had hurled her into a well, excavated probably before the building of the house, but which had for many years been disused, and passed out of general recollection. Such is one of the various current traditions of the end of poor Blanche, which is said to have been a secret to all, till divulged in confession by the perpetrator upon his death-bed, but the less romantic account which attributes to her a natural death, and which does not mix up Wyriott with the talisman, may perchance be the true one.

In those days, the Beauchamp Tower was one of the principal state-prisons. Upon the first floor of this part of the building was a spacious apartment, with two small cells adjoining, in one of which it would appear from Sir John's complaint to his judge he had been confined. "His lodging," he said, "was a short chamber, only room for his bed and a table, and he never went out of doors, nor had any air to comfort him." Here he was left to meditate upon his fallen fortunes, until, his enemies having raked together everything that could be found against him, he was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, before Lord Hunsdon, and other special commissioners. The charges were, "that he had sought the subversion of the state, and the overthrow of her Majesty's dominions, by bringing in foreign forces; that he had corresponded with the King of Spain and the Duke of Parma, as well as with divers other traitors beyond the seas, promising them aid; that, contrary to his allegiance, he had confederated with and abetted traitors; that he bore a cruel heart and malice towards her Majesty; that he had committed divers murders to stop the disclosure of his treasons; had been guilty of sorcery and witchcrafts; and finally, that he had conspired the destruction of her Majesty's person." Although nothing could be proved against him, except the use of intemperate language, to which he was at all times too prone, he was, in the teeth of law and justice, found guilty, the trial having lasted till eleven o'clock at night; when he was taken back to his old cell in the Tower, for even his petition for a better room had met with a rough denial. His haughty temper was rather inflamed than subdued by this treatment, and as if he had not already given enough advantage to his enemies by his



bursts of passion during the trial, he now exclaimed to Sir Owen Hopton, the Lieutenant of the Tower, "What! will the queen suffer her brother to be offered up as a sacrifice to the envy of his frisking adversaries?"—a speech that was duly reported to the queen, who seems to have taken it in a very different way from what his enemies had hoped and expected. "Her Majesty," says the old chronicler, "replied with that rescript of Theodosius, Honorius, and Arcadius,—*'If any person speak ill of the emperor through a foolish rashness and inadvertency, it is to be despised; if out of madness it deserves pity; if from malice and aversion, it calls for mercy.'*"

Notwithstanding this favourable disposition on the queen's part, Sir John, after some delay, was brought up for judgment. It was a fine morning, towards the close of June, when he was conveyed in a coach from the Tower to the Old Swan, and thence by water to Westminster Bridge. Having landed there between eight and nine, he was conducted to the Hall, strongly guarded by divers of the yeomen of the guard with halberds, and the Lieutenant's men with weapons all round about him, "and in that sort he was brought up to the Queen's Bench bar, where he stood for a quarter of an hour bare-headed, expecting the coming of the commissioners." He was dressed, says the same authority, in a doublet and hose of black satin plain, and a gown of wrought velvet furred, and a square or flat-crowned black felt hat, with a small band, and a plain white ruff.

The scene which now passed was, if possible, more atrocious even than that which had occurred upon the day of trial. Not only was every fair construction denied him, but insult was heaped upon insult, his most moderate petitions rejected with scorn, and the usual horrible doom of traitors was pronounced upon him—he was to be hung, drawn, and quartered.

It is said that Elizabeth had resolved this sentence should never be carried into effect, being herself convinced of his perfect innocence. But it would appear at the same time, that she had not forgotten the verbal affronts he had offered her, and was resolved, in a spirit of female vengeance, to let him taste the full bitterness of death. Nearly six months had passed, and he was still a condemned prisoner, in hourly expectation of the axe; yet even this dreadful suspense does not seem to have had for him any particular

terrors. On the contrary, he was often heard to say, "I do not ask to live. My name and blood are now corrupted; they were never before spotted, and woe be to me that am the first of my house and name that ever was attained or suspected. I do not wish to live."

And the end at length came as he had desired—he died of a broken heart, in the sixty-fourth year of his age; "his haughtiness of spirit," says Naunton, "accompanying him to the last, and still without any diminution of courage therein, it burst the cords of his magnanimity."

This event took place in September, 1592. All that can be said for Queen Elizabeth is, that having sacrificed a faithful subject and gallant soldier to the enmity of her dancing favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton, she did a tardy justice to his memory by restoring his estates to his son, who had married a sister of the Earl of Essex.

## THE FALSE TESTIMONY.

He has glimmerings o' common sense now, that creature Dougal, to serve me at a pinch.—ROB ROY.

JAMES STIRLING, of Keir, great-grandfather of the present Member of Parliament for the county of Perth, married the eldest daughter of the fifth Lord Blantyre. He was a Jacobite, compromised in the rising of 1715. Though he is said to have taken an active share in that unfortunate enterprise, yet, when brought to trial, it happened that the indictment against him was limited to one point, his appearance at a certain treasonable meeting. The charge only amounted to this, but still this was sufficient to entail on him, if convicted, the full penalty of treason. His life and fortune depended, consequently, upon this one fact. If he could prove an *alibi*, he was safe; but, otherwise, he was sure to be condemned, with little hope of mercy. The principal evidence was an old and attached servant who had attended his master to the treasonable meeting. This man was an extremely reluctant witness, but there was no remedy. He had been with Mr Stirling at the Jacobite gathering and he was brought forward to give his unwilling testimony. The Laird of Keir well knew that this man's evidence must be conclusive against him, and he resigned himself to his fate. His surprise was therefore great, and only equalled by the disappointment of the Judge-Advocate, when the old servant, being put on oath, solemnly swore that his master was not at the Jacobite meeting, but was at the time in a place so far distant that his presence there was quite impossible on the day set forth in the indictment. The witness, questioned and cross-questioned, maintained his statement with the most unblushing effrontery, and told his story with such wonderful consistency that nothing more could be said. Keir was acquitted, and,

instead of being shut up in a condemned cell, was permitted to mount his horse and depart in peace for Perthshire. When fairly on the road with his faithful servant riding behind him, he reined in his steed, and the following dialogue took place between master and man :—

KEIR—"I, no doubt, owe my life to your testimony, John ; but, Lord preserve me, how could you tell such an awful lie ? How could you forswear yourself in that bare-faced manner ? You knew very well that I was at that meeting, for you were riding behind me as you are doing this day."

JOHN—"Weel do I ken that your honour was at the meeting, and frankly do I confess that I did forswear myself ; but, then, I thought it far safer for me to trust my soul to the mercy of God, than your honour's life in the hands of your enemies."

There is at best but a painful sense of satisfaction at an escape like this obtained by a falsehood. How much more cheering is the tale from which Sir Walter Scott created his best heroine, Jeannie Deans, who saved her sister, but would not tell the lie.

## THE STAR OF THE PRETENDER.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale.—BYRON.

I DO NOT use the word *Pretender* in an evil sense, but merely as being the well-known designation of the descendant of a line of kings, the use of which can no longer affect any one, to whatever class of politicians he may belong. Besides, there are just, as well as false, pretensions, and my immediate object is to afford, if I can, amusement, and not to discuss politics.

The Pretender was about to make his long-threatened attempt for the recovery of the throne, which had been lost or forfeited by the unlucky James the Second; but before setting out upon the expedition, he invited to a ball the most distinguished of his friends and partisans, who then happened to be resident in Paris. Amongst the favoured visitors, appeared Lady Mary Touchet, a young Englishwoman, distinguished at the time for her pre-eminent attractions, both of mind and person. The prince himself was so much struck by her beauty, that he immediately inquired her name of a gentleman in waiting; and being informed that she was the sister of a Catholic peer, he went up to her, and solicited the honour of her hand for the approaching dance. Long ere the evening was over, it was plain enough to be seen that he had become deeply enamoured of his fair partner, and, in the ardour of his sudden passion, he communicated to her, as a secret not as yet publicly known, his intention of attacking the dynasty that then possessed the throne of England. Her reply was too gentle to be overheard, and the less so, as the rest of the company, from respect to the prince, kept at some little distance; but its general tenor may be inferred from what followed. Taking out a penknife, the prince ripped the

star from his breast, and presented it to her in token of regard or love, and probably the latter.

It is needless to repeat here the oft-told story how Charles Edward landed in Scotland, defeated the armies sent against him, marched into England, and yet, after all, was baffled, and forced to fly, and with difficulty escaped from his pursuers. Time rolled on; though Charles found a safe asylum in a foreign land, it seemed that all hope of regaining the lost crown of his ancestors was farther off than ever. Ill success had probably alienated the hearts of many of his old adherents; it certainly had the effect of discouraging other courts from lending any effectual aid to his designs. In this state of abandonment he resolved to fight his own battles, and devised a scheme which, however bold—nay, even desperate—was by no means so impracticable, as at first sight it may appear to be. This was to seize the person of King George the Second, as he returned from the play, by the help of a body of chairmen, who were to knock off the servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and get up a mock quarrel amongst themselves, during which another party was to hurry him to the water-side, and carry him off to France. This plan was favoured by several circumstances: by the king's habit of visiting the theatre in a private manner, and protracting his stay there till eleven o'clock, by the imperfect lighting of the whole metropolis, and by the total insufficiency of watchmen to guard the streets. Ten minutes' start would have been enough for the purpose of the conspirators, and they would hardly have failed to gain a much longer limit. That such a plan was feasible might be proved by many similar attempts made, and successfully made, upon others; but I will not impede the course of my narrative by instancing any. In the present case, the enterprise was carefully planned; in addition to those employed in the attack upon the coach, there was a second party of more than fifteen hundred, who were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the instant they heard any particular news relative to the Pretender, their object, of course, being to direct attention from the real purpose of the conspiracy, by raising a disturbance in another quarter, or perhaps to support it in case of need.

While this scheme was ripening, the Prince was living, not with his fair confidante of the ball, but in the house of a friend of hers, in Essex Street, to whose care she had commended him. His principal ally—the prime agent, indeed,

in the business, was Mr Segrave, an Irish officer, who in the course of his military service had lost an arm ; and so well had the matter been conducted hitherto, that the government had not the least suspicion of its existence. The day for carrying it into effect was fixed : it was close at hand ; but a slight mischance acted like the single spark applied to gunpowder, and blew up the whole scheme. The Prince, with a temerity that, in such a case, seems hardly consistent with common sense, must needs amuse himself by walking, at noon-day, in Hyde Park, when the place was thronged with its usual visitors. Here he was met and recognised by one of his ancient partisans, who, in his fulness of heart, at the sudden and unexpected meeting, attempted to kneel and kiss the royal hand. To escape the attention excited by an act so ill-timed, the Prince hastily left the park, but on his return to Essex Street, the lady at whose house he was living became so alarmed that she declared he was not safe with her a single instant. That very night, in consequence, a boat was procured, and he returned at once to France, too happy to escape thus easily from the imminent danger he had so foolishly provoked.

The death of Lady Mary Touchet was sudden and without any previous warning. On the Friday night she was dancing at a ball, the gayest of the gay, on the Sunday following she was a corpse, but still so beautiful, and so like to life, that those who assisted in laying her out could scarcely believe that she was really dead. Upon the death of this lady, the star given to her by the Pretender fell into the lap of her sister, who, as Philip Thicknesse quaintly observes, afterwards, "fell into his lap." It is to be hoped that he showed himself more worthy of possessing the lady than he did of possessing the relique. Let the reader take his own story.

"I became possessed," (by my marriage) "of that inestimable badge of distinction, together with a fine portrait of the prince, by Hussey. Being a Whig and a military man, I did not think it right to keep either of them in my possession ; and a simple old Jacobite lady offered me a considerable sum of money for them ; but having three nieces, whose father had lived in intimacy with the late Sir John Dolben, I presented both to them, and I believe that valuable relique of the departed Prince Charles is now in the possession of Mrs Lloyd, his eldest niece, and wife of the Dean of Norwich."

The fact of the Pretender's having visited England in 1753, is mentioned in the following curious letter of David Hume, the historian, to Sir John Pringle, M.D.

*“ St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1773.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marechal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his Lordship gave me this information, he told me, that, the evening before, he had learned several curious particulars from a lady (who I imagined to be Lady Primrose), though my Lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name: she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered. My Lord added (I think, from the authority of the same lady), that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in day-light in his own dress, only laying aside his blue riband and star; walked once through St James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

“About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753; and I added, that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his Lordship. By no means, said he; and who do you think first told it me? It was the king himself; who subjoined, ‘And what do you think, my Lord, I should do with him?’ Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, ‘My Lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again.’ ‘I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known.’



“But what will surprise you more—Lord Marechal, a few days after the coronation of George III., told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my Lord the reason for this strange fact. Why, says he, a gentleman told me so that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: ‘Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.’ ‘It was curiosity that led me,’ said the other; ‘but I assure you,’ added he, ‘that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence, is the man I envy the least.’

“You see this story is so near traced from the fountain-head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query—what if the Pretender had taken up Dymock’s gauntlet?

“I find that the Pretender’s visit in England in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand! and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars.

“Lord Marechal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave several instances. My Lord, though a man of great honour, may be thought a discontented courtier; but what quite confirmed me in that idea of that prince, was a conversation I had with Helvetius at Paris, which I believe I have told you. In case I have not, I shall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender; but some time after that prince was chased out of France, a letter, said he, was brought me from him, in which he told me, that the necessity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris; and, as he knew me by character to be a man of the greatest probity and honour in France, he would trust himself to me if I would promise to conceal and protect him. I own, added Helvetius to me, although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring at Paris than at London; and although I thought the family of Hanover not only the lawful sovereigns in England, but the

only lawful sovereigns in Europe, as having the free consent of the people ; yet was I such a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my house, concealed him there, going and coming, near two years, had all his correspondence pass through my hands, met with his partisans upon Pont Neuf, and found at last that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the most unworthy of all mortals ; insomuch that I have been assured, when he went down to Nantz to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refused to go on board ; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night-time into the ship, *piéd et mains liés*. I asked him if he meant literally. Yes, said he, literally ; they tied him, and carried him by main force. What think you now of this hero and conqueror ?

“Both Lord Marechal and Helvetius agree, that with all this strange character, he was no bigot, but rather had learned from the philosophers at Paris to affect a coutempt of all religion. You must know that both these persons thought they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed, you ought to laugh at me for my narrow way of thinking in those particulars. However, my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the justice to acquit me.

“I doubt not that these circumstances will appear curious to Lord Hardwicke, to whom you will please to present my respects. I suppose his Lordship will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity in the same character, not a little singular.

“I am, yours very sincerely,

“DAVID HUME.

“1788, May.”

## THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

Poor wretch!

That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed.—SHAKSPEARE.

As the object of my present story is to show the strange vicissitudes of life, as exemplified in the fortunes of the beautiful Countess of Strathmore, it may be as well to preface my tale by an account of her family connections. The extent and brilliancy of them will make the result more striking from the contrast of the brightest light with the deepest shadow.

John Lyon, fourth Earl of Strathmore, was married, at an early age, to Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, only child of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, and grand-daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, by whom he had a numerous family. They had, besides two daughters, six sons, who all succeeded each other in the family estates. Two of these died as Lords Glamis, and four became successively Earls of Strathmore. Charles, the fourth of these sons, was sixth Earl of Strathmore. He succeeded his elder brother in 1715, and in the year 1725, married one of the most beautiful women in Scotland, who was also one of the most highly born, and nobly allied, the Lady Susanna Cochrane, second daughter of John, fourth Earl of Dundonald. The paternal ancestry of this young lady was among the most ancient in the land, and the alliances which had been formed from generation to generation, added fresh lustre to her old family tree. Her grandmother, the wife of the second Earl of Dundonald, after whom she was named, was the Lady Susanna Hamilton, second daughter of William and Anne, Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, and her mother was the Lady Anne Murray, second daughter of Charles, first Earl of Dunmore, and grand-daughter of the Duke of Athole. Lady Dun-

donald was a virtuous and charming woman, whose early death was the cause of much grief to her numerous relations. She died in 1711, leaving her children very young; her eldest girl, Lady Anne, being only in her fifth year. Her husband married again in 1715, his second wife being the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, who died in 1722, having survived Lord Dundonald two years. Thus the three celebrated beauties, Anne, Susanna, and Catherine, were left early without a parent's guidance, and yet they succeeded in attaining to glittering honours. The life of the eldest was short, but brilliant; when only sixteen, she became the wife of James, fifth Duke of Hamilton, but died before she had completed her eighteenth year. She left an only son, the sixth Duke of Hamilton, who, by the lovely Miss Gunning, was father of two Dukes of Hamilton and of the Countess of Derby, the grandmother of the present Earl of Derby, who is heir-of-line of the house of Hamilton, and entitled to the crown of Scotland, failing the numerous progeny of King James the First of Great Britain.

Lady Catherine, the third daughter, married in 1729, Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway, and died at a good old age in 1786, universally loved and lamented, and was the ancestress of a widely-spread and distinguished progeny; among whom I may mention the Earls of Galloway, the Dukes of Marlborough, the Grahams of Netherby, Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, the Dukes of Sutherland, the Marquesses of Huntly, and the Dukes of Hamilton of the present line.

I now come, after these necessary preliminaries, to the real object of my story. No union could promise fairer and better than that of Lord Strathmore and his beautiful Countess. But it was cut short too soon by sudden and violent death. On Thursday the 9th of May, 1728, the Earl came to Forfar, in order to be present at the funeral of a young lady, the daughter of a friend. And as the custom was in those days, the principal persons who attended the funeral were entertained at a feast, in the house of mourning. Among the guests, were two Forfarshire gentlemen of family and consideration, the one a namesake of the Earl, Mr Lyon, of Brigton, the other James Carnegie, of Finhaven. According to the barbarous practice of the times, they sat drinking after dinner, in the house of death, until they were rather intoxicated, when

they adjourned to a tavern in Forfar, and continued their debauch. They were now completely drunk, and in this state they went from the tavern to visit a lady of station and character, who was then living in Forfar—the Lady Aucherhouse, a sister of Carnegie of Finhaven.

Here Lyon of Brighton became very rude and violent, using insulting language to Finhaven, and presuming to dictate to him as to the disposal of his daughters in marriage, he having no sons. He tauntingly advised him to let one of them marry Lord Rosehill, son of the Earl of Northesk, which Finhaven declined. Lyon next began to pinch Lady Aucherhouse's arms, on which the Earl had sense enough to see that their visit had better be curtailed, and had sufficient influence with his more turbulent companion to make him quit the house. But no sooner were they in the street than Brighton continued his persecution of Finhaven, tumbling him overhead into the dirty kennel, two feet deep, out of which he scrambled, covered with mud from head to foot. Resolved to bear this treatment no longer, he rushed, with his sword drawn, upon Brighton, who was in the act of pulling out Lord Strathmore's sword in order to defend himself, when the Earl, coming forward, as it would appear, to avert the blow of Finhaven, and possibly to separate the antagonists, received the weapon in his own body. It entered the abdomen, passed through his bowels, and came out at his back. The unfortunate nobleman died in two days, and Finhaven was tried for murder. The wish of the court evidently was to condemn him, if possible—witnesses being admitted who had expressed the most deadly enmity towards him. The jury, brow-beaten by the judges, were on the point of returning a verdict of *proven* as to the facts, which would have been fatal to the prisoner, as, in that case, he would have been condemned to death,—but his counsel, Robert Dundas, of Arniston, sprung from a family that seemed to give its descendant an hereditary title to talent, took his measures no less boldly than wisely; he assured the jury that they were judges of law as well of fact; and, by this decisive step, had the double merit of saving his client and rescuing the rights of jurymen in Scotland from the grasp of tyranny. The jury, by a plurality of voices, found Carnegie of Finhaven not guilty.

Thus, at an early age, the beautiful Susanna was left a

widow, with an ample dower. The earldom went to the next brother of the murdered lord, their union having been childless. From the year 1728 until the 2nd of April, 1745, the fair Countess continued a widow. During these eighteen years she had frequent suitors, but still remained faithful to the memory of her departed husband, though some of these were of high rank and distinguished station. The same propriety of conduct distinguished her now in the widowed as before in the married state, and she continued for many years respected and admired.

At length, when she was about thirty-six years of age, and still in the height of her charms, and with everything which rank, wealth, and popularity could give her; what think you, reader? did she marry wealth and rank? or did she, wearying of the world—as so many others have done—retire to a nunnery? Nothing of the kind,—she married her groom, George Forbes. To be sure, he was a remarkably handsome young fellow, and was, besides, many years younger than herself, having been admitted when a little boy into the service of her late lord. He was also considered a clever young man, and had always behaved with modesty and propriety.

The progress of this ill-fated passion is easily traced. Forbes being an excellent horseman, the Countess placed him over her stud, and always had him with her when she rode out. Hence, in time, arose a familiarity; this, we may suppose, ripened into affection, till, at length, one day she summoned Forbes into her presence, and plainly told him that she was, and long had been, desperately in love with him; that her fortune was very large, her charms not yet quite faded, and that if he only liked her she would immediately marry him! The man at first was frightened and thought she was gone crazy, and seems to have argued the point with his mistress more like a philosopher than a groom. He allowed that beauty, rank, and wealth were temptations which he could not merit, but begged to remind her that unequal marriages were seldom happy, that he could not rise to nobility, and that it would be painful for her to sink down to his condition. However, she persisted, telling him that she looked to the beauty of his face and form, and the warmth of his heart, and not to his pedigree; and that she could be made happy by nothing except the possession of himself. All else was valueless in her eyes.

After such a declaration, what could the groom do, but embrace the good fortune thus strangely thrown in his way. He became the husband of the beautiful Countess, the marriage ceremony being performed at Castle Lyon, on the 2nd of April, 1745. In the best edition of Douglas's Peerage of Scotland (that by Wood), Mr George Forbes is dressed up so as to appear as decent as possible. He is styled her Ladyship's factor, and master of the horse to the Chevalier de St George. She possibly may have appointed him her factor, as a transition state from groom to lord and master, and she may have used some Jacobite influence, in order to procure for him some titular office about the person of the Pretender. But the facts are as they have been here stated; the Countess of Strathmore married her groom. The union was, as might be expected, very unhappy—despised in her own country, turned out of the society of her equals, Lady Strathmore soon found that the presence of her handsome husband could not atone for the social loss which she had sustained for his sake. All her own family renounced her, and she was glad to escape from Great Britain to seek the distraction of continental travel.

Though she had no children by Lord Strathmore, her union with her groom unfortunately was fruitful. A daughter was born to them in Holland, on the 17th of May, 1746, and was christened Susan-Janet-Emilia. Notwithstanding this event, Lady Strathmore very soon became disgusted with her low-born husband, and she determined on a separation. This, of course, was easily effected, and what followed? after wandering about on the Continent, leading a miserable life, for nine years, she died at Paris, on the 24th of June, 1754, having previously made profession of the Catholic faith. Her daughter had received but little attention from her. She was heartily ashamed of the poor child, regarded her as a fatal pledge of dishonour, and while, therefore, seeking for amusement in such society as was open to her in Paris, she boarded her child in a convent at Rouen, where she remained until after her unfortunate mother's death. The abbess and nuns seem to have behaved with much charity towards the deserted one, for they kept her for some years after the Countess's death, though they received very irregular and scanty payment for her board. Lady Strathmore's habits were expensive, and though she possessed

a noble jointure, she saved nothing from it; so that at her death her husband and child had nothing.

Forbes had now set up as a keeper of livery stables in Leith, near Edinburgh, and having, as soon as his noble wife died, married a young girl of his own rank, he became the father of a rapidly increasing family. He, however, had some natural affection for his first-born, and engaged a captain of a merchantman of his acquaintance to bring her from Rouen to Leith, where he meant to support her and treat her kindly. The parting was very sad between poor Susan-Janet-Emilia and the kind nuns at Rouen, and she always remembered this period of her existence as the happiest.

As soon as her father heard that the vessel had arrived, he came to meet her, and took her to his house, where she was introduced to her young step-mother and her babies. Nothing could be more wretched than their intercourse, and the poor French child was treated with coarseness and cruelty. She was at that time a girl of fifteen. Of her mother's relations, the only one who expressed any kindly feeling towards her was the Countess of Galloway; and it is probable that if Emilia had waited patiently, and had made her case of hardship known to her aunt, her lot might have been very different. But unable to support the bad treatment which she met with in her father's house she resolved on flight.

She set out from Leith, with half-a-guinea in her pocket, and wandered two or three miles along the shore until she came to a packet-boat, in which she crossed to the coast of Fife. Then she walked on for a day or two, not knowing whither to go or what to do, and her money being spent, and her strength exhausted, she was fain to ask for an evening meal and a night's lodging at a neat-looking farm-house. The proprietors of this farm were excellent people, of the name of Lauder, who took in poor Emilia (or, as they afterwards called her, Janet), and gave her a hearty welcome. She made the farmer's wife her friend, and told her her strange story, which excited so much compassion in the breasts of her and her worthy husband, that they invited her to make their house her home, and live with them. They had only two children—Anne, their daughter, became Janet's attached friend; and John, their son, became her lover. And at the age of eighteen, with the consent of his parents, she married him.



It is believed that from the moment that she married John Lauder, until the day of his death, our heroine was a very happy woman; for he not only proved a tender and affectionate husband, but a thriving and respectable farmer. This new turn in her destiny placed her at a still greater distance than ever from the Galloways, Hamiltons, Staffords, and other magnificent cousins, who really were not in the least degree aware of Jane Lauder's existence. But, as time went on, many changes occurred in the humble family of the Lauders. They had a number of children, some of whom grew up to man's estate, though none of them prospered, and after many years of comfort, old Lauder died in great distress.

About the year 1821, when Janet Lauder must have been seventy-five years old, she was the inhabitant of a very poor house in the village of St. Ninians, close to Stirling. The circumstances of her very singular story became known to one or two influential persons in that neighbourhood, who with a view to assist the poor woman, appealed, and not in vain, to some of her distinguished relations. The children of her cousins-german (for she had outlived those of her own generation), the Earls of Dunmore and Galloway, the Duke of Hamilton and Mrs Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, raised among them the sum of one hundred pounds per annum, with which their poor aged relative was maintained in respectability during the remainder of her life, which was thus protracted for nine or ten years longer.

## A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF YVERY.

Who art thou, strange being? Speak. Art thou mortal, spectre, devil?—CALDERON.

ROBERT PERCEVAL, the second son of the Right Honourable Sir John Perceval, Bart., was a youth of rare talent, but a libertine and a duellist. In the course of his brief career,—for, as we shall presently see, he was murdered at the age of nineteen,—he had fought as many battles as he could number years, and in most he had been successful—escaping with little damage to himself, while, in many instances, the result was fatal to his adversaries. Such characters, however, were by no means uncommon in the times of Charles the Second, to which age he belonged.

Being a younger brother, Robert Perceval studied, or was supposed to study, the law, as one of the few gentlemanly roads to wealth and distinction. With this view he took chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and here it was that the singular occurrence took place, which was rendered yet more extraordinary by its consequences.

In general Robert Perceval did not much trouble his head about the subtleties of the law, yet there were times and seasons when, either from caprice, or from very weariness of pleasure,—*used up*, we now call it,—he would play the hard-working student, and read with as much diligence as if he had aspired to the woolsack. The present was one of them. So deeply was he wrapped up in the dull volume before him, that he still read on when the clock began to strike the hour of midnight. The effect produced was wonderful. It seemed to him as if the clock, instead of being distant, was striking close in his ear, and, startled for the moment by this delusion,—for it could hardly be anything else,—he looked up. What was his surprise to see a figure in the room, planted between

himself and the door, who had entered he knew not how, and who, to judge from appearances, had come with no good intention, for he was so completely muffled up in a long cloak as to defy recognition.

“Who are you? What do you want?” were his first hasty exclamations, while, at the same time, he half unsheathed his sword.

The figure neither spoke nor moved.

“This must be a trick of some of my tavern friends,” thought Robert, “but as I am in no mood for joking, it’s like they may get the worst of it.”

There was a low, hollow laugh, but still the figure neither spoke nor moved. Robert, at no time remarkable for patience, now lost all temper, and, unsheathing his sword with the rapidity of lightning, made a desperate pass at the intruder. The weapon met with no resistance, and when he drew it back again was as bright as ever. Not a single drop of blood stained it.

Robert, for awhile, continued gazing in utter amazement, and it must be even owned that a momentary thrill of awe curdled his blood, and made the hair rise upon his head; but he was amongst the bravest of the brave notwithstanding, and when the first surprise was over, regained sufficient courage, like Calderon’s Ludovico, to question his mysterious tormentor, and, like him too, when he received no answer, to bring his adversary to close quarters.

“Still no answer? Thus I dare then cast aside that cloak of thine.” But now followed a material difference. The hero of the Spanish drama, upon tearing aside his visitor’s cloak, discovered a mouldering skeleton, that addressed him with the voice of life, saying:—

—“Knowest thou not thyself?  
See in me thine own resemblance.  
I am Ludovico Quinto!”

Whereas, Robert Perceval “saw his own apparition, bloody and ghostly, whereat he was so astonished that he immediately swooned away; but recovering, he saw the spectre walk out again and vanish down-stairs.” At the same time, it must be owned, that a deeper meaning lurks under the skeleton of the Spanish poet.

“When,” continues the old narrator, “he was recovered of his fright, he undressed himself and went to bed, but in

extraordinary uneasiness, so that he could not sleep, but rose early, and putting on his clothes, went to his uncle and guardian, Sir Robert Southwell, who lived in Spring Gardens. It was so early that Sir Robert was not yet stirring, but nevertheless Perceval went into his room and waked him. It was a freedom he was not used to take, and Sir Robert was surprised; but asking him, what made him there so early?—the youth, still in consternation, replied, he had that night seen his ghost; and told him all the particulars as I have related them. Sir Robert, at first, chid him for reporting an idle dream, the effect of an ill life and guilty conscience,—for he loved pleasure, and followed it too much,—but observing the disorder the young man was in, and having had the story repeated to him, he grew very serious, and desired his nephew would take care of himself, and recollect if he had given occasion to any person to revenge himself on him, for this might be a true presage of what was to befall him.”

Now here is a ghost story, quite complete, so far as human evidence can make such a thing complete, in opposition to human reason. The particulars are delivered, and word for word, as they were minuted down by the Earl of Egmont, upon a conversation which Sir Robert Southwell had with him immediately before his death. It only remains to see how far the warning was borne out by the result, and whether in truth the ghost was an honest ghost.

Days passed without any particular occurrence, and the wholesome awe imprinted upon Robert's mind had already grown much too faint to serve as the slightest check upon his pleasures. As usual, he drank and quarrelled, slept by day and woke by night, and passed his time in the way that Captain Marryat's Irishman pronounced to be the whole end and aim of life—that is to say, in getting into scrapes and getting out of them again. Amongst other disputes, he managed to embroil himself at play with the celebrated Beau Fielding, a man who, if he was no swordsman nor particularly remarkable for courage, was not likely to be restrained by any moral considerations from revenging an injury by safe means.

Several days had elapsed since the appearance of the spirit, when an event happened that must have brought it again to his recollection, though it failed to teach him prudence. As he was walking from his chambers in Lincolns' Inn to a certain tavern in the Strand, one of his customary places of

resort, he imagined that he was dogged by a man, who followed him at a short distance. To make the matter quite certain, he went into a chemist's under pretence of buying some unimportant drug, but though he staid there full ten minutes, when he came out, there was his pertinacious follower. Turning round sharply upon him, Robert demanded "who he was, and what he meant by following him?" The man replied, and with no less sharpness, "I am not following you, I'm following my own business." Robert paused for a moment, half disposed to make a quarrel of it, but on second thoughts he abandoned this purpose; it might be nothing more than mere sullenness in the fellow, and a perverse disposition to do that which he saw was a matter of annoyance.

"I will give the brute one more chance," said Robert to himself; "and then, if he still dares to keep at my heels, it will be at his peril."

And so saying, he crossed to the opposite side of the way.

The man followed him step for step, and Robert could hear the tread of his heavy-nailed shoes the moment they had reached the pavement. It was now close upon eleven o'clock at night, the street was almost deserted, and, moreover, the lamps, according to the custom of those days, were so few in number and so sparingly supplied with oil, that they rather served to show the darkness than to afford light. Still he heard the steps behind, and—or did fancy deceive him? the whispering of more than two voices. Again he turned round hastily, and his pursuer being just then under a lamp, he saw him at about twenty paces off with a second ruffian, who had just that minute joined him. Decisive measures were now evidently indispensable, and drawing his sword he called upon them to retire at their peril. To this the two ruffians replied by falling upon him sword in hand; and such, at the time, was the state of so public a thoroughfare as the Strand, that the combat continued without interruption from any accidental passer-by, till one of the assailants, being wounded, took to his heels, and the other was not slow in following his example. But neither had Robert escaped scot free. One of them had wounded him in the leg, and, abandoning all thoughts of following his enemies, he made the best of his way to the nearest tavern. Faint from loss of blood, he called for some brandy, and having drank it off, he coolly wiped his reeking sword, returned it to its sheath, and bound a handker-

chief about his wounded leg. Common as scenes of this kind were, his tale excited much speculation as to the probable authors of the attack. Some suggested that the ruffians, after all, might not have been personal enemies, but merely intent upon plunder. Robert shook his head.

"I do not believe it," he replied. "My firm conviction is that the villains were hired and set on by some one who owed me a grudge; and mark you, landlord"—this was addressed to the owner of the tavern—"if anything happens to me before the night's over, as I am persuaded there will, let my friends know what I now say. It will be no hard matter for them to guess the murderer."

The landlord would fain have persuaded him to pass the night where he was, or, if not, to let some of the tavern-people see him safe to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Many of the guests then present joined in pressing the same advice upon him, but he was obstinate to go home by himself; he never had and never would skulk from fear of any such rascals; and when they persisted in their remonstrances, he repelled them with so much acrimony that every one was silent. He was suffered to go out alone, none feeling that it was their duty to run a serious risk for the sake of a man who rejected their assistance with contempt and anger. The scene of our tradition must now be shifted to another place and to other actors.

There was a Mrs Brown, who appears, though I know not from what cause, to have taken a lively interest in his fortunes. Perhaps it was from her holding some situation in the family of his uncle, Sir Robert. On this fatal night she dreamed that one Mrs Shearman, who seems to have been the housekeeper, came to her, and asked for a sheet. She demanded, "for what purpose?" Mrs Shearman replied, "Poor Master Robert is killed, and it is to wind him in." And this dream proved true to the letter, for in the morning Mrs Shearman came at an early hour into Mrs Brown's room, and seeming like one bewildered, asked for a sheet.—"For what purpose," said the terrified dreamer, the very words of her sleep rising spontaneously to her lips.—"Poor Mr Robert is murdered," was the reply; "he lies dead in the Strand watch-house, and it is to wind his body in."

I will not attempt to deny or explain the vision. Enough for my purpose, that he had been really found dead, near the so-called May-pole, in the Strand, which occupied

the site of an ancient stone cross, and having been found here early in the morning, his body was removed to the watch-house. There was a deep wound under his left breast, by him was his bloody sword, yet it was generally supposed at the time, that he had been killed in some house, and laid there afterwards. It was also said, that a stranger's hat, with a bunch of ribbons in it, was found by his side; but notwithstanding these indicia, and the earnest exertions of his friends and relatives, the assassins could never be discovered. Suspicion did indeed fall upon Beau Fielding, from the previous quarrel, to which I have already alluded, but it never went beyond suspicion; others imagined, and perhaps with as little reason, that the murder had been committed by a near relation of Sir Robert Southwell's wife; but "the matter," as the old narrator tells us, "was too uncertain to admit of any free discourse of any person for it."

Singular as this story is, its marvels are not yet over.—“Sir Philip, his elder brother, being returned from his travels, and intent upon finding out the murderers, made a violent attack one day upon a gentleman in Dublin. Sir Philip declared afterwards he had never seen the man before, and could not account for his rage; only he was possessed with a belief he was one of those who killed his brother. They were soon parted, and the gentleman was seen no more.

## LADY OGILVY'S ESCAPE.

Husband, I come :  
Now to that name my courage prove my title !

SHAKSPEARE.

MARGARET, LADY OGILVY, wife of David, Lord Ogilvy, eldest son, John, fourth Earl of Airlie, and daughter of Sir James Johnstone, third Baronet of Westerhall, and Dame Barbara Murray, his most energetic and talented wife, daughter of the fourth Lord Elibank, was one of the keenest supporters of the unfortunate Prince Charles Edward Stuart, when he raised his standard in Scotland in 1744. Finding the Ogilvies somewhat backward and hesitating in the cause, she persuaded her husband that so long as his father, the Earl of Airlie, did not appear in the field, he risked neither rank nor property by heading the clan. He perilled his own life and liberty, indeed,—but those were freely offered to the most popular Prince who ever asserted his contested rights to a throne. Lady Ogilvy's principles and enthusiastic fervour of character being well known, she was watched by the Whig authorities, that her words or acts might be laid hold of against her. At a public dinner at Dumfries she was called upon for a toast, and whilst her politic mother sat trembling lest something violently Jacobinish should be given, she, with a sly look, and loud voice, proclaimed—"The Duke of Cumbernauld." Lady Johnstone, amazed out of all her proprieties, exclaimed—"Good Heavens, Margaret, who ever heard of such a toast?" When the term of Charles Stuart's fortunes approached its close, Lord Ogilvy was more than commonly unwilling to continue his support, and as the only way of securing her husband's attendance at the fatal battle of Culloden, Lady Ogilvy rode with him herself at the head of the Clan. She was a



beautiful, graceful woman, tall and fair, and an admirable rider, and she took charge of a led horse for her husband in case of accidents on the field. Towards the end of the day, her husband rode breathless up to her, and told her that the battle was lost. He mounted the charger she led, escaped to the coast, and got safely off, through Norway and Sweden, to France, in the service of which country he attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, and commanded a regiment.\* Lady Ogilvy remained upon the field, somewhat stupified by grief and disappointment, but wholly fearless.

She was taken prisoner along with many other ladies, and conducted to Edinburgh Castle. After a few days confinement, all the ladies were released, and restored to their families, excepting only Lady Ogilvy, and upon the application of her friends to know the reason of her detention, the Government returned for answer that, "so much mischief had been done by women taking an active part in the Stuart cause, and so many had incited their husbands to take the field, who would otherwise have staid quietly at home, that it was necessary to make an example amongst them; and as Lady Ogilvy was the one at Culloden of highest rank and greatest influence she had been selected."

Lady Ogilvy was accordingly tried, convicted, and condemned to be executed on that Monday six weeks, in the place where traitors suffered at Edinburgh.

Meanwhile her confinement was not rigorous; her friends had influence enough to secure her decent lodging and attendance, and they were frequently admitted to see her.

Amongst those who had access to her room was the washerwoman every Saturday, a little ugly deformed person with a peculiar hitch in her walk. Lady Ogilvy told this woman that she had an irresistible wish to learn how to walk like her, and she made the woman walk up and down to teach her, *every time* she came, and always kept her a long while in her room. On the last Saturday preceding the execution, the washerwoman brought in the lady's linen as usual towards sun-down, and was as usual long kept, but it was not, this time, to practise walking but to change

\* David, Lord Ogilvie, was also a Knight of St Louis. He refused at the hands of Napoleon the arrears of his pension which had been unpaid since the beginning of the Revolution, disdaining to have anything to do with the French service after the murder of Louis XVI. Subsequently to his father's death in 1761, he was styled Earl of Airlie, and died at his seat of Cortachy, co. Forfar, 3rd March, 1803, in his seventy-ninth year.

clothes. "Give me your dress," said Lady Ogilvy, "and take mine—no one will harm you and you will save my life." The woman changed clothes accordingly, and Lady Ogilvy, limping with her peculiar limp, took up the basket, joined the wash girl, who was waiting outside, and passed with her through the gates of the castle, and clear of the sentry's beat. The girl thought her mistress was strangely dumb and out of temper, but she was much more surprised when this little crooked mistress suddenly threw down the basket, rose up into a tall majestic woman, and ran down the High Street with all her might. When Lady Ogilvy reached Abbey Hill, she there found horses and dress ready for her, and she rode by settled stations the whole way in safety, from Edinburgh to Dover, seeing the hue and cry out after her at every town she entered.

At last, after many a narrow escape and many a weary hour, she found herself on board a vessel ready to sail for France.

The vessel had heaved her anchor when a sudden embargo was laid upon every sail in the harbour, and the captain and crew were obliged to wait, for Government had sent down an agent to search the ships for Lady Ogilvy, who was supposed to have taken refuge in one of them. The agent soon came on board bearing a huge picture, the size of life, of a great stout masculine woman whom he called Lady Ogilvy. The courageous and quick-witted Margaret caught a sight of the picture, and was instantly reassured. She walked up to the agent with the utmost composure and stood looking at the portrait: "Ah," she said, "is that the picture of the Lady Ogilvy? I knew her very well, it is strikingly like, and if you go by *that* you cannot do better." The man stared at her and thanked her cordially. He then examined all the other passengers and, bowing to her, left the vessel. The embargo was taken off—the sails were hoisted, and the brave lady escaped to France, where she joined her husband, and where she died at the early age of thirty-three. She left a son David, who was called Earl of Airlie; but as he left no issue, the Earldom went to a kinsman of the late Earl. She had likewise a daughter, "The Lady Margaret," who married Sir John Wedderburn of Ballindean, in Perthshire, the father of the late Sir David Wedderburn, Bart., heir of line of the House of Airlie, who possessed an admirable picture of his

noble and beautiful grandmother. There is also a portrait of her at Cortachy Castle, the seat of the Earl of Airlie.

The officer on guard the night of Lady Ogilvy's escape was Captain Browne, the grandfather of the late Lady Wedderburn, Lady Hampden, and Lady Hope of Luffness. He was very anxious to go out to a party on that night, and persuaded a brother officer to take his place, telling him that he had nothing to do but to go in to his prisoner at ten at night and see that she was safe in her room. The officer accordingly went to Lady Ogilvy's room, and seeing a person seated there he bowed, shut the door, and believed that all was right. When the mistake was discovered at ten o'clock the following morning, Captain Browne was brought to a court-martial and broke. The constant and grateful support of the distinguished families, whom he had obliged, restored in course of time his ruined fortunes.

Margaret Johnstone, Lady Ogilvy, had several talented, distinguished, and fortunate brothers, of whom it may be interesting to give a short notice. Her second brother, William, married Miss Pulteney, daughter of Daniel Pulteney, and sole heiress of the Earl of Bath. In consequence of succeeding to her immense fortune, Mr Johnstone assumed the name of Pulteney. He became fifth Baronet, and claimant of the Marquessate of Annandale on the death of his eldest brother. His only daughter, who was created Countess of Bath, died without issue. Her vast estates were inherited by her maternal relatives, the Duke of Cleveland and Sir Richard Sutton. Sir William Johnstone Pulteney's heir in the Westerhall estate, the great American possessions, and the claim to the Marquessate of Annandale, is Sir Frederick, the eighth Baronet, great-grandson of the third son of Sir James and Dame Barbara. Sir James's fourth son, John, had a very singular career. He went out in early life to India, with the ambition of acquiring station and fortune. After he had been there for some time, and had distinguished himself as a hard-working civilian, in the position which his father's influence had procured for him, he was seized with a dangerous fever, which had nearly proved fatal to him. He owed his life, under Providence, to the tender care and assiduity of an elderly lady of the name of Warwick, who spared no pains in nursing him. Mrs Warwick had been for many years settled at Calcutta, and was a woman of very large fortune. She adopted Mr

Johnstone as her son, and at her death left him all that she had, which amounted to considerably upwards of a hundred thousand pounds. Mr Johnstone was anxious to enjoy this succession while yet young. He accordingly realised it as speedily as possible, with the intention of returning home immediately, and purchasing an estate in Scotland. Mrs Warwick had often related to him the circumstances of her history, which were romantic and extraordinary. She said that she had no near relations, excepting a brother, from whom she had been separated in infancy, who, she believed, had entered the navy, but with whom she never had been able to keep up intercourse; and she did not know whether he was dead or alive.

Having turned all Mrs Warwick's property into money, Mr Johnstone was on the point of embarking for England with a large fortune, and with the advantages of youth and health, which few rich Indians possess. He had taken out his passage, and was living, during the last two or three days of his stay in India, at the principal hotel in Calcutta. While sitting in the coffee-room reading a newspaper, he overheard one waiter say to another, "Carry up Captain Warwick's portmanteau to No. 5." The name of his benefactress arrested his attention. It struck him—Can this Captain Warwick be in any way connected with her? He immediately sent his card to the gentleman in No. 5, with a request that he might be allowed to call on him.

He was immediately ushered into the presence of an elderly man; and after an apology for the intrusion, he begged to be permitted to inquire into the particulars of his past life; "for," said he, "I feel an interest in your name, which is an uncommon one. A namesake of yours was my dearest friend." Captain Warwick very frankly told him all that he knew concerning himself and his family. He said, he had only had one sister, from whom he had been separated in early life, and who, he believed, had gone to India; but he had never been able to trace her subsequent fate. From many particulars which he mentioned, it was quite evident to Mr Johnstone that this was Mrs Warwick's only brother. Having convinced himself of the fact, he said to Captain Warwick, he could give him the most satisfactory account of his long lost sister, who had been his dearest friend, and who had on her death appointed him her trustee; that she had died very wealthy; that all her property had

been confided to his care; and that he now handed over to him, as the rightful owner, considerably upwards of £100,000. Thus did this inflexibly just man deprive himself of everything, and sacrifice all his future prosperity, in order to do that which his high and independent feeling of integrity led him to believe to be his duty. As soon as Captain Warwick discovered the real state of the case, he offered to divide the inheritance with Mr Johnstone. This, however, Johnstone obstinately refused to agree to. He remained in India, spending many years in the arduous pursuits of honour and wealth. It is satisfactory to know that he was eminently successful. He returned an elderly man, about ninety years since, to England, with a fortune much more than double that which his unbending and high-minded principle had caused him to renounce in early life. He immediately purchased large estates and beautiful seats in his native country; Alva, in the county of Clackmannan, which formerly belonged to a baronet's family of the name of Erskine, now represented by the Earl of Rosslyn; and the Hangingshaw, in the county of Selkirk, which formerly belonged to Murray, of Philiphaugh. The family of Mr Johnstone's only son are numerous and prosperous.

## TWO CURIOUS FAMILY RELICS.

It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;  
Which were the greatest obloquy in the world  
In me to lose.

SHAKSPEARE

IN the family of Lord Muncaster there is preserved, as the most precious heir-loom, an ancient glass vessel, which was presented by Henry VI. to the head of the House of Pennington, a zealous adherent of the Red Rose. During his season of greatest adversity, that good but ill-starred monarch was concealed for many weeks in the mansion of his faithful servant, Sir John de Pennington. When concealment there was no longer practicable, the king prepared to carry his broken fortunes elsewhere, but before his departure he thus addressed his loyal host :—"Silver and gold, and jewels, I have none to give ; but this I will give, and, along with it, the blessing of the most unfortunate of princes." Thereupon, he presented to Sir John the curiously-shaped carved glass cup, in which he used to keep holy water ; and kneeling down, and praying that every blessing might await the loyal friend who had shown such constancy to him under his heavy misfortunes, he implored God that a male heir might never be wanting to this ancient race. Sir John and his descendants have, ever since, carefully preserved the precious royal gift as the talisman of their house ; and it is the traditional belief of the family that as long as King Henry's cup is preserved entire, a male heir shall never be wanting to the race of Pennington. Upwards of half a century ago, the box in which the cup is enclosed fell to the ground. Great fears were felt lest it might have sustained injury ; yet no one had courage to ascertain the fact, and the box remained shut for many years. At length it was opened ;

and much to the joy of the family it was found quite uninjured. The heir male of the Penningtons is the present Lord Muncaster; while the heir of line is Lord Lindsay, in right of his late mother, the Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, who was daughter to Sir John Pennington, first Lord Muncaster.

A similar relic, not, however, possessing the same royal claims to interest, is preserved in the distinguished family of Dundas of Arniston, in Mid-Lothian. The founder of this very considerable branch of Dundas was Sir James Dundas, eldest son of the second marriage of George Dundas of Dundas (who lived in the time of Queen Mary), with Catherine, daughter of Lawrence, third Lord Oliphant. This lady, who was anxious to aggrandise her son, succeeded in leaving to him considerable wealth, and he became the ancestor of one of the most powerful branches of the house of Dundas. No family in Scotland had been so eminent at the bar of that country as Dundas of Arniston, which has produced, in direct succession, two judges, known by the designation of Lord Arniston, two Lord Presidents, and one Lord Chief Baron, not to mention Henry, Viscount Melville. Catherine Oliphant bequeathed to her son an ancient Venetian goblet, with an injunction to preserve it carefully, as upon its integrity should depend the continued prosperity of the house of Arniston. Notwithstanding the superstitious regard with which the glass cup was preserved, it was nearly destroyed in the time of the present proprietor's grandfather, the Lord Chief Baron, by the malice of a certain eccentric peeress, then on a visit at Arniston, who intentionally threw it on the ground in order to break it. Her evil design, however, was frustrated, and the goblet still remains the talisman of this ancient family.

## ACTRESSES RAISED TO RANK BY MARRIAGE.

Women, who are coronets of love.

LORD THURLOW.

It is a fact, to which general attention has been more than once recently called, that, although the stage has suffered so much from the attacks of ultra-moralists, there is no class of the community more free from public misconduct than the players. No actor was ever hanged for crime in England: charges against them for any offence have been extremely rare; and though the law threw its nets, or rather its acts of parliament, very widely to catch the denizens of the stage, they have passed unscathed through their penal era, and have actually, by their own good conduct, quite as much as by those talents made to please, attained the fair and respectable position they now justly hold in society. The players, too, are proverbially a kind and generous race. It is seldom that a tale of distress reaches the ear of an actor without, at the same time, reaching his heart. Their recent foundation of that noble asylum, the Dramatic College, established, I might say, almost in an instant, is a wonderful instance of how liberal and charitable the actor really is. I would add moreover, to the honour of the female part of the profession—and that is more german to the matter in hand—no actress was ever advanced from the theatrical ranks, and married to a husband in the higher walks of life, who did not, in her married state, conduct herself with unerring propriety. I now proceed to give a hurried glance at some of the ladies who have been taken by marriage from the stage to grace the higher ranks of fashionable life.

One of the first persons, amongst the gentry, who chose a wife from the stage, was Martin Folkes, the antiquary.



He was a man of fortune, and not carrying his love of antiquity into the affairs of the heart, he married the good Lucretia Bradshaw, the representative of Farquhar's heroines, and a popular actress in her day. The date of this union has not perhaps been obtained with minute accuracy, but it was somewhere about the year 1713. A contemporary writer styles her "one of the greatest and most promising geni of her time," and assigns "her prudent and exemplary conduct" as the attraction that chiefly won the antiquary. Something, however, must be set down to the charm of youth, and add to that beauty and fascinating manners.

Anastasia Robinson, the singer, known as "the nightingale," attained to yet higher distinction. She captivated General Sir Charles Mordaunt, K.G. third Earl of Peterborough, Commander-in-Chief in Spain, and the hero of that splendid campaign which drove the Duke of Anjou and the French army out of the Spanish territory. The Earl of Peterborough was the friend of Swift and Pope. Pope thus speaks of Anastasia, Lady Peterborough, in one of his letters to the well-known Martha Blount. It bears date August the 17th, 1735, and was written by the poet when on a visit to Bevis Mount, close to the town of Southampton.

"I found my Lord Peterborough on his couch, where he gave me an account of the excessive sufferings he had passed through, with a weak voice but spirited. He next told me he had ended his domestic affairs, through such difficulties from the law that gave him as much torment of mind as his distemper had done of body, to do right to the person to whom he had obligations beyond expression (Anastasia Robinson). That he had found it necessary not only to declare his marriage to all his relations, but since the person who married them was dead, to re-marry her in the church at Bristol, before witnesses. He talks of getting towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he never can travel but to the sea-shore. I pity the poor woman who has to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one thing persuade him to spare himself."

Thus far Pope.—Anastasia was publicly acknowledged for his Countess in 1735, and was his second wife: the Earl died, aged 77, at Lisbon, in the October following the acknowledgment of this marriage, of which there was no issue. His honours were inherited by his grandson, the

son of the eldest son of his first marriage. The Dowager Lady Peterborough survived her gallant husband many years. Her unblemished conduct, and the elegance of her manners, obtained for her the intimacy of some of the highest personages of the day in which she lived.

Another striking instance of elevation from the theatrical ranks is the original representative of Polly Peachum in Gay's "Beggar's Opera,"—Lavinia Fenton, as she has generally been called, but who, in fact, was the daughter of a Mr Beswick, a lieutenant in the royal navy. She was born in 1708, and, not long after her birth, her mother married Mr Fenton, the keeper of a coffee-house at Charing-Cross. From motives of delicacy that would have done credit to one in a higher station, he gave his adopted daughter his own name, by which she was ever afterwards distinguished till the day of her marriage. Indeed he seems to have uniformly treated her with no less care and kindness than if he had been her actual father, and when, at an early age, she evinced a natural talent for singing, he did not fail to give her what, for an English girl, was considered a respectable musical education. Italian singing, it should be remembered, was not then much cultivated amongst us; but, what perhaps was better, beautiful ballad music was, and to give effect to a simple ballad was all that an audience required: as Miss Fenton had a fine melodious voice, this was precisely what she was most calculated to excel in.

With such talents, and, perhaps, from her situation in a coffee-house frequented by wits and actors, she had little or no difficulty in finding her way into a theatre. Still it was not her musical powers that were first called into requisition. Being engaged by the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, she made her *début* as Monimia in the "Orphan," when she was but eighteen years of age. This was in 1726. If her performance was not of that extraordinary kind which electrifies and at once takes hold of the public, still her success was unequivocal, and from that moment she was considered to be a rising actress. Her reputation attracted many licentious admirers. One libertine of high rank would fain have had her give up public fame and private character for the pleasure of leading with him an isolated life in the country, in return for which he pledged himself to resign the dissipations of the capital, in which he had hitherto played a prominent part. But though this pro-

posal was accompanied by liberal offers of money—by everything, indeed, short of marriage—she, with good sense and the right feeling, repulsed her passionate adorer.

Soon after this, Miss Fenton appeared as *Cherry*, in the “*Beaux’ Stratagem*.” Such was her success in the arch daughter of the country Boniface, that Rich, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, tempted her from her allegiance to the Haymarket potentate by the seductive offer of fifteen shillings a-week, upon which magnificent salary—being much less than is now-a-days given to a chorus-singer—she continued until she conquered fame and fortune as the first Polly Peachum of the *Beggar’s Opera*. This celebrated triumph of hers occurred in 1728, when this famous opera of Gay was first brought out at the theatre in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, the same building of which there is a superstitious and popular tradition that one night, upon the representation of “*Doctor Faustus*,” the real fiend mingled with his human imitators, and finally made his exit, after the most approved mode, in a flash of sulphur, carrying away with him the roof.

Of the “*Beggar’s Opera*” itself, its first perils, and eventual and lasting triumph, this is not the place to discourse, yet I cannot but remark that, in contradistinction to those tedious imitations of and translations from Italian Operas that have so occupied, and still so occupy, the English stage, the *Beggar’s Opera*, a native production, has survived them all, perennial in the sweetness and popularity of its music. One curious fact Macklin’s biographer records. The *Beggar’s* was an accidental opera. Originally there was no music intended to accompany the piece, till Rich, the manager, with more judgment than either the poet or his friends, suggested its introduction at the time of the last rehearsals. The junto of wits, who regularly attended upon these occasions, unanimously objected to anything of the kind. The manager, though unconvinced, surrendered his better judgment to such overwhelming authority. Luckily, however, for the author and his bantling, this dispute was submitted to the Duchess of Queensbury, Gay’s stanch patroness, who resolved to attend in person the next rehearsal. Her opinion was in favour of the music, and from such fiat there was no appeal—and most fortunate that it was so.

The success of Miss Fenton in *Polly* was so great, that to secure her future services to his theatre, Rich at once

raised her salary to thirty shillings a-week, which, after all, amounted but to five and forty pounds a year, upon a calculation of the number of playing weeks in the theatrical season of those days. To make some amends for this scanty pay, it was the custom of the time for the rich and noble to make liberal presents to the popular actresses, nor did the frank receiving of them convey any imputation on their character. In the present case, these were not the only marks of public approbation: the engraved likeness of Miss Fenton was to be found in every print-shop, and was a general ornament upon the ladies' fans, her good conduct making it their common cause to honour one who did so much honour to the female department of the stage.

A momentary shadow was soon to pass over this bright picture, which is thus recorded by Dean Swift, in a letter dated 6th July, 1728—"The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled four hundred a year upon her during pleasure, and, upon disagreement, two hundred more." Swift, however, only wrote from the current reports of the day; but, whether his story be true or not to its whole extent, one thing is certain: during the twenty-three years of her unmarried connection with this nobleman, Sir Charles Paulet, K.G. third Duke of Bolton, Constable of the Tower, she conducted herself with such undeviating propriety, that, upon the death of his wife, he made her his Duchess, and she bore the title for nine years, surviving her husband six years, and dying in 1760, at the age of fifty-two, when she was buried at Greenwich.

The Duke of Bolton used to say that what charmed him first in Miss Fenton was the exquisite feeling she displayed in singing the beautiful air "Oh ponder well, be not severe." Of all the accounts that have come down to us, there is not one but is in the highest degree favourable to her memory. Dr Joseph Warton, in a note subjoined to one of Swift's letters to Gay, thus speaks of her—"She was a very accomplished and agreeable companion; had much wit, good strong sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable and well made, though, I think, she could never be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly old Lord Bathurst and Lord Granville."

As a hint to future Polly Peachums, it may be added

that Macklin used to say her dress, in Polly, was very like the simplicity of a modern Quaker,—a remark that is fully borne out by the prints from her portrait.

I should here include the strange story of a French actress, whose dramatic fame was partially earned, and whose aristocratic marriage was effected, in London. This lady was Mademoiselle Aurora de Livry, who began her career by being the mistress of Voltaire, and who ended it by an alliance with some of the best blood in France. One day, when Voltaire, then at the commencement of his dramatic successes, and quite a young man, was sitting for his picture at an artist's, a beautiful girl meanly clad, and, as it turned out, an orphan in a state of destitution, came in and asked for Voltaire. She was seeking a theatrical engagement; an actor had referred her to Voltaire. The mighty dramatist was at once captivated by her surpassing loveliness. He took immediate steps, and had her brought out as the rival of the famous Adrienne Le Couvreur. His love, however, sustained his favourite more than her own artistic ability. Voltaire was devoted to her: he used, he said, to write and read his tragedies at her feet. She was the only woman he ever loved. What were the Marchionesses and Baronesses he had known to him now? What Madame de Villiers, who adored him, and she the wife of a Marshal of France and a hero? Mere bagatelles! He had found one who doted on him, not as Voltaire, but as a man made for affection. Alas! his amorous vanity was soon to be checked. Mademoiselle de Livry suddenly ran away from him, and sent him word that she had attached herself to his friend M. de Génonville, and begged Voltaire, though she loved him still, would just think she was dead, write her epitaph, and send her her slippers, which she could not do without. Her alliance with Génonville did not last long; she came with a French company to London, and was here more popular than in Paris. Her beauty was the general theme of admiration. Among others who admired her in London was a French nobleman of immense wealth and rank. He made short work of it. He was, it seems, a tulipomaniac, and, with an enormously expensive bouquet of his favourite flowers, he walked without ceremony into Mademoiselle de Livry's sitting-room. She was startled and, at first, offended at his rudeness; but he was not to be repulsed. "I am," said he, "the Marquis de Gouvernet, and I want to make you

my wife." "It's a folly," observed Mademoiselle. "It may be," was his answer, "but it will cure all my other follies, and among them this one," he added, presenting her with the bouquet. So gallant and so valuable an offer could not be rejected, and the orphan favourite of Voltaire went back to Paris, Marchioness de Gouvernet. Among the earliest to welcome her return was Voltaire: he sent her a splendidly bound copy of *La Henriade*, then just published, stating that he had drawn the beautiful Gabrielle from her. The next day he went to pay his respects to her at her magnificent Parisian mansion. "Your name?" said at the door a giant Swiss porter, quite gorgeous in his gold-embroidered and gold-tasselled livery. "I am Monsieur de Voltaire." "Then you must write your name down in my book, for I have never heard of it, and the Marchioness directs me not to admit simple Messieurs without my first inquiring and knowing who they are." "So much for my glory and her gratitude," exclaimed the poet as he left the house. He then wrote her a biting epistle in verse, to which she replied by an equally bitter epigram. They were both piqued, and he saw her no more, until some fifty years afterwards, just before his death. Voltaire, as is well known, then triumphantly visited Paris, and had honours showered on him more than had ever fallen to princes or sovereigns. The whole intellect of literature, and the whole political intellect which was about to disturb the world, crowded around him with an All hail! that was the prologue of the French Revolution. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, those miserable victims of royalty who were always obliged to prostrate themselves when the Juggernaut of Freedom advanced, joined the overwhelming throng that came to welcome Voltaire and crown his bust at the theatre. Franklin brought his grandson to him to obtain his blessing. "I bless him," said Voltaire, speaking English, "in the best of words, 'God and freedom.'" But the "King Voltaire," as Frederick the Great and the world since have styled him, had his remembrance; so he took a quiet opportunity of dressing himself finely, and went once more to the Marchioness of Gouvernet's door. This time it flew open, and the porter almost bowed to the ground. The Marchioness had intimation of his approach, and she was in her room of state to receive him. The interview was an affecting one. "Madame," said Voltaire, as he kissed her hand, "this is all that is left me now. Yet I have never ceased to love you. Mine has

been a war of Titans with those who tied Liberty to a rock ; but woe to them ! I have unchained the Prometheus and let him loose. Amidst all such struggles, I still have thought of you. I never cultivated my peaches at Ferney without kissing one every year in your honour." "Alas !" cried the Marchioness, quite overpowered, "I would willingly give my hotel, my estates of Beauce and Bretagne, my diamonds and my carriages, and my porter into the bargain, for one hour of our life together more than half a century ago." "And I, Madame," exclaimed her venerable admirer, "would give my tragedies, my epic-poem, my histories and my tales, all my past glory and my claims on posterity, and my seat at the Academy into the bargain, for just one kiss of more than half a century ago." Whether this salute was given, we know not, but they parted ; and the next day the Marchioness sent him his portrait, the very portrait which he had sat for when she first saw him, and which was among the earliest gifts of his affection. She had kept it by her ever since, and she now bequeathed it to his niece. A few days more, and on the 30th May, 1778, Voltaire breathed his last, and on the very morrow of his demise, Aurora de Livry, Marchioness de Gouvernet, was numbered among the dead. M. Arsène Houssaye records this story at great length and most gracefully in his recent work "Le Roi Voltaire," and it is indeed a tale that should not be forgotten among the records of actresses highly married.

A Miss Wewitzer, who made her first appearance at Covent Garden the 4th Nov. 1772, as Daphne, became afterwards, by marriage, Lady Tyrawley.

Eliza Linley, a celebrated public singer, was the wife of the Rt. Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This excellent and beautiful lady was the daughter of Thomas Linley, of Bath, the celebrated composer. At the early age of sixteen her hand had been promised, under parental authority, to a Mr Long, an old gentleman of considerable fortune in Wiltshire. The idea of such an union was in every way distasteful to the young lady. She had the candour to avow as much in private to her admirer, and he, with a rare magnanimity, took upon himself the whole blame of breaking off the alliance, and even indemnified her father, who threatened to commence an action, by settling three thousand pounds upon the daughter.

About the middle of 1770 the Sheridans established

themselves in Bath, and soon formed an intimacy there with the Linleys. Both the brothers became enamoured of the young Miss Linley, then known as "the fair maid of Bath." She gave ear to neither of them for a time; but at length Richard Brinsley obtained the preference, although he conducted matters with so much caution, that even his brother did not at first suspect the attachment. Surrounded as Miss Linley was by admirers, poor Sheridan was tormented by unceasing jealousies; and it is said, that in drawing Falkland in his play of the "Rivals" he drew himself.

In due course of time, Charles Sheridan, who was the eldest and most prudent of the brothers, gave up the pursuit. The field was now left open to the future dramatist, and chance yet further came to his assistance. A married man, of the name of Mathews, thought proper to absolutely persecute Miss Linley with his improper addresses. She communicated this to Sheridan, who immediately entered into a serious expostulation with the libertine. These remonstrances produced no effect, and, to avoid what she felt to be a cruel persecution, Miss Linley determined to take refuge in a French convent, having first settled a part of her fortune, as an indemnification, she having been professionally bound by articles till the age of twenty-one. Sheridan, it was agreed, should be the partner of her flight, and the result was their marriage. This took place at a little village near Calais, about the latter end of March, 1772. Events now moved with the rapid pace of a well-told romance. The bride fell ill; her father came to France to reclaim his stolen lamb, and, without being informed of her marriage—which the principal parties had agreed to keep secret for awhile—he suffered himself to be reconciled to the fair runaway, but insisted upon her returning to England, and fulfilling the musical engagement he had entered into on her behalf. Mr Mathews, disappointed in his view upon the lady, grew outrageous, vowing to take the life of Sheridan, and publicly showing bills on parties in France, to which country he intended retiring upon the satisfaction of his revenge. In the mean time he contrived, by well-aimed calumnies, to sow dissension between the two brothers. These being at length unravelled, Mr Sheridan determined to call Mr Mathews to account, and a duel was the result, in which the latter, being vanquished, was fain to obtain his life by a recantation and full apology for his slanders. He



then retired to Wales, but this transaction having brought him into bad odour with nearly all around him, a compassionate friend advised him to wipe the stains off his character by a second duel with Mr Sheridan. He agreed, and the proposed combat took place at Kingsdown, near Bath, when Sheridan, less successful than the first time, was taken from the ground severely wounded.

He recovered after a long illness, though even then, and for some time afterwards, neither of the fathers knew of their children's union. Both, however, suspected it, and at length Mr Linley, finding further opposition useless, consented to their union, and Sheridan was again married to the lady, but this time by license, and in the April of 1773.

In 1792, Mrs Sheridan's health had been long declining, and in that year she expired, after a confinement to her bed of two days only. There is something exceedingly touching in this death-bed scene. Sheridan had been sitting up all night by the bed-side of his wife, who continued perfectly sensible to the last, though suffering great pain. About four o'clock in the morning an alarming change was observed in her, and the physician, Dr Bain, being sent for, was speedily in attendance. Upon his arrival, as Dr Bain relates the melancholy story, she begged of Sheridan and her female friend to leave the room, and then, desiring the Dr to lock the door after them, said to him, "You have never deceived me; tell me truly, shall I live over this night?" He immediately felt her pulse, and finding that she was dying, answered, "I recommend you to take some laudanum." Upon which she replied, "I understand you; then give it me." At five o'clock of the same morning she expired, leaving behind her two children; Mary who died a child, and Thomas who died in 1817, and was father, with other issue, of the present Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq., of Frampton Court, Co. Dorset, M. P. for Dorsetshire, and of the esteemed poetess, the Hon. Mrs Norton, and the Duchess of Somerset. Mrs Sheridan was buried in Wells Cathedral, by the side of her sister. Wilkes used to say of Mrs Sheridan, that she was "the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower" he had ever seen.

Miss Farren subsequently became Countess of Derby. This lady was the daughter of an Irishman, who practised as a surgeon and apothecary in the city of Cork, and was a

descendant of a respectable, though not an opulent family. Early in life her father married the daughter of a brewer in Liverpool, but his hospitable habits ruined his medical prospects, which were, perhaps, not much improved by a passion for the stage. Abandoning his professional pursuits, he became a country actor.

Elizabeth Farren was born in the year 1759, and while yet a child, had the misfortune to lose her father. Her mother, however, was an excellent woman, and taxed her powers to the utmost for the support and education of her family, which was very numerous. Every circumstance thus conspired to form an actress of the young Elizabeth, and in the year 1773 she made her first appearance at Liverpool in the character of Rosetta, in Bickerstaff's opera of "Love in a Village." Her success was, from the very first, decided, and, as every season raised her reputation yet higher and higher, she ventured upon a more daring flight, and in the summer of 1777 played, for the first time in London, at the Haymarket Theatre, then under the management of the elder Colman. The character chosen for her *début*, which took place on the 10th of June, was Miss Hardcastle, in Goldsmith's comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," and here again her success was no less marked than it had previously been at Liverpool. Yet it is amusing enough to read the contradictory criticisms of the day upon the new favourite—she is too tall, too thin, not equal to Mrs Abington, too playful, lets her face express too much, and her voice is not powerful. This is the debtor side of the critical ledger, but there is a *per contra* account, which leaves a very considerable balance in her favour. That her manners were elegant may be safely inferred from the fact of her being at once adopted into the fashionable circles. Her fortune naturally enough kept pace with her growing reputation, and she now took up her abode in a part of the town suitable to this change of circumstance.

Amongst the most ardent of her admirers was the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, but her own affections, as the result proved, inclined to Sir Edward Stanley, 12th Earl of Derby, who, shortly after the death of his first Countess, a daughter of the Ducal house of Hamilton and Brandon, made her the offer of his hand in marriage, an offer which she accepted. On April the 8th, 1797, she took her leave of the stage in the character of Lady Teazle in the "School

for Scandal ;” and on the 1st of the following May she was married to Lord Derby by special licence, at his Lordship’s house in Grosvenor Square.

The character of this lady was at all times unimpeachable, and she was received with cordial welcome at Court by George the Third, and his consort, Queen Charlotte. Lady Derby died the 23rd April, 1829 : she had issue by the Earl, a son and two daughters, all now deceased : the son and elder daughter were unmarried, and the younger daughter was the late Countess of Wilton.

In 1807, Miss Searle, who was remarkable for her beauty, was, after performing for a short time at Covent Garden Theatre, married to Robert Heathcote, Esq., son of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart., and grand-uncle of the present Lord Aveland. She had three sons by this union : her husband died in 1823.

On the 12th Dec., 1807, Louisa Brunton was married to William late Earl of Craven. This lady was the daughter of Mr Brunton, who for years was the manager of what, in theatrical parlance, was then called the Norwich circuit ; this said circuit comprised Norwich, Ipswich, Yarmouth, Bury St Edmunds, and Colchester, the company, like swallows, migrating with the change of season from one place to the other. When the sun of popular favour ceased to shine upon them at Norwich, they incontinently flew to Yarmouth ; and when winter—that is, empty houses—came upon them at Yarmouth, they were off for Colchester, or Bury St Edmunds.

Mr Brunton had been an actor at Covent Garden Theatre, as early as the year 1774, but, amidst so much talent as then existed there, he could hardly hope to fill anything more than a second rank, if, indeed, he might aspire to so much. If, however, few men are Cæsars in talent, many men are Cæsars in ambition, and he began to think with the old Roman, “better be first in a village than second in Rome ;” accordingly, he left London, to become, as we have just seen, a country manager, the potentate of Norwich, and the states thereon depending. Miss Brunton was the sixth child of a family that consisted of six daughters and two sons. As generally happens in such cases, all her relatives, even to the third and fourth degree, were in the same profession—all children of Thespis.

Miss Brunton was born in 1785, with every personal

and mental requisite for the stage. So decided were her talents, that after a very short probation on his own boards, Mr Brunton considered that it would be quite safe to trust his daughter to the ordeal of a London audience, which, in those days, when sober criticism used to arrange itself on the first benches of the pit, was no trifling matter. Availing himself of the influence that naturally attached to his situation, he obtained for her an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, where she appeared, for the first time, on the 5th of October, 1803. She was then only eighteen years of age, and the part chosen for her *début* was Lady Townley, in the comedy of the "Provoked Husband." It was the general opinion, that no actress, since the retirement of Miss Farren, had given such satisfaction to the play-going public, and her subsequent attempts confirmed and extended this favourable opinion.

One so talented, and so beautiful withal, was not likely to remain without admirers. Many offers were made to her of marriage, but "she felt her value, and still kept aloof," till the Earl of Craven proposed. The lady consented, subject only to a reference to her father, who, of course, could see no objection, and the marriage accordingly took place.

The figure of Miss Brunton was tall, commanding, and exhibited the most perfect symmetry. Her features combined sweetness with the most perfect expression. She was married the 12th Dec., 1807, to William, 7th Baron and 1st Earl of Craven, by whom (who died the 30th July, 1825) she had three sons and a daughter. Her eldest son is the present Earl of Craven. Lady Craven died on the 27th of last August; and, strange to say, just three days after her demise, occurred that of her esteemed and amiable niece, whose career on the stage was far longer and no less successful than her own, viz. Elizabeth Brunton, better known as Mrs Yates, who was the widow of Frederick Yates, an able actor, and Manager of the Adelphi Theatre, and who was herself, after earning fame in the higher walks of comedy at Covent Garden, one of the most celebrated heroines of the domestic drama the Adelphi ever saw.

The character of Polly Peachum was once more destined to confer a coronet, and this time it fell upon the brow of Miss Mary Catharine Bolton. She is said to have been a native of London, and born in Long Acre, somewhere about the year 1790. From an early age, she studied music and

singing, having had in succession some of the best masters, —Lanza, Bellamy, the celebrated bass singer, Signor Naldi, of the Italian Opera House, and Madame Bianchi, whose husband came to so untimely an end, and, as it is said, through idle jealousy.

From the first, Miss Bolton was brought up for the stage, her whole education being directed for that view, and no other. On the 12th of August, 1806, when only sixteen years of age, she made her *début* as Polly, and with such decided success, that she repeated the part fourteen times in the course of the season. After this, the fair *débutante* might well reckon upon a permanent engagement; but, *dis aliter visum*, the manager thought otherwise, and, at the end of the season, the *Pretty Polly* of the poet, and the talented Polly of the composer, was dismissed, as having ceased to be attractive. But let us be just to all parties. Though fascinating in manners, and exceedingly pleasing, both as an actress and a singer, Miss Bolton hardly reached to the height of such a character. That the manager had precisely this estimate of her talents is plain enough, for he was quite ready to engage her at a lower salary, and she, or her friends in her behalf, had the good sense to accept the offer.

Her career from this time was one of uninterrupted success. As Rosina, and especially as Shakspeare's Ariel, she was excellence itself; the most fervent imagination could find nothing wanting. So pretty and winning in her pouting wilfulness, so caressing in her better mood, her voice, even when speaking, having the flowing sweetness of music, she as Ariel bounded along with so light a foot, that it scarcely seemed to rest upon the stage, and she seemed to realise one of the most delightful creations of the great poet.

Miss Bolton's engagement at Covent Garden had now expired, and she was about to enter into a new one for a term of three years, when the poetical Lord Thurlow stepped in with an offer of marriage. It was accepted, and, to borrow the pompous phrase of Johnson, her removal from the stage "eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure." Her husband was Edward Hovell, 2nd Lord Thurlow, the author of some poetry, and the son of the celebrated Lord Chancellor, the first Lord. By this union, Lady Thurlow had three sons, the eldest of whom succeeded his father as 3rd Lord in 1829, and was father of the present Lord Thurlow. Lady

Thurlow survived her husband little more than a year, and died on the 28th Sept., 1830.

A yet brighter star was now to rise in the theatrical horizon, and thence, in due course of time, to be removed to the higher sphere of the aristocracy, a noble and fitting tribute paid to distinguished talent, joined to eminent virtue. This was Miss O'Neill.

Eliza O'Neill was born in Ireland. Her father, Mr John O'Neill, was, at the time of her birth, the manager of a strolling company, whose wanderings were pretty extensive, being bounded on the south by the ocean at Kinsale and on the north by the Giant's Causeway. Her mother's maiden name was Featherstone, and to her care the future tragedian was chiefly indebted for her education. She made her first essay as the little Duke of York in Shakspeare's King Richard the Third, her father playing the part of the crook-backed tyrant. Such was the admiration excited by her talent, that she proved of no small pecuniary advantage to her family.

As Miss O'Neill grew, her fame grew with her, and she was engaged in what was called the northern circuit, comprising Belfast, Londonderry, and Newry. The consequence of her success was an engagement at Dublin.

At first Miss O'Neill had some difficulties to contend with, the ground being much occupied by established favourites. But she fought her way through all obstacles, till at length she received the offer of a London engagement. Here, as before with the Dublin manager, her dramatic family proved somewhat of a stumbling-block. The committee of Drury Lane would gladly have engaged Miss O'Neill herself at an enormous salary, but they hesitated in engaging some members of her family to which her affectionate nature made her devotedly attached.

John Kemble now happened to visit Dublin, and he has left the following record of his opinions in a letter to his brother manager, Mr Harris, of Covent Garden.

"There is a very pretty Irish girl here, with a small touch of the brogue on her tongue; she has much quiet talent, and some genius. With a little expense, and some trouble, we might make her an 'object' for John Bull's admiration, in the juvenile tragedy. They call her here—for they are all poets—all Tom Moores here!—the *Dove*, in contra-distinction to her rival, a Miss Walstein, whom they

designate as the *Eagle*. I recommend the *Dove* to you, as more likely to please John Bull than the Irish *Eagle*, who, in fact, is merely a Siddons diluted, and would only be tolerated when Siddons is forgotten.

“ I have sounded the fair lady on the subject of a London engagement. She proposes to append a very long family, to which I have given a decided negative. If she accept the offered terms, I shall sign, seal, and ship herself and clan off from Cork direct. She is very pretty, and so, in fact, is her brogue; which, by-the-bye, she only uses in conversation; she totally forgets when with Shakspeare, and other illustrious companions.”

The young actress accepted John Kemble's offer, at a salary of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen pounds a-week. The result fully justified the manager's judgment. The *Dove* made a triumphant flight at Covent Garden, soaring to the highest realms of popular favour.

Miss O'Neill's first appearance before a London audience was on the 6th of October, 1812, as Juliet. So highly was she appreciated, that when, upon the fall of the curtain, “The Merry Wives of Windsor” was announced for the next evening, the cry was loud and general for the repetition of Romeo and Juliet.

The career of Miss O'Neill was from this time one of perpetual sunshine; and she has left behind her quite as brilliant a memory. She was decidedly one of the greatest actresses and one of the best women that ever trod the English Stage. In characters such as Juliet, Isabella, and Belvidera, where gentleness predominated, Miss O'Neill never had a rival. Her own fine nature so completely entered into her personifications, that it is reported she used to shed real tears while acting, and to feel acutely the wrongs and sorrows of the heroines she represented. This excellent lady, in the midst of her public and social elevation, could hardly be said to have been promoted by marriage, when she was united on the 18th Dec., 1819, to a gentleman of high rank and repute, William Wrixon Becher, Esq., M. P. for Mallow. The ceremony was performed at Kilfane church, by the Dean of Ossory, the whole of her theatrical fortune having been previously settled upon her family, which family, by the way, she afterwards advanced by every honourable means in her power. Her relatives showed themselves worthy of this affection, and more than one of them has

since been distinguished in the public service, and especially in a military capacity in India.

Mr Becher was, the 30th Sept., 1831, created a baronet; he died in Oct., 1850, and Lady Wrixon Becher is now a widow. Her eldest son, Sir Henry Wrixon Becher, is the present Baronet, and her second son, John, married in 1857 Lady Emily Catherine Hare, daughter of William, 2d Earl of Listowel.

Miss Harriet Mellon, who made her first appearance at Drury Lane the 31st January, 1795, as Lydia, in "The Rivals," was married first to Thomas Coutts, Esq., the opulent banker, and secondly, on the 16th June, 1827, to William Aubrey de Vere, 9th Duke of St Albans. Her Grace died 6th Aug., 1837.

The next in chronological order is the lovely and accomplished Maria Foote, said to be a descendant of Samuel Foote, the English Aristophanes. She was born July 24th, 1797, at a time when her father, Samuel Foote, a retired officer of the British army, was manager of a country company. At the early age of twelve, she appeared at Plymouth as Juliet, and continued to act a variety of characters. Maria Foote was only sixteen when she appeared on the 24th June, 1814, at Covent Garden, in the character of Amantis, in "The Child of Nature." Her personal attractions, her fascinating manners, and her piquant acting, secured her success, and she was engaged at a liberal salary. She soon became an established favourite: she principally excelled in lighter comedy. Her "Maria Darlington" was reckoned one of her best performances. After an eventful career, during which she was more than once very hardly treated, Miss Foote took her last farewell of the stage at Birmingham, on the 11th of March, 1831, and, on the 8th of April following, she was united to that eccentric nobleman, Major-General Charles Stanhope, 4th Earl of Harrington and Viscount Petersham, by whom (who died the 3rd March, 1851) she has an only surviving child, the Rt. Hon. Jane St Maur, now Countess of Mountcharles, the wife of the Earl of Mountcharles, eldest son of the Marquess Conyngham. The Countess of Mountcharles has a daughter Blanche, and a son, Viscount Slane.

The next name, that of Miss Catherine Stephens, brings to recollection one of the sweetest singers of the English stage. Catherine Stephens was the daughter of a carver and gilder, and was born, at the West End of the metropolis, on



the 18th of September, 1794. From her earliest years her voice gave tokens of remarkable sweetness; and, in due course of time, she was placed under the musical tuition of Lanza, who brought her out as his pupil at Bath and many other towns of more or less importance. Subsequently, she became the pupil of the well-known Thomas Welsh, a change which gave rise to an angry war of paper between the rival masters. Welsh brought out his pupil at Covent Garden, the 13th September, 1813. The part chosen for her *début* was Mandane, in Artaxerxes, the character almost uniformly selected by this master for the first appearance of his pupils. Her success answered, to the full, all the expectations that had been formed of her, and the master demanded and obtained a high salary, half of which he appropriated to himself during the time of her being articulated to him.

After a long career of the brightest success, during which she made the character of Polly Peachum peculiarly her own, Miss Stephens finally quitted the profession, and was married (she was his second wife), the 14th April, 1838, to George, fifth Earl of Essex, who died on the 23rd April of the following year, without issue by either marriage. Miss Stephens is now the dowager Countess of Essex.

The last on the list, and with whom, for the present, "ends this strange eventful history," is Louisa Cranstoun Nisbett. She was of a good Irish family, and distantly related to the celebrated Captain Macnamara, who shot Colonel Montgomery in consequence of a dispute arising out of a fight between their dogs. Her father, having dissipated his fortune, took to the stage, when he assumed the name of Mordaunt, and would probably have succeeded, could he have confined his living within proper bounds. Of his gay, thoughtless disposition, the following anecdote may be taken as a fair specimen. A tradesman to whom he was indebted, addressed him thus:

"SIR,—Your bill having been standing a very long time, I beg to have it settled forthwith.

"Yours, &c., J. THWAITES.

"Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury."

To this the comedian replied:

"SIR,—When your bill is tired of *standing*, it is welcome to sit down.

"Yours, &c., T. H. M."

Miss Mordaunt, as one must call her, evinced much

precocious talent, and may be fairly written down amongst the child-wonders—an “infant phenomenon,” as Dickens’s manager, Crummles, styled his daughter. When only ten years old, she played Jane Shore at the Lyceum, with much applause. On the 16th Oct., 1829, she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, then under the management of an American, Stephen Price; her *début* there was as the Widow Cheerly in the “Soldier’s Daughter,” a good comedy by Cherry. Her grace and beauty at once captivated the public.

After a successful season at Drury Lane, Miss Mordaunt was engaged at the Haymarket, where she was obtaining popularity as an actress of comedy, when she became the wife of John Alexander Nisbett, Esq., of the 1st Life Guards, and of Bretenham Hall, in the county of Suffolk. The marriage took place in January, 1831, and the bride retired, though, as it turned out, not permanently, from the stage. Her husband was soon afterwards killed by a vicious horse, and the estate being thrown into Chancery by some relatives, who contested the rights of inheritance, she again appeared at Drury Lane, 1832. The rest of her theatrical career was very brilliant. She was for a long time quite the leading heroine of comedy. She was married again, on the 15th Oct., 1844 (she was his second wife), to Sir William Boothby, ninth Baronet of Broadlow Ash, in the county of Derby, who died 21st April, 1846. After the Baronet’s death, Lady Boothby resumed her professional avocations under her former name of Nisbett: she died on the 16th Jan., 1858.

In conclusion, I should mention that I have not placed in the above list that celebrated and charming actress, Miss Maria Tree, who was married to the present James Bradshaw, Esq., formerly M. P. for Canterbury, because I incline to think that an alliance with a gentleman of even Mr Bradshaw’s acknowledged high character and station was scarcely promotion for a lady, who, as well as her sister and her sister’s husband, my friend Mr Charles Kean, and other modern notabilities of the British drama, has added rank as well as respectability to the profession itself.

## THE BERESFORD GHOST STORY.

This is to be a mortal,  
And seek the things beyond mortality.—BYRON.

THIS strange and marvellous story has been ere this given to the world by others, but in a shape so utterly false as regards the real agents, and with so many absurd additions, under the idea, no doubt, of rendering it more effective, that I venture to tell it here as related to me by a descendant of the family. Even the persons of this spectral scene have been totally mistaken. The ghost and ghost-seer were not the individuals to whom the usual narrators have chosen to assign those parts; they were John Le Poer, second Earl of Tyrone, of that name, and Nicola, daughter and heiress of Hugh Hamilton, Lord Glenawley. She married first Sir Tristram Beresford, third bart., who commanded a regiment against James the Second—and by him was mother of Sir Marcus Beresford, created Earl of Tyrone after his marriage with Catherine, Baroness Le Poer, heiress of James, third Earl of Tyrone. Her husband dying, Lady Beresford next married Lieutenant-General Gorges, of the Kilbrew family. It has always heretofore been asserted, that Lord Tyrone (the ghost) and Lady Beresford (the ghost-seer) were cousins, but even this connection has never been discovered. Without further preface, then, I come to the true tradition:—At a very early age, Lord Tyrone and Lady Beresford had been on terms of intimate friendship, such as can only exist in extreme youth, and with a romantic spirit, not at all surprising at their age, entered into a mutual compact that whichever of the two died first should, if the thing were possible, appear to the other. Years rolled on, the lady had married and had probably forgotten her youthful promise, when she was suddenly reminded of it in a manner that was impressive if not

awful. It was on the 14th of October, 1693, for tradition has preserved the day with wonderful exactness. Lady Beresford went to bed in full health, as it seemed, without any one remarking, or herself being conscious of, the slightest depression of spirits, or change in her usual habits. After a time she awoke from her first sleep, and to her infinite surprise saw Lord Tyrone standing by her bed-side. While she yet continued to gaze in disturbed wonder, the figure informed her that she saw the ghost of Lord Tyrone, and that he had only come in fulfilment of the promise made in their youthful days. To convince her that it was no dream, he wrote his name in her pocket-book, twisted the curtains through a great ring in the ceiling, left the print of his hand upon a wardrobe, and finally laying his finger upon her wrist made an indelible mark, in further testimony of his nocturnal visit. He then foretold that she would marry again, be exceedingly unfortunate in her marriage, and die at the birth of a child, in her forty-second year. Sleep soon again came over her, but, upon awaking in the morning, the events of the night burst at once upon her memory. They could not have been, as she at first imagined, the shadows of a dream; there were the curtains twisted through the ring in the ceiling; there was the print of a hand upon the wardrobe; there was the singular mark upon her wrist, and so indelible that she was fain ever afterwards to hide it with a band of black velvet. If, after such proofs, any doubt could still have remained, it was removed at breakfast by the arrival of a letter announcing Lord Tyrone's death. I will not mar an interesting tale by suggesting the very obvious modes for explaining away all that may appear supernatural in it. Let me rather go on to show that the ghost was a veracious ghost, and had already acquired a clear insight into futurity. The soothsayer who prophesied to Julius Cæsar his death at the Ides of March, was not a truer prophet.

“ It had such influence on the widow's mind  
That she the pleasures of the world resign'd,  
Young as she was, and from the busy town  
Came to the quiet of a village down;  
Not as insensible to joys, but still  
With a subdued but half-rebellious will.”

So sings the poet Crabbe, who has told this tale, but falsified the main facts without improving them in the telling.

In process of time, the impression made upon the lady's mind by the appearance of the spirit had so much diminished that she listened to the addresses of a General Gorges, and, after a short delay, consented to marry him. He was somewhat younger than herself, and though an ardent lover, soon proved to be a very indifferent husband. .

“ His day of love, a brief autumnal day,  
E'en in its dawning, hasten'd to decay.”

It is now too late to ask who was in fault, nor, indeed, would any particular end be answered, if we could attain the knowledge. Enough, that the disputes between them at length ran so high as to produce a separation.

It would have been well for the lady had she remained true to this second widowhood; but, with a perverseness, not uncommon on such occasions, no sooner had the angry pair separated, than they began to regret their quarrels. Like the parted couple in the farce of “*Matrimony*,” each forgot the previous grounds of complaint, only remembering the good points of the other, and thus like Adolph and Clare, they came together again with as much, if not more love, than they had felt when first united.

Lady Beresford soon proved *enceinte*, and was now near the time of her confinement. Being her birthday, she had invited a party of friends, and, in the overflowing satisfaction of the moment, chanced to remark, “*Well, I never expected to see this day; I have now completed my forty-second year.*” “*Not so,*” replied the old family clergyman, “*I officiated at your Ladyship's christening, and can certify that you are to-day only entering on forty-two.*” She had not then passed the fated and fatal limit—she might yet die, as the ghost had predicted, at the birth of a child, and in her forty-second year! The shock thus occasioned was too much for one in her delicate situation; she was immediately seized with the pains of premature labour and died that night. Brief as the interval was, she is yet said to have related the ghost story to her son, Sir Marcus, who afterwards so far verified it, that upon uncovering her wrist, he found the impression of a finger.

Such are the authentic particulars of the tale as handed down in all branches of the family. Whatever else has been advanced upon the subject must have owed its origin purely to the luxuriant imaginations of the narrators, who must needs render the romantic more romantic, and the improb-

able more improbable. I have already disclaimed all intention of attempting to solve the mysteries of this riddle, yet I cannot help adding that it seems to me capable of a very natural and easy explanation, much easier, at all events, than understanding how the immutable laws of Providence should be reversed or suspended for the purpose of telling a lady the hour of her death, with the certainty that the information would be useless.

## NEWBURY AND ITS RECORDS.

For the rights of a monarch their country defending,  
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.—BYRON.

SITUATED midway on the great high-road between London and Bristol, which cities, for centuries, were the great emporiums of British commerce, Newbury is familiar to every traveller, and has shared largely in the vicissitudes of the times. It is situated in a fertile valley, watered by the river Kennet. At the period of the Norman survey, it was a town of some importance, and was known by the Saxon name of Ulwardetone, from Ulward, who possessed it in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The Bishop of Chalons, heir of Thomas, Earl of Perche, sold the manor in 1216, to William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke. It afterwards reverted to the Crown, and was occasionally assigned as a jointure to the queens of England. Henry the Eighth conferred it upon the Lady Jane Seymour, and James the First upon his queen, Anne of Denmark. In the first year of his son Charles, it was granted to the corporation, in which body the manor remains to the present day. The Earls of Perche had a castle at Newbury, which was mentioned as of considerable strength in the reign of Stephen. This warlike monarch, in 1152, attacked the town and castle, which he took after a vigorous defence, and from that period till the civil wars in the seventeenth century, Newbury appears to have been rather famous for its commercial prosperity than its military importance. Several names of eminence are connected with the history of this town, and these I propose to glance at, *seriatim*.

John Winchcombe, alias Smallwoode, flourished in the reigns of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth. The clothiers of Newbury were, about this period, esteemed amongst the wealthiest tradesmen and merchants of the

country, and several of them became possessors of large landed property in the county. Among these, the most remarkable were John Winchcombe and Sir Thomas Dolman. The traditionary stories relating to the former, who was best known under the familiar appellation of "Jack of Newbury," are strange indeed, if true. Rejecting, however, the many improbable statements forged by falsehood, and fostered by ignorant credulity, I believe the few particulars I have culled from a vast mass of absurdity are correct. John Winchcombe, early in the reign of Henry the Seventh, was bound apprentice to a wealthy clothier of Newbury, and by his readiness and good conduct was at length intrusted with the management of his master's affairs. Hogarth might almost have taken the hint of his story of the two apprentices from the career of this good man. His master dying bequeathed to his only child, a daughter, a considerable fortune and a lucrative business, and like another Penelope, she wanted not suitors to superintend the labours of the loom, and to claim for themselves the rare mental and personal endowments of the fair heiress. Great was their importunity and equally great her reluctance to select, till, at length, being warned that so much beauty and so much wealth would be summarily disposed of by higher authority if she did not speedily decide for herself, she called a meeting of her suitors, and after a handsome entertainment, introduced her foreman, John Winchcombe, whom in spite of their entreaties, remonstrances, and threats, she named as the husband of her choice, and the possessor of her hand and fortune.

And well and wisely did Jack of Newbury demean himself in his new position; he increased his business and his means—is said to have had a hundred looms at work in his house, and to have sent a hundred of his own dependents, "as well armed and better clothed than any," to assist the king in Scotland, at the fight of Flodden Field.

An ancient ballad is still recited, alluding to the part the Newbury men took in this fatal battle:—

The Cheshshyre lads were brisk and brave  
And the Kendal lads as free,  
But none surpassed, or I'm a knave,  
The lads of Newberrie.  
Awaie they sent the grey goose wyng,  
Each killed his two or three,  
But none so loud with fayme did ryng,  
As the lads of Newberrie.



Remnants of his house and extensive workshops are still to be seen, and very ancient carvings in oak have been preserved as having been the decorations to his numerous apartments.

Early in the reign of Henry the Eighth, Jack of Newbury had the honour of entertaining that bluff monarch and his Queen, Catherine of Arragon. Indeed he had now risen to such eminence that he may fairly rank among the famous men of his time. It is to be presumed that he early adopted the principles of the Reformation, as we find him in possession of the manor of Bucklebury, in 1539, subsequent to the dissolution of the monasteries, and he obtained also other extensive grants from the vast estates of the Abbey of Reading. At Bucklebury he built a large mansion in the peculiar style of that age, which has, however, been pulled down by the present possessor of the manor, Winchcombe Henry Howard Hartley, Esq., and it has not yet been replaced. The celebrated St John, the friend of Swift, who had intermarried with a descendant of Winchcombe, resided in this mansion. There Swift visited him, and his account of the place, in a letter to Stella, dated July 19th, 1711, is so characteristic that I extract it:—

“ Mr Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Bucklebury. He smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours, he inquired after the wheat in such a field, he went to visit his hounds, and he knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack of Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written, and there is an old picture of him in the room.”

After the decease of Jack of Newbury—who, in his will, was a considerable benefactor to his native town—his descendants maintained a high position in the county. In 1643, Henry Winchcombe died, possessed of the Manor and Castle of Donnington. He married the Lady Frances Howard, eldest daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Berkshire. His only son by this marriage was created a baronet by Charles the Second, in 1661, and Elizabeth, the second daughter of the baronet, having fallen prematurely a victim to some epidemic disease, is thus lauded by Phillips, in his poem entitled “Cider:”—

“ Such heats prevail’d when fair Eliza, last  
 Of Winchcombe’s name, (next thee in blood and worth  
 O fairest St John,) left this toilsome world  
 In beauty’s prime, and sadden’d all the year :  
 Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows  
 Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand  
 Of death arrest—she with the vulgar fell,  
 Only distinguish’d by this humble verse.”

Frances, the elder sister, married, 1700, the well-known Henry St John, Viscount Bolingbroke : it was not a happy connection ; she turned devotee, and died in France, without leaving any issue. From the third sister is the present representative of Jack of Newbury descended, by her marriage with Robert Packer, Esq., of Shillingford.

To the historian the name of Newbury is familiar as having been the scene of important operations in the civil wars of the reign of Charles the First. Perhaps one of the most fiercely contested battles fought between the king and his rebellious subjects, was that known as the first battle of Newbury. On the 18th of September the Earl of Essex drew out his army, the king having posted his on a hill near the town, and on a plain considerably elevated, known as the Wash Common and Eborne Heath. This “ battle,” to adopt the words of Clarendon, “ was disputed on all points with great fierceness and courage. The king’s horse, with a kind of contempt of the enemy, charged with wonderful boldness on all grounds of inequality, and were so far too hard for the troops on the other side, that they routed them in most places, till they had left the greatest part of their foot without any guard at all of horse. But then the foot behaved themselves admirably on the enemies’ part, and gave their scattered horse time to rally. The London trained bands behaved themselves to wonder, and were, in truth, the preservation of the army on that day.” The engagement is said to have lasted from morning till night. It was in this battle that the king and the nation lost one of the greatest and best men of his times, Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, who was Secretary of State. This accomplished nobleman, it is well known, reluctantly, and only from a generous sense of duty, consented to take office and to share in the events of this unnatural and disastrous war. It is said, that previous to the fight on Eborne Heath, he had a presentiment that he should fall there. He lodged with a respectable tradesman of the name of Head, in the Market-place, and as if to be fully pre-

pared for an event which he knew was certain, very early on the morning of the battle, he desired the clergyman of Newbury to administer to him, as well as to Mr Head and his whole family, the sacrament of the Lord's supper. In preparing and arranging his apparel he exhibited more than usual care, assigning as a reason that the enemy should not find his body in a slovenly condition. "I am weary," added he, "of the times, and foresee much misery to my country, but believe I shall be out of it ere night." Tradition says that his body was found on the north edge of Wash Common, where two tall poplars now stand, which might have been purposely planted to indicate the spot. In a few brief hours after he had left Mr Head's house his corpse was brought back again, slung across a horse, and was finally removed from the Town Hall for interment. He was a loss to both parties; for, though steady in his loyalty to his sovereign, he was a man of enlarged and liberal views, and might, had he been spared, have softened down, on convenient occasions, those bitter feelings of animosity which produced such general misery and ruin through the country and ended in so fatal a result. His encomium is thus well pronounced by Pope;

"See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just."

In this well-contested fight the king lost also other noble and valiant supporters. Henry Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, the first husband of Lady Dorothea Sydney, the poet Waller's Sacharissa, was killed by a cannon-ball while standing close to his Majesty at the commencement of the engagement. Robert Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon, son-in-law to Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, after he had charged and routed a party of the enemy's horse, was run through the body by one of the scattered troopers who knew him, as he was carelessly returning. This promising young nobleman is highly commended by Clarendon. He had travelled through Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy, had spent a considerable time in Turkey and the East, with an observant eye on their manners and customs, and though he indulged in those pleasures, such as hunting, hawking, and the like, in which the nobility of those times loved to excel, yet, after he had taken a command in the king's service, no man more diligently obeyed, or more dexterously commanded. His death was a great loss to the royal cause. The Earls of Holland, Bedford, and Clare were also present in this battle, but the king prudently de-

clined trusting these noblemen with any command. Among the aristocracy wounded, I find the names of the Earls of Carlisle and Peterborough, Lord Andover and Lord Chandos. When the latter fell, the king, thinking him slain, exclaimed, "Let Chandos alone, his errors are safe." The meaning of this allusion is not known. This nobleman was ancestor of the Dukes of Chandos.

Donnington Castle, the ruins of which still crown the summit of a hill to the north-west of Newbury, was also the scene of many a severe contest during this fierce war of opposing principles. The name of the gallant governor, Sir John Boys, is as well worthy of being handed down to the admiration of posterity as any other of those loyal men who hazarded their lives and impaired their fortunes in the cause of their unfortunate sovereign.

Sir Hardress Waller, after his defeat at Cropedy bridge, sent General Middleton with a body of 3000 horse for the purpose of following the king into the west, and ordered him to take Donnington Castle in his way. This castle was thought an easy conquest, as being of no considerable strength. But it was so well defended by Colonel Boys, that the Parliamentarians, after losing 300 officers and soldiers, were obliged to send for an additional force from Abingdon, and having made their approaches, summoned the Governor to surrender on honourable terms. The answer of Colonel Boys was as follows :

"SIR,—I am intrusted by his Majesty's express command, and have not learned yet to obey any other than my sovereign. To spare blood do as you please, but myself and those that are with me are fully resolved to venture ours in maintaining what we are intrusted with, which is the answer of—

JOHN BOYS."

Middleton immediately commenced the attack, and advanced against it with foot and scaling ladders in three places. But the small band of brave men within compelled him to retire with the loss of 100 men, a colonel, a major, and other officers. He raised the siege and marched to join the Earl of Essex in the west. For this act of successful bravery Colonel Boys was knighted. After the second battle of Newbury, and when the king had withdrawn his forces, Colonel Hurry was deputed to make large offers for the surrender of Donnington Castle. These were rejected with indignation.

The next day the Parliamentarians drew up their whole army before the castle, and summoned Sir John Boys "to deliver it to them, or else they would not leave one stone upon another." To this the Governor replied, "that he was not bound to repair it, but, however, he would, by God's help, keep the ground afterwards." The Parliamentarians then resolved upon an assault, but the officer commanding the party and some soldiers being killed, they retired and did not venture on any further attempt.

It will be thus seen that the environs of Newbury are full of interesting reminiscences of the past, indeed few places offer more ample materials for the historian or the antiquary. Many mansions in the vicinity have been famous in their day, among which I may mention Sandford Priory, once a Preceptory of the Knights Templars, and in after-times the residence of Mrs Montague, so well known as a clever and accomplished writer. Highclere too, the property, even so early as the Saxon times, of the Bishops of Winchester, stands unrivalled for the architectural beauty of its castle and the wild magnificence of its domain. It has long been the property of the noble family of Herbert, and its late possessor and the builder of the castle, the third Earl of Carnarvon, was a man alike distinguished for his great literary attainments, his high bearing, and his moral qualities. His Lordship—like his predecessor of the same name, who fell in Newbury fight — was an accomplished traveller, and his "Travels in Portugal and Spain" is a work which will hand down his name to posterity as a distinguished and enlightened author. Hamstead Marshall has long been the seat of the Craven family. The mansion was twice burned down, but an irregular building, much added to at various times, was long the residence of the Countess Craven. On the opposite bank of the river Kennet is Benham House, once the favourite abode of that eccentric lady, the Margravine of Anspach, whose varied and somewhat chequered career may be best gathered from Memoirs written by herself.

On the Hampshire side of Newbury, the country is particularly wild and picturesque, and as the spectator stands on the battle-field, the eye wanders over a fine expanse of country boldly undulated and lovely in every variation of waste and fertility. To the north is the fine vale of the Kennet, and the town of Newbury reposing in its bosom, while beyond are seen the village of Speen, (the Spinae of the

Romans) and the interesting ruins of Donnington Castle, once the property and abode of Chaucer. To the south, the heathery heights of the Wash Common slope into a broad and thickly-wooded valley, bounded to the southward by the lofty downs of North Hants, rising bare and abrupt, except where the dense woods of Highclere clothe the Siddown hill to its very summit. To the east, rises in solitary grandeur that remarkable land-mark called Beacon Hill, its bold apex exhibiting the deep vallum and lofty agger of an ancient British encampment. A great portion of this valley consists of the parish of East Woodhay, which extends from the well-known coverts of Penwood, almost to the borders of Wiltshire. This forms a portion of the vast free Warren, which was once the property of the see of Winchester, but which was bought by the first Earl of Carnarvon, under the provisions of the Land-tax Act. Five-and-twenty years ago this was as wild and lawless a district as any in the south of England, but the energy of a resident gentleman, distinguished alike by his high literary acquirements and his unceasing efforts to promote the welfare of all who come within the sphere of his influence, has converted this wilderness into a garden; and that parish which was once a by-word and a proverb, is now regarded as offering every inducement to residence, its disadvantages having been corrected, and its many capabilities fully and wonderfully developed. A great portion of the parish has passed through the hands of this gentleman (the Rev. John Harvey Ashworth), who, as the various lands came into his possession, built houses, improved, planted, and laid out domains, till no less than seven or eight proprietors of fortune are now resident therein, spreading happiness and contentment around them, and benefiting in no small degree the commerce of the neighbouring town of Newbury. How true a patriot is he who thus spends his fortune and energies in employing the poor, in fostering trade, and in developing the resources and capabilities of the land he lives in! Among the residences in this parish, I may enumerate Enbridge Lodge, Hollington, Burlins, Oakhurst, Malverleys, Burley Wood, and Hazelby, all beautifully situated, and several possessing more than ordinary architectural pretensions.

## THE WYNYARD GHOST STORY.

Tel qu'un spectre échappé de la nuit des tombeaux.—DELLILE.

THERE ever has been, and probably ever will be, an irreconcilable feud between human reason and human testimony in the matter of the supernatural. All reason is decidedly opposed to the reality of apparitions, but it is no less certain that there are many tales of such things supported by as clear and strong evidence as ever was produced in a court of justice to convict or acquit a prisoner. Of this kind is my present story, which can be solved only in one of four ways : Either we must suppose that two high-minded and gallant officers concocted a childish falsehood, for which they had no possible inducement ; or secondly, that they were the dupes of a trick played upon them by their brother officers ; or thirdly, that they did actually see what they fancied they saw ; which would at once establish the possibility of supernatural appearances, and give confirmation to many a tale which is at present staggering ; or lastly, that in the light of day, and at the same moment, they both became subject to a similar illusion.

The first of these hypotheses cannot stand for a moment, being completely nullified by the high character of the parties concerned. The second supposition, as will presently be seen, is rendered by circumstances impossible. It is therefore by one of the two last theories that the problem must be solved, and I cannot help thinking that when my tale has been told, the most ingenious reader will be somewhat puzzled in coming to a satisfactory conclusion.

Sir John Sherbroke and General Wynyard were, at the period of our narrative, young officers in the same regiment, then employed on foreign service in Nova Scotia. It was the general habit of military men of those times to indulge largely in the pleasure of the table, as well as in other excesses, and

to do so was considered less a fault than the sign of a bold dashing soldier. This, however, was an error into which the young officers of whom I am speaking had not fallen. They were both of a studious turn, and this similarity of tastes produced a friendship between them, all the dearer and the more intimate, as it afforded to either a refuge from the whirl of dissipation that was going on around them.

It was their common habit to retire from the mess-room immediately after dinner, and betake themselves to the apartments of one or other of them, where they would sit together for hours, each employed upon his own studies. Such was the case on the day of my story, when they met in the rooms belonging to Wynyard. It was about four o'clock, the afternoon bright and clear, with far too much of daylight remaining to veil any spectral illusions. Both, too, had abstained entirely from wine, a circumstance of some importance in regard to what is to follow, as is also the arrangement of Wynyard's chamber. It had only two doors, one of them leading into the outer passage, the other into the bed-room, from which there was no second way of egress; or, in other words—for this matter cannot be made too clear,—it was impossible to go in or out of the bed-chamber, except by passing through the sitting-room.

They were both placed at the same table, occupied as usual, when Sherbroke happening to look up from his book, was surprised to see a tall emaciated youth, of about twenty years of age, standing beside the door that opened into the passage. There was something—it might be difficult to say what—so striking, or so unusual, in the stranger's appearance that he almost involuntarily called the attention of his friend to him by slightly touching his arm; and pointing with his finger to where the figure stood. But no sooner had Wynyard raised his eyes and fixed them upon the strange visitant than he became agitated in a most extraordinary manner.—“I have heard,” says Sir John Sherbroke, “of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse except Wynyard's at that moment.”

Both for awhile remained silent; the one under the influence of some untold, but powerful feeling; the other, from surprise at his friend's profound emotion, which, in some degree, became communicated to himself, and made him also regard their strange visitant, if not with awe, with something



very much akin to it. Is it not Fielding who tells us Partridge was not so much frightened at the actual ghost in Hamlet as at the alarm expressed by Garrick at its appearance? He could not help believing in the reality of the spectre when he saw another so violently agitated by its appearance, and became infected with his terrors.

While the two friends continued to gaze, unable to speak or move, the apparition—if it were an apparition—began to glide slowly and noiselessly across the chamber. In passing them, it cast a melancholy look upon young Wynyard, and immediately afterwards seemed to enter the bed-room, where it was lost to sight. No sooner were they relieved from the oppression produced by this extraordinary presence, than Wynyard, as if again restored to the power of breathing, drew a heavy sigh, and murmured, as it seemed, unconsciously, “Great God! my brother!

“Your brother?” repeated Sherbroke? “what can you mean, Wynyard? There must be some deception; but follow me, and we’ll soon know the truth of it.”

In saying this he caught his friend’s hand, and preceded him into the bed-room, from which, as I have already observed, all egress was impossible. Great therefore was the surprise—of Sherbroke, at least—upon finding, after the narrowest search, that the room was absolutely untenanted, though he still believed they had been mocked by some illusion. Wynyard, on the contrary, was now confirmed in his first impression, that he had actually seen the spirit of his brother. Neither of them perhaps was wholly satisfied with his own opinion in a case where the reason and the senses were so much at variance, but in the hope that time might one way or the other afford a clue to the mystery, they took a note of the day and hour, resolving, however, not to mention the occurrence to any of their brother officers.

As the impression of this strange event grew fainter upon the minds of the two ghost-seers, not only did Sherbroke become more confirmed in his idea, that some trick had been played upon them, but even Wynyard was strongly inclined to agree with him. At no time does it seem to have entered into the head of either, that the whole might be the illusion of their own senses, and not the practice of others. Taking it for granted that they had actually seen a something, the only question was, as to what that something might be—a real spirit, or a deception? And they now adopted the

opinion in spite of all the improbabilities connected with it, for it certainly was difficult to understand how a human being could have escaped from a room, that, upon the narrowest search, had no outlet, and, not less so, to comprehend by what means any one could have so closely personated the absent brother, as to deceive Wynyard himself; yet both these difficulties must be removed before the fact of human agency could be admitted.

Butler tells us, with no less wit than truth,—

“The man convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still.”

And so it proved with Wynyard. Convinced as he now was, that the whole had been a deception of some kind, he yet could not help feeling the deepest anxiety with regard to his brother. His solicitude to hear from England increased every day, and at length attained such a pitch, that it attracted the attention of his brother officers, who, by their importunate sympathy, wormed from him a secret, that was, no doubt, all the heavier burthen to him, from its being locked up in the depths of his own bosom. From one, the story quickly spread to another, till it became a matter of almost as much general interest as it was to the parties principally concerned. Few indeed of them but inquired for Wynyard's letters before asking for their own, so eager were they for the most part to obtain a clue to this strange mystery. Had the apparition showed itself only to one individual at the time, this might not have been the case, for it was easy to understand how one person, by himself, should have been the dupe of his own imagination, but it seemed to them absolutely impossible for two pair of eyes to have been deceived precisely in the same way at the same moment.

The first ships reaching Nova Scotia could bring no intelligence of the kind desired, inasmuch as they had sailed from England a little before the appearance of the real or supposed spirit. At length, however, the vessel so long and anxiously expected did arrive, and the letters that came in her were delivered to their respective owners, while sitting in the mess-room at supper. No letter for Wynyard! the disappointment was general. The newspapers were eagerly searched, but nothing appeared in the obituaries, nothing in any part, or in any way connected with the family, that

could supply a solution of the ghost-story. All had read their letters except Sherbroke, who had yet one remaining unopened. It almost seemed for a moment as if he hesitated to break the seal; but he did break it; and a hasty glance at the contents was quite enough. With a look of much pain and surprise, he started up, and beckoning his friend to follow him, left the mess-room. The officers at the supper-table looked at each other without saying a word, though it was plain to see that every one had jumped to the same conclusion, of the letter having some relation to the event, about which all were so curious. But what relation? This, in a few minutes, when it was found that Sherbroke did not return, became a subject of eager discussion, the greater part of the mess agreeing the brother would turn out to have died at the time indicated by the appearance of the spirit. After the lapse of an hour, Sherbroke again made his appearance amongst them, his mind evidently full of thoughts that bewildered and oppressed him. Instead of seating himself at the mess-table, he went up to the fire, where he leaned his head against the mantelpiece, without noticing any one; and, bent as all were upon learning something more of the mystery, none liked to question him. At last, after a long and painful silence, he said in a low voice, "Wynyard's brother is no more. He died, as I learn from the letter you saw me open, on the very day, and at the very hour, his spirit appeared or seemed to appear to us."

The letter had in fact begun thus—"Dear John, break to your friend, Wynyard, the death of his favourite brother." It then went on to detail particulars, which, as regarded time, perfectly agreed with their memoranda, a coincidence that persuaded many into a full belief in the apparition. Such, however, was not the case with Sherbroke himself. He still believed that he had been deceived by mere human agency, and that the coincidence of the real death with the supposed apparition was nothing but accidental. Beyond doubt, coincidences, not less extraordinary, had happened in other matters before, and may as certainly happen again; still it was passing strange.

Time went on, years rolled away, and Sherbroke returned to England. The apparition of Wynyard's brother, though not totally forgotten, had become a dim speck, as it were, in his memory, when it was revived once more, in all its strength, by an apparition of another kind. He was

one day walking with two friends in Piccadilly, when, lo and behold! on the opposite side of the street, appeared the perfect image of his Nova Scotia spirit, except that it was neither so pale nor so emaciated.

"Now then," said he to himself, "we shall have that singular affair unravelled."

And forthwith he darted across the way, and at once accosted the stranger, excusing the liberty he was taking by a hasty narrative of the circumstances which had led to it, and dwelling not a little upon his close resemblance to the supposed phantom. The gentleman accepted his apology with polite frankness, but declared that he had never been out of England, and therefore could have been no party to any deception, such as that implied, even had he been so inclined. "For the likeness," he added, "you will no longer be surprised at it, when I tell you I am the twin brother of him whose spirit you imagine to have seen in Nova Scotia. While he was living, we were always considered to bear an extraordinary resemblance to each other."

From what has been said in the course of this narrative, the reader will be at no loss to understand that I attribute the whole affair to self-illusion, produced by a certain diseased state of mind; for the mind, sometimes with, and sometimes without, the influence of the body, has many shades of disease besides actual insanity. If it be asked, how could two spirited young men, under the ordinary circumstances of life and in plain daylight, be impressed by the same illusion, I reply that this is by no means wonderful. We have instances of many thousands labouring at the same moment under an identical deception of the visual organs. Did not the Roman hosts see as one man, the gods, Castor and Pollux, fighting, upon more than one occasion, for their encouragement? Did not the Scandinavian champions agree in seeing the *chusers of the slain*, selecting their intended victims on the day of battle? And lastly, as perhaps coming nearer to the present matter, have not thousands of Christian warriors concurred in having been eye-witnesses how St. George and St. James fought in the van, for the encouragement of their mortal followers? Now in all these cases we have not two individuals only, but thousands, fancying they saw the same vision; yet who will believe that it was, or could be, anything more than fancying? Imaginations, like epileptic fits, are very apt to communicate

themselves from one to another by a sort of mysterious sympathy, which we may not comprehend, but which is not the less real. In this particular instance the story has never undergone a thorough sifting. Is it likely that two such intimate friends could have been constantly together without the *favourite* brother becoming the constant theme of conversation? and might not Wynyard have been more or less of an hypochondriac? The bravest men have been liable to this malady—as witness the iron-nerved Cromwell. Grant but these two data, and it is not merely possible, but highly probable, Sir John may have been deluded into the fancy that he saw the subject of their frequent conversations, and that the hypochondriac brother took from him the infection. The coincidence between the death and the appearance of the supposed spirit, though at first it may startle us, has too many parallels to surprise us upon reflection. Then, too, the *extraordinary emaciation* is a very useful hint in the solution of this riddle; it shows that the absent brother must have been long ill, and that his death was a thing of expectation.

Such appears to be a not unreasonable explanation of this celebrated ghost-story; yet after all we should recollect that

“There are more things in heaven and earth  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

THE CURIOUS CLAIM TO THE HONOURS OF THE  
EARLDOM OF CRAWFORD.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,  
Your dreams of pride are o'er,  
The fatal chain is round you cast,  
And you are *Earl* no more.

MOORE.

No title in the Scottish peerage is more remarkable than that of Crawford, on account of the historical importance of those who have borne it, and the extraordinary vicissitudes which have accompanied its transmission through an illustrious line of twenty-four earls.

This earldom was originally conferred in 1398 by Robert III., King of Scotland, upon Sir David Lindsay, Lord of Crawford, the husband of the Princess Elizabeth, that monarch's sister. Sir David's family had already been twice honoured by a direct royal alliance; Sir William Lindsay having, about a century before, married Ada, the sister of King John Baliol—and Sir William Lindsay, about a hundred years earlier, the Princess Margery, sister of King Malcolm IV., and King William the Lion, and granddaughter of the Royal Saint, David the First.

David Lindsay, fifth Earl of Crawford, was a faithful friend of the unfortunate King James the Third, who raised him to ducal rank in 1488, creating him Duke of Montrose. This was the third time that so high a title had been conferred in Scotland; the two prior instances having been confined to the blood royal, Rothsay and Albany.

Within a year after raising the Earl to the rank of Duke, James was deprived of his crown and life by a faction of rebels, headed by his son. The young king, immediately after his accession to the throne, passed an act of grace in favour of the Duke, thus saving him from the effects of a

subsequent act, which rescinded the titles conferred by the dethroned and murdered king during the last year of his reign. Thus Lord Crawford continued Duke of Montrose, and the ducal title was claimed by his heir and representative, the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, whose case was for a long time before the House of Lords. The duke survived his unfortunate master seven years, and died at his Castle of Finhaven, at Christmas, 1495. I will not here enter upon the curious question of the claim to the dukedom of Montrose, which was made with good hope of a successful issue by the Earl of Crawford. I will only answer one of the objections which were urged against it, viz. that the claim should have remained so long dormant. The crime of fratricide which sullied the duke's son and successor, and the misfortunes of several subsequent earls, may be supposed to have deterred them from assuming the new and higher title. And then we must consider the well-known policy of the Scottish sovereigns, ever anxious to depress the aristocracy, and also the jealousy of the high nobles in subsequent reigns, the Douglasses and Hamiltons, who would ill have brooked a duke of the house of Lindsay, while they were only earls.

The Duke of Montrose's unhappy son, the sixth earl, died without issue. His nephew, David, the eighth Earl of Crawford, was cursed with a most unnatural son, who is styled "the wicked master." He imprisoned his aged father, and put him in peril of his life. Whereupon, the old man, outraged and heart-broken, obtained the royal assent to a transfer of the earldom to the next heir male, David Lindsay of Edzell, his second cousin, passing over "the wicked master" as a parricide and traitor.

The aged earl died in 1542, and David of Edzell became ninth earl. He appears to have been a singularly generous and noble-minded man: for, moved with pity for the innocent son of "the wicked master," he obtained the consent of the Crown to a reconveyance of the earldom to him, after his own death. The rightful heir thus became tenth earl in 1558, and his descendants possessed the title for upwards of a century, until 1671. But during this period the family did not prosper. The twelfth earl was an incorrigible spendthrift, and alienated his immense estates in the most wanton manner, and was imprisoned for life by the decree of a solemn family council. His only child, heiress of a lofty name, lived dis-

gracefully as a common vagrant mendicant, and was at length rescued from the lowest wretchedness by the bounty of King Charles the Second. The last earl of this branch was Ludovic the sixteenth, a gallant cavalier, and the friend and brother-in-arms of the great Montrose. He was unmarried, and without any near relative. The house of Edzell and its younger branch, Balcarres, descended from the generous David, ninth earl, stood next in succession. But their rights were transferred upon by a very able, powerful, and distinguished man who was the head of a remote offshoot of the house of Lindsay, which, in point of wealth and lustre, had already surpassed the elder line of Crawford. This influential man was John, Earl of Lindsay, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, the head of the Presbyterian and Covenanting party during the civil wars. As he happened to have both his sovereign (Charles the First) and his chief (Earl Ludovic) very much in his power about the same time, he used influence amounting to compulsion to obtain a surrender of the Earldom of Crawford to the Crown, and a re-grant of it to himself, passing by the nearer Edzell and Balcarres branches. John, Earl of Lindsay thus became, even before Earl Ludovic's death in 1671, Earl of Crawford and Lindsay.

In the course of a few generations the family of Edzell expired. The last head of the house of Lindsay of this branch died in 1744, in the capacity of hostler in an inn at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys. On his death, the Earl of Balcarres succeeded to the representation of the house of Lindsay; and by the slow, though sure, justice of Providence, the rightful heir has, at length, after a usurpation of a century and a half, been restored to his family honours. John, Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, the Treasurer, made an illustrious marriage with Lady Margaret Hamilton, sister of James and William Dukes of Hamilton. From this marriage a line of earls descended, which failed on the death of George Lindsay Crawford, twenty-second Earl of Crawford and sixth Earl of Lindsay, in 1808.

During the last two or three generations, the surname of Crawford had been added to that of Lindsay, in consequence of the succession to the large estates of the knightly family of Crawford, of Kilbirney in Ayrshire, which formed a valuable addition to those of the Lindsays in Fifeshire. Earl George was succeeded in his great possessions by his sister, Lady Mary, who lived until December, 1833.



Lady Mary stood alone in the world, and as she had a decided feeling for the dignity of the Lindsays, and correctly judged the Earl of Balcarres to be the head of that house, her wish was, after her death, to place his family in the position of her late brother, as heirs to all his estates, as well as his honours. She therefore left her whole property, real as well as personal, to him and his accomplished and gifted son, Lord Lindsay. Her nearest relatives were six second cousins (descended from ladies of the house of Crawford and Lindsay, two generations back, Lady Mary's great-aunts), viz. the Earl of Glasgow; the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice-General of Scotland; G. Hamilton Dundas, of Duddingston; the Rev. John Hamilton Gray, of Carntyne; General Napier; and Admiral Sir Charles Napier. These six gentlemen are the remaining descendants of the marriage of John, seventeenth Earl of Crawford, with the sister of the Duke of Hamilton. Lady Mary was unable to divert the succession to the entailed estates from the Earl of Glasgow, who accordingly inherited them. But her personal property, instead of being divided among her above-mentioned next of kin, was left to Lord Lindsay, as a token of regard to the head of the house. The Earldom of Crawford continued dormant from the death of Earl George, in 1808, until the claim of the Earl of Balcarres was proved good by the House of Lords, in 1848, when he became twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford. Since then, his Lordship advanced a further claim to the full honours of his ancient race, the earlier Dukedom of Montrose, and, if that claim had proved successful, he would have been an older duke, by two centuries, than the present premier Duke of Scotland, and only three years junior to the Duke of Norfolk.

Having thus laid before my readers a sketch of the singular succession to this ancient and illustrious earldom, I will now shortly mention the very extraordinary peril which the honours and estates of the family underwent of falling a prey to a cleverly concocted scheme.

Within two years of the death of the last Earl of the Lindsay branch, George (the brother of Lady Mary), in 1818, an individual of the name of John Crawford landed in Ayr, from Ireland. He gave himself out to be a relation of the Earl of Crawford's family, and he even procured many genealogical notices concerning them. He then assumed the surname of Lindsay in addition to his patronymic of Crawford,

and stated his descent to be from the Hon. *James Lindsay Crawford*, a younger son of the family who, about a century ago, had disappeared from Scotland, and whose fate seemed involved in some obscurity. If Mr John Crawford had been successful in proving himself to be the descendant of that gentleman, he would have been Earl of Crawford and Lindsay; and his claim to the large family estates would have been prior to that of Lady Mary, or, failing her, the Earl of Glasgow, the Justice-General, Mr Hamilton Dundas, Admiral and General Napier, and Mr Hamilton Gray, the remaining descendants of her Ladyship's grand-aunts, and of their common ancestors, the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, and the Duke of Hamilton's sister. From Ayr, Mr Crawford proceeded to visit Kilbirney Castle, once the residence of the great knightly family of Crawford, and which had been some generations the property of the Lindsay Earls of Crawford, and on account of which they had assumed the surname of Crawford.

Kilbirney had been burnt in the time of Lady Mary's father, and the family had subsequently lived entirely on their Fifeshire estates. However, Mr Crawford discovered that many family papers and letters remained in an old chest, which, during the fire, had been deposited in a house, and had been there forgotten. To these papers he procured access; and among them he found a rare prize, many letters written by James Lindsay Crawford to various members of his family, after his disappearance from Scotland. Crawford had some clever accomplices, who aided him in fabricating additions which suited his story. These letters were written on the first and third pages; and, now, the blank second pages were filled up, in an exact imitation of the original hand, with matter so cleverly and artfully contrived as to give the most direct and satisfactory evidence in the pretender's favour. James Lindsay Crawford is made to describe his position and circumstances in Ireland, his marriage, the births of his children, &c. &c., and again and again to importune his rich and noble relatives for pecuniary relief.

Furnished with this evidence, supposed to be written by his alleged ancestor, and fortified with very many witnesses of his Scottish descent and reputed near relationship to the noble house of Crawford, Mr Lindsay Crawford made his claim in due form for the titles and estates of the family in 1810. He produced, indeed, much very feasible *par-*

proof in support of his allegations, and the genuine documents, which had been altered so as to suit his purpose, were so artfully vitiated, that there was every prospect of complete success, when, most fortunately for the ends of justice, his accomplices urged exorbitant demands on him for remuneration, which he refused to satisfy. They accordingly made offers to Lady Mary, into the hands of whose agents they consigned the forged and vitiated documents. A trial on the charge of forgery was thereupon commenced, which ended in the conviction and transportation of the claimant in 1812, along with one of the forgers, the other having been admitted as king's evidence.

At the time, the fate of the claimant met with great sympathy. It was generally believed that he had fallen a victim to overwhelming influence, or, in other words, that he had been innocently betrayed by his accomplices, who were in the pay of Lady Mary's agents, and had forged the documents without his knowledge in order to accomplish his ruin. The public feeling was roused in his favour, and he was regarded, not only as an innocent and injured man, but as the rightful heir of the great family whose estates and honours he sought. It must be observed that, notwithstanding the forgery of the documents, there was great mass of other evidence highly favourable to his pretensions.

In 1823, Mr Lindsay Crawford returned from New South Wales, and immediately renewed proceedings in furtherance of his claims. Many noblemen and eminent professional men encouraged him and supplied him with money and advice, and many thousand pounds were expended in collecting evidence, and preparing the case for the Lords' Committee of Privileges, to which it had been referred by the king. Lord Brougham was counsel in the cause, and he publicly declared his opinion that the claim was extremely well-founded.

Mr Nugent Bell, Mr William Kaye, and Sir Frederick Pollock, together with a host of eminent legal authorities, predicted certain success. The claimant, thus supported, assumed the title of Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, and upon two occasions voted as such, at an election of Scottish peers, and was addressed by his assumed title, both verbally and by letter, by several peers then present. The most searching investigation was made by the friends of the claimant, preparatory to the case being brought before the House

of Lords, and no source from whence evidence could be obtained was left unexplored. In the midst of this the claimant died. This event caused a delay and an increase of expense. The claimant's son being abroad, more money had to be raised beyond the gratuitous aid already afforded, and terms were offered to parties willing to advance money on speculation. It would be tedious to enter into the details of the case. The point was of primary importance. Mr Lindsay Crawford maintained that his ancestor, the Hon. James Lindsay Crawford, had settled in Ireland, and that he died there between 1765 and 1770, leaving a family. On the other hand, Lord Glasgow, who, by this time, had succeeded Lady Mary as head of the great family estates, insisted that the Hon. James Lindsay Crawford, instead of settling in Ireland, and dying there, had died in London, in 1745, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

On the truth of these respective averments the question between the parties may be said to have depended. It was proved from the register of parish books of St. Martin's, that James Lindsay Crawford was buried there in 1745; moreover, it was found that, posterior to 1745, there were letters from him that could be proved to be genuine. Evidence also was brought forward which decidedly showed that the Hon. James Lindsay Crawford could not have been in Ireland at the time when the claimant alleged his ancestor had been there, and that acknowledged ancestor could have been the Hon. James Lindsay Crawford.

On summing up all the evidence that was collected for the purpose of bringing the case for decision before the House of Lords, the opinion of the most eminent Scotch counsel was taken by the trustees of the Crawford claim. Two of these legal advisers were the Lord Justice-General MacNeil and Lord Rutherford. Their opinion was altogether adverse to Mr Lindsay Crawford's claims, and was wound up by declaring "that from the facts now before us we are satisfied that any further inquiry is perfectly needless and unnecessary." This opinion was given in 1839, since that date no further steps have been taken to advance this extraordinary case.

It may be mentioned as a curious circumstance when the original claimant died, a few years after the death of Lady Mary, Lord Glasgow allowed his body to be interred in the family mausoleum, side by side with his great

versary. This, doubtless, proceeded from the same chivalrous feeling which induced his Lordship to give to this person while he lived free access to the family papers in order to substantiate his claim, notwithstanding his former bad reputation as an accomplice, or, as he himself asserted, a victim of forgers. Lord Glasgow was resolved that he would allow him in every respect fair play, and would not prejudge him.

Whatever may have been the real descent of John Lindsay Crawford, there is no doubt whatever that his ancestor, who settled in Ireland, stated himself to be the son of Lord Crawford, and that the members of his family were in the habit during the latter part of last century of visiting, as relatives, the noble family of Crawford in Scotland. These facts are clearly brought out by the strongest possible *parole* evidence. The real nature of the claim must now for ever remain a mystery. The most likely solution is, that the claimant's ancestor was an illegitimate brother of the Earl of Crawford.

## THE TWINS.

“These likened twins—in form and fancy one,  
 Were like affected, and like habit chose.  
 Their valour at Newhaven siege was known,  
 Where both encountered fiercely with their foes ;  
 There one of both sore wounded lost his breath,  
 And t’other slain revenging brother’s death.”

“THERE are more things in heaven, Horatio, than dreamt of in your philosophy,” says the philosophic Priam and with much truth. We had an instance of it in the tale of the *Corsican Brothers*, which was rendered by the inimitable acting of Mr Charles Kean, so popular a few years ago and which, in part at least, is not without an actual prototype. I have heard, I know not how truly, that the celebrated Louis Blanc sat for the portrait of the Corsican though there is some difference in a leading event of the story, as related of the eminent Frenchman and of his Corsican shadow. It is sufficiently curious to be given in the way of prologue to my present story, of which it forms an unapt illustration.

Louis Blanc and his brother had a close resemblance in manner, person, and features, and, what is still more remarkable, they were connected by one of those mysterious sympathies, the very existence of which we are all too apt to doubt because we cannot comprehend its nature. “There are tigers in India,” says a French traveller, writing to his friend “for I have seen none ;” and so will the sceptic say when he is told that, however separated might be these two brothers, no accident could happen to the one without the other, owing to a sympathetic feeling of it. Thus, it chanced one day while the brother of Louis was enjoying himself among

party of friends, he was suddenly observed to change colour ; and upon being questioned, he complained of a sensation, as if he had received a blow upon the head, and he avowed his firm conviction that something must have befallen his brother, then in Paris. The company, as may easily be supposed, laughed at this as a mere imaginary notion, but some more curious than the rest made an exact minute of the day and hour, to see how far this warning was justified by the actual event. And what was the result?—at the precise moment thus indicated, Louis, while walking in the streets of Paris, had been knocked down by a blow upon the head, dealt by some one who approached him unperceived from behind. So severe was the blow that he fell senseless to the ground, and the ruffian escaped ; nor could all the subsequent efforts of the police afford the slightest clue for his detection.

My next instance gives a similar picture in reverse. Louis Blanc had found it prudent to seek a temporary asylum in England, the party then uppermost in France being altogether opposed to his republican doctrines. As had happened in the preceding case, he one day experienced a strange feeling, as if all was not right with his brother, and that, too, at a time when he was sitting in the company of friends, and was least likely to be influenced by such sensations in the common order of things. Here, again, the very minute was noted down, and a short time afterwards a letter came from his brother in Paris, stating that he wrote then, as he might never be able to write again. It appears that a pamphlet had been published in France bitterly reflecting upon Louis, and that his brother had, in consequence, called out the author. But here breaks off the correspondence between the reality and the fiction. It was not the brother, but his adversary, that suffered ; and he was not killed, but severely wounded. Such is the tale, which, I am told, Louis Blanc is in the habit of relating to his friends, and it was upon this, it is asserted, the French dramatist founded his ingenious melodrama.

This strange story at once confirms and is confirmed by a similar anecdote of two brothers in our own country, and which cannot be denied, if there be any veracity in monumental records.

Nicholas and Andrew Tremayne were twins and younger sons of Thomas Tremayne, a Devonshire gentleman, of good estate and well connected. So perfect was their likeness in

size, shape, feature, the colour of their hair,—nay, the very tone of their voices, that it was impossible for the nicest eye to find out any point of difference. Even their parents could not tell one from the other, and were obliged to distinguish them by some secret mark, which the twins would oftentimes amuse themselves by changing. Wonderful as was this external similitude, it was yet more surprising to find them governed by precisely the same feelings and affections. What one liked, the other liked; what one loathed, the other loathed; if one was ill, the other sickened; and if one was pained, the other suffered in the same part, and in the same degree. These sympathies occurred at whatever distance they might be apart, and without any intelligence or communication with each other.

In the year 1564, these twins served in the wars at Newhaven, as it was then called, though it now bears the name of Havre de Grace, upon the French coast. Of their previous fortunes I have no account, nor is there any conjectural mode of explaining the very great difference that now appears in their respective positions. The one was captain of a troop of horse, while the other was only a private soldier. This, however, made not the slightest difference in the strong sympathy that had previously existed between them, as was now speedily to be seen. In the fierce battle that ensued, one of the twins was slain. The other immediately stepped into his place, and, fighting with the utmost gallantry, fell dead upon the body of his brother.



## THE PITT DIAMOND.

A gem of purest ray serene.

GRAY.

ONE of the easy roads to fame—or, perhaps, I should rather say, notoriety—is to possess something rare—something that no one else possesses, or is ever likely to possess. But it seldom happens, as in the case of the Pitt Diamond, that the possession of the rarity paves the way to fortune, as well as to celebrity. Had it not been for this precious jewel, the name of Governor Pitt would, in all likelihood, have been forgotten by this time, whereas, now, it may be a matter of, at least, momentary interest to the reader, to learn something about the diamond and its lucky owner.

Thomas Pitt, Esq., born in 1653, was appointed, in Queen Anne's reign, to the government of Fort St George, in the East Indies, somewhat before the time of English Nabobs, when India had become the veritable El Dorado. Clive had not yet turned merchants into conquerors, and made the petty rulers of the counting-house the lords of Hindostan; indeed, he was not yet born—but, even in those early days, there were handsome pickings to be made in India by those who possessed tact and industry, and it is plain that Governor Pitt possessed both; for, during a residence in the East of many years, he contrived to amass an immense fortune. His crowning adventure was the purchase of the jewel, which, ever since, has borne his name, an affair which, at the time of its occurrence, subjected him to much obloquy. It was loudly asserted by his enemies, that he became possessed of the diamond by unfair means, having, in some way, used his power as a means of extorting

it from the native owner, at a price far below its real value. So extensively were these rumours spread, and so generally believed, that Governor Pitt thought it necessary to draw up a narrative of the whole transaction, which was first communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine, in 1825, by the Rev. William Meyrick, of Bath, an heir to some of the Pitt estates. This vindication was given in these words:—

“Since my coming into this melancholy place of Bengal, I have been often thinking of the most unparalleled villany of William Fraser, Thomas Frederick, and Smapa, a black merchant, who brought a paper before Governor Addison, in council, insinuating that I had unfairly got possession of a large diamond, which tended so much to the prejudice of my reputation and the ruin of my estate, that I thought it necessary to keep by me the true relation how I purchased it in all respects, that so, in case of sudden mortality, my children and friends may be apprised of the whole matter, and so be enabled thereby to put to silence and confound those, and all other villains, in their base attempts against either. Not having got my books by me at present, I cannot be positive as to the time, but for the manner of purchasing it, I do here declare and assert, under my hand, in the presence of God Almighty, as I hope for salvation, through the merits and intercession of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, that this is the truth, and if it be not, let God deny it to me and my children for ever! which I would be so far from saying, much less leave it under my hand, that I would not be guilty of the least untruth in the relation of it, for the riches and honour of the whole world.

“About two or three years after my arrival at Madras, in July, 1698, I heard there were large diamonds in the country to be sold, which I encouraged to be brought down, promising to be their chapman, if they would be reasonable therein; upon which, Jourcund, one of the most eminent diamond-merchants in these parts, came down about December, 1701, and brought with him a large, rough stone, about 305 mangelins, and some small ones, which myself and others bought; but he asking a very extravagant price for the great one, I did not think of meddling with it, when he left it with me for some days, and then came and took it away again, and did so several times, not insisting upon less than 200,000 pagodas; and, as I best remember, I did not bid him above 30,000, and had little thoughts of buying it for

that. I considered there were many and great risks to be run, not only in cutting it, but also whether it would prove foul or clear, or the water good; besides, I thought it too great an amount to be ventured home on one bottom. But Jourcund resolved to return speedily to his own country; so that, I best remember, it was in February following he came to me again (with Vincatee Chittee, who was always with him when I discoursed with him about it), and pressed me to know whether I resolved to buy it, when he came down to 100,000 pagodas, and something under, before we parted, when we agreed upon a day to meet and make a final end thereof, which I believe was the latter end of the aforesaid month, or the beginning of March; when we accordingly met in the Consultation Room, where, after a great deal of talk, I brought him down to 55,000 pagodas, and advanced to 45,000, resolving to give no more, and he, likewise, resolving not to abate, I delivered him up the stone, and we took a friendly leave of one another. Mr Benyon was then writing in my closet, with whom I discoursed on what had passed, and told him now I was clear of it; when, about an hour after, my servant brought me word that Jourcund and Vincatee were at the door, who, being called in, they used a great many expressions in praise of the stone, and told me he had rather I should buy it than anybody, and to give an instance thereof, offered it for 50,000 pagodas; so, believing it must be a pennyworth if it proved good, I offered to part the 5000 pagodas that was then between us, which he would not hearken to, and was going out of the room again, when he turned back, and told me that I should have it for 49,000; but I still adhered to what I had before offered him, when presently he came to 48,000, and made a solemn vow he would not part with it a pagoda under, when I went again into the closet to Mr Benyon, and told him what had passed, saying that if it was worth 47,000 it was worth 48,000; \* so I closed with him for that sum, when he delivered me the stone, for which I paid him very honourably, as by my books appears. And I here further call God to witness that I never used the least threatening word at any of our meetings to induce him to sell it me; and God himself knows it was never so much as in my thoughts so to do. Since which, I have had frequent and considerable dealings with this man, and trusted him

\* £20,400 sterling, at 8s. 6d. per pagoda.

with several sums of money, and balanced several accounts with him, and left upwards of 2000 pagodas in his hands at my coming away. So, had I used the least indirect means to have got it from him, would not he have made himself satisfaction when he has had money so often in his hands? Or, would I have trusted him afterwards, as I did, preferably to all other diamond-merchants? As this is the truth, I hope for God's blessing upon this and all my other affairs in this world, and eternal happiness hereafter."

The diamond, thus acquired, was brought over by Governor Pitt in a rough state, when it weighed 410 carats; being cut in brilliant, at a cost of £5000, its weight was reduced to 135 carats, and its size to about an inch and a quarter in diameter. The clips yielded £8000.

From the same memoranda, it appears that £80,000 were bid for this enormous stone by some private person, but it was finally sold, in 1717, to the Crown of France, for the sum of £200,000; and the state jewels, in sealed packets, numbered, were pledged for the payment. The Governor himself delivered it at Calais, and his son-in-law, Charles Cholmondeley, Esq., of Vale Royal, was accustomed, at stated periods to take one of the packets of the French jewels to Dover, where he delivered his charge to a messenger of the King, and received from him an instalment of the purchase-money.

Upon the transfer of the diamond to France, it was generally called there the *Regency Diamond*, from its having been bought when the Duke of Orleans was regent of that country, during the minority of Louis XIV., who afterwards used to wear it as a button to his hat upon extraordinary occasions. At a yet later period, it is stated to have formed the principal ornament in the crown of France. Bonaparte, whose every idea was military, when the diamond fell to him with the wefts and strays of the wrecked monarchy, placed it in the pommel of his sword, since when it has probably travelled from hand to hand with the crown itself.

Governor Pitt died in 1726, and was buried in Blandford, St Mary's Church, Dorsetshire. His eldest son Robert of Boconnock, M.P. was father of Thomas Pitt of Boconnock (whose son became Lord Camelford) and of William Pitt, the great Earl Chatham.

## THE LAIRD OF WESTBURN'S DREAM.

Dreams look like heralds of eternity;  
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak  
Like sibyls of the future.

BYRON.

GABRIEL HAMILTON, of Westburn, in the county of Lanark, was the representative of an ancient and distinguished branch of the Duke of Hamilton's family, viz. Hamilton of Torrance, a cadet of the great house of Raploch, which was immediately sprung from the Lords of Cadzow, the ancestors of the Earls of Arran and Dukes of Hamilton. The grandmother of this Hamilton of Westburn was a daughter of Sir Walter Stewart, of Allanton. And thus, Westburn and Allanton were near kinsmen, at a time when relationship and intimacy were synonymous; the death of Westburn took place about 1757 or 1758, and Allanton had pre-deceased him several years. Their estates, moreover, were situated in the same county, and they were on the most affectionate and familiar terms with each other.

Westburn, who was an elderly man, and not in very strong health, was in the habit of reposing during an hour after dinner, and his wife, the beautiful and estimable Agnes Dundas, heiress of Duddingston, usually sat by the side of the couch, reading to him or conversing until he fell asleep. One day, he slept longer and apparently more soundly than usual; and at length he suddenly awoke, and said he had been roused by the fluttering of the wings of doves. He then addressed his wife, and related to her the following remarkable dream:—

“I was walking in the most lovely gardens and pleasure-grounds that I ever beheld, and so struck was I with their

extraordinary extent and romantic beauty, and with the bright and glorious colours of the flowers which sprung up around me on every side, that I exclaimed, 'This can be no other place than Paradise! this must be the Garden of the Lord!' I had hardly uttered these words, when a youth of radiant beauty and heavenly expression approached me, and smiling sweetly on me, he accosted me familiarly by name, giving me a cordial welcome to his happy home. I expressed my surprise at his friendly and familiar greeting, seeing that we were but strangers. 'And yet,' said I, 'there is that in your countenance which makes me feel as if you were my friend!' 'Seek not,' said he, 'to deny our old and intimate acquaintance. You are my near kinsman, and familiar neighbour and friend;' and observing that I looked astonished and incredulous, he said, 'Is it possible that you have forgotten me? Is it, even with you, so soon, out of sight out of mind? Do not you know me? I am your cousin, Stewart of Allanton.' 'Impossible,' said I, 'for my dear friend Allanton was old and plain-looking; whereas, you are the most beautiful youth that my eyes did ever behold.' 'Even so,' said the youth, 'all those who come here are made youthful and beautiful. There is here neither age nor plainness. I am no other than your dear cousin and old friend Allanton, and within twenty-four hours you will be here with me, and you will be young and beautiful like me.' Hereupon, I heard the loud fluttering of the wings of doves, and I suddenly awoke."

It may be imagined that Westburn's dream made a deep impression, not unmingled with awe, on his affectionate wife. She deemed it to be a warning that she must hold herself in readiness to resign him ere long, at the call of his heavenly master and father; and even so it came to pass. On the following morning, Westburn was found dead in his bed. His spirit had departed during the night, and had gone to join his early friend and kinsman in the gardens of Paradise.

## THE DEATH OF DUNDEE.

Low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE truth of the story I am about to narrate has been denied by many; but it is enough for my purpose that it was, at one time, very generally received for truth, not to mention the great difficulty there is in distinguishing the false from the real upon such occasions.

My tale opens at that remarkable epoch of English history, when, at least, three parts of the nation had fallen from James to welcome the Prince of Orange as their future monarch. Deserted by others, James was now ready to desert himself; and yet, if anything could have breathed spirit into him, it must have been the gallant counsel of Dundee. "Sire," said he, "the question is, whether you shall remain in Britain, or fly to France? whether you shall trust the returning zeal of your native subjects, or rely only on a foreign power? Here, then, I say, you ought to stand. Keep possession of a part, let it be ever so small, and the whole will return to you by degrees. Resume the spirit of a king, and summon your subjects to their allegiance. Your army, though dispersed, is not disheartened. Give me but your commission, and I will carry your standard through England, and drive before it these Dutch and their Prince."

It is possible that, if James had followed this no less daring than sagacious advice, he might yet have regained his lost kingdom. But, as usual, he was vacillating, if not actually timid. It was rejected, and, in a few days afterwards, James sought an inglorious safety with his ally, the king of France, who seems to have despised, while he pitied him.

In the mean while, Dundee posted himself to the North,

to uphold, if possible, the cause thus abandoned by him most nearly concerned in its support. It must not, however, be concealed that the loyalty of Claverhouse has, by some, been attributed to vindictive selfishness. A story is told of his having offered his services to the Prince of Orange—which, being rejected, he was fired with indignation, and henceforth resolved to live and die in the cause of King James.

During the whole of the winter, Claverhouse laboured indefatigably in confirming the waverers, encouraging the timid, and swelling the ranks of the Jacobites. To this purpose he applied all the energies of his genius, though without much success, the country being in a distracted state, and the nobility divided amongst themselves. When spring came, he received a written authority from James to call a convocation of the states at Stirling, but this attempt was defeated by the delays and wilfulness of the party.

On his part King William summoned a convention to meet at Edinburgh on the 14th March, and his call was obeyed by a large and willing multitude, all more or less interested in the new order of things. There also Claverhouse was present, his object being to produce discord among the friends of William, and aid, as far as might be, the interests of his master. Being, however, informed that the Covenanters had formed a plan for his assassination, he took the alarm, as no doubt it was intended he should do, and fled from the city at the head of one hundred and fifty horsemen. His way led below the walls of the castle, then held, for James, by the Duke of Gordon, who, on seeing him, demanded a conference. Claverhouse did not hesitate for a moment; climbing up the tremendous precipice on which the castle stands, he informed the Duke of his plans on behalf of James, and besought him to hold out to the last extremity. A multitude of idle spectators was collected by this singular conference, thus held in the open day, and in defiance of the ruling powers. The convention became alarmed; the president ordered the doors of the council-chamber to be locked, the drums were beat to alarm the town, and a party of ill-armed retainers were gathered in the street by the Earl of Leven. Utterly inefficient as this force was, Claverhouse did not think it prudent to abide their coming. He fled; and the adherents of James, seeing themselves thus abandoned, at once quitted the convention—which, being thus freed from the embarrassment of their presence, and con-



sisting now entirely of Whigs, conducted matters at their own pleasure. This was a severe blow to the cause of the de-throned, or abdicated, monarch, and it was vigorously followed up; the convention having in vain called upon Claverhouse to return, they declared him a rebel and an outlaw, while General Mackay was despatched by William to Scotland, at the head of a considerable body of troops to surprise him. Hereupon, the fugitive retired to the Grampian Hills, marched thence to Gordon Castle, where he was joined by the Earl of Dunfermline and fifty gentlemen, and then passed through the county of Moray to Inverness. At this last place he found Macdonald of Keppoch lying with seven hundred men, after having laid waste, in his march, the lands of the clan Macintosh, and extorted all he could, in money, from the magistrates of Inverness. By a promise of repaying these forced contributions upon the king's return, Claverhouse induced Keppoch to join him with all his forces; the latter, however, insisted that they should be first allowed to return home and place their spoil in safety. To this, as it was a constant custom with the Highlanders, and one which they could seldom be induced to forego, Claverhouse thought it prudent to give way; but, that he might not lose his hold of so valuable a body, he resolved upon accompanying them himself to the braes of Lochaber. No one knew better how to secure the attachment of these rude mountaineers. Although a strict, or, perhaps, even a stern disciplinarian, he would talk and jest with his soldiers upon occasion, and join them in singing their national Celtic songs; yet, never permitting them to forget themselves or him. At the same time, he was perfectly merciless to all of the opposite party who dared to oppose him; and thus, while in the North he bore the appellation of the *Gallant Dundee*, in the South he was called the *Bloody Clavers*. He had well deserved both titles; but, as the old Scotch proverb says, "let every one roose the ford as he finds it."

Being now at the head of a brave, though small, body of troops, he summoned a general meeting of the Jacobites, at Lochaber, and in the mean while surprised Perth, levied contributions upon that town, and plundered all in his way that were hostile to the cause of James. Many of the Highland chiefs presented themselves, upon his call, at the place appointed, increasing his little army to fifteen hundred men,

so that he was able to march against Mackay, who fled before him. This success, however, was very transient. He was again under the necessity of retreating, and by the time he reached Badenoch, the feud between the Lowlanders and the Highland clans had attained such a pitch that the former deserted to a man, while the latter plundered the whole country before them without mercy. To make matters yet worse, Claverhouse fell sick, his resources were exhausted, and Mackay was once more advancing against him. A battle took place, and though the Highlanders won the day after a fierce struggle, yet, during the action, they lost their baggage and their plunder, a loss which made them furious, each one laying the blame upon the other.

The defeated Mackay was again reinforced, and with his usual indomitable spirit again advanced upon his conqueror. But the army of the latter was so much weakened by the desertion of the clans, who conceived themselves fully entitled to go and come at pleasure, that he was compelled to retreat in his turn, and by the time he reached the braes of Lochaber, he had not two hundred men remaining. To complete his distress he now received news that Edinburgh Castle had been surrendered, and the Irish troops, with which James had promised to supply him, turned out few in number, and scantily provided with arms or even necessaries. Still Claverhouse remained undaunted. He knew that if the Highlanders were lightly dispersed, they were as lightly gathered together again. At his summons they unhesitatingly flocked to join him, so that in a short time he found himself at the head of fourteen hundred men, all ready enough to fight the enemy so long as they could be kept together. The greatest drawback on his hopes of final success was the want of proper arms. The Highlanders had no weapons but old broad-swords, dirks, and shields, while the Irish were yet worse provided, having few arms of any kind, except what they could pick up on the way, and in the whole army there was not more than forty pounds of gunpowder. Notwithstanding these well-nigh hopeless impediments, which would have overwhelmed a less unconquerable spirit, or one less fertile in resources, Claverhouse determined to march at once, and give battle to the enemy, for he had now a long experience of the Highland clans, he knew how jealous they were of each

other, and how likely to fall asunder on the first dispute, though held together, for a time, by the common principle of Jacobitism. Inactivity was more likely to disperse them than defeat; accordingly he marched to Blair in Athol, where he learnt that Mackay was just entering the pass of Killiecrankie. The men of Athol advised him to hurry forward and drive back Mackay before he could advance into the open plain, but to this he turned a deaf ear, and it is even said that he sent word to some friends in the strath of Athol below, "to secure the pass, that no flyers might escape, for he was going to beat General Mackay in the afternoon." But a seer, had there been any such in his little troop, would have discovered that danger threatened him from a very different quarter.

In the Jacobite ranks were two traitors, who had long pledged themselves to destroy Dundee. The one was a Lanarkshire covenanter, whose whole kin had been murdered by Clavers in one of his crusades against these fierce enthusiasts. This man had solemnly sworn to take the life of the persecutor, for which purpose he followed him first as a volunteer, and afterwards became his groom. For three years and a half had the avenger of blood in vain watched for an opportunity of effecting his purpose, and he was now fully determined to "do, or die."

The other was a no less determined enemy, but influenced by motives still less capable of any justification. This was William Livingston, of the family of Kilsyth, who, if tradition be not false, was violently enamoured of Jean, Viscountess Dundee. The lady proving virtuous, he had no hopes of gratifying his criminal passion so long as Dundee lived, and he therefore resolved that in the approaching battle he would find, or make, an opportunity to remove him. There was, however, no agreement between them, and the two traditions are generally kept distinct.

"General Mackay's army," says the old biographer, an officer in the army, "outwinged Dundee's nearly a quarter of a mile, which obliged the clans to leave large intervals between each clan, and by declining towards the wings they wanted troops to charge the centre, where a detachment of Lesly and Hastings' English regiments were. The Highlanders threw away their plaids, haversacks, and all other utensils, and marched resolutely and deliberately in their shirts and doublets; or, in the words of the ancient ballad,

- “ Clavers and his Highland men  
 Came down upon the \*raw then ;  
 Who being stout gave many a clout,  
 The lads began to claw then.  
 With swords and targets in their hands  
 Wherewith they were not slow then ;  
 And clinkin, clankin, on their crowns,  
 The lads began to claw them.
- “ O'er brink and brank, o'er ditch and stank,  
 He staik amang them a' then ;  
 The butterbox got many knocks,  
 The riggans paid for a' then.  
 They got their paiks wi' sudden straiks,  
 Which to their grief they saw then ;  
 And double dunts upon their rumps,  
 The lads began to fa' then.
- “ Her skipp'd about, and leap'd about,  
 Her flang amang them a' then ;  
 The English heads got broken heads,  
 Their crowns her clave in two then.  
 The durk and door made their last hour,\*  
 Such was their final fa' then ;  
 They thought the devil had been there,  
 That gave them such a paw then.”

The prose narrator of this bloody day is not less enthusiastic in his account of the heavy blows dealt by the Highlanders upon the skulls of the unlucky Saxons. “I dare be bold to say there were scarce ever such strokes given in Europe, as were given that day by the Highlanders. Many of General Mackay's officers and soldiers were cut down through the skull and neck to the very breasts ; others had their skulls cut off above their ears, like night-caps ; some soldiers had both their bodies and cross-belts cut through at one blow ; pikes and small swords were cut like willows ; and whoever doubts of this, may consult the witnesses of the tragedy.”

But notwithstanding these downright blows, which the left of the centre did not stand against for ten minutes, the Highlanders were by no means so successful in another quarter. Colonel Hastings' regiment, flanked by some companies of Dutch guards, received the first shock with firmness, and advancing in their turn, forced the Macdonalds to give way, while the Macleans were wholly taken up with the pursuit of the defeated royalists. The chief, however, of the last-named clan made a timely wheel-round with a few of

\* *i. e.*, they came down the hill in a row.

his followers, and being joined by Sir Evan Cameron, of Lochiel, the two advanced along the verge of the valley, taking Hastings' regiment and the Dutch in flank. The movement was directed by Claverhouse, whose right hand was stretched out, pointing with his baton and urging on the troops. At this juncture both Livingston and the groom were near him, and the next moment Dundee was struck by a bullet below the right arm. He fell, as the victory was gained, but by his death the cause of James was lost.

Weeks and months rolled on, and the rebellion had been put down, although, as often happens for a long time after a storm, there was a restless heaving at the surface of things, a sort of so-called ground-swell, that gave evident tokens of what had been. Livingston was the first to bring Lady Dundee the news of her gallant husband's death, reminding her at the same time of the promise she had once given him, half in jest, and half, it may be, in earnest, that if she ever chanced to become a widow, he should be her second husband. How she received this proposal—whether she needed much or little persuasion, we have no means of knowing; but finally her consent to their union was obtained, and on the very day of their marriage, he presented her with a ring, whereon was engraved, *yours till death!* Strange to say, this gift was lost, or in some way missing, before the day was over. But how? in what way had it gone? No one could tell, but all agreed that it was a singularly bad omen, and that no good could come of the intended marriage. This feeling was heightened when it became known that the mother of the late Viscount Dundee had pronounced a malison upon her daughter-in law and Livingston. Upon New Year's morning she sent up the real or supposed murderer a white night-cap, a pair of white gloves, and a rope, as indicative of her opinion, with a curse upon their marriage, and a prayer to God that "should *He* see fit to permit the unworthy couple to leave the world without some visible token of his indignation, He would be pleased to make her some special revelation, to prevent her from utterly disbelieving his providence and justice."

What followed, whether in consequence of her malison or not, might go some way in preventing the good lady from falling into the state of unbelief she so much dreaded. Not long after his marriage, and in consequence of his opposing

the Revolution settlement, William Livingston found it necessary to retire to Holland with Lady Dundee, where fate overtook the latter, at a time and in a way she least expected. The event is thus related in a letter from John Hay, of Carubber, to the Earl of Erroll, dated Edinburgh, 30th October, 1695 :—" By the post yesterday I had a letter from young Blaer, out of Utrecht, with a particular, but sad account of the accident of the Viscountess of Dundee and her son. He writes that he had dined with her and Kilsyth (Livingston of Kilsyth), her husband, and after dinner, just as he had left them, the lady and Kilsyth, and a gentleman with them, went into the room where the young child and Mrs Melville, the lady's woman, were. The house was covered with turf, the usual fuel in that place, and it is thought, by the weight of it, the roof fell and crushed my lady, and her son, and Mrs Melville, to death. Kilsyth himself was three-quarters of an hour beneath the rubbish, yet both he and the other gentlemen are free of hurt. The lady and her son are embalmed to be brought home. The gentlewoman was buried in that place on the 18th instant (old style) after dinner."

This is one version of the event, but probably not the true one. According to another account, "this was not by accident, but by design. The landlord and some of his accomplices had cut the beams which supported the roof, and, upon a signal being given, he let it fall in, with a view to smother the whole company,"—a number of noblemen concerned in the late rebellion. "It appears that very few escaped, and I never heard it denied or doubted that Lady Kilsyth and her infant perished in the ruins. Indeed, the wound she received on the right temple is still visible; and when the body was first discovered"—in an arched vault, under the church of Kilsyth, the burial-place of the Kilsyth family for many generations—"it was covered with a black patch, about the size of a crown piece. There is no mark of violence upon her son. He seems to have been smothered, as it is generally said, sitting on the knee of his mother at table.

"Her body was embowelled and embalmed, and soon afterwards sent over to Scotland. It was landed, and lay at Leith for some time in a cellar, and was afterwards carried to Kilsyth, and buried in great pomp, according to the form of the church of England. It is not twenty years since"—

written in 1800—"some of the inhabitants of this parish died, who were, in their youth, eyewitnesses of the funeral.

"The body was enclosed, first in a coffin of fir, next in a leaden coffin nicely cemented, but without any inscription; this was again covered within a very strong wooden coffin. The space between the two was filled up with a white matter, somewhat of the colour and consistence of putty, apparently composed of gums and perfumes, for it had a rich and delicious flavour. When I was a boy at school, I have frequently seen the coffin in which she lies, for the vault was then always accessible, and often opened; but at that time the wooden coffin was entire. Indeed, it was only within a few years that it decayed. Even after this, the lead one remained entire for a considerable time; but, being very brittle and thin, it also began to moulder away; a slight touch of the finger penetrated any part of it. In the apertures thus made nothing was seen but the gummy matter above mentioned. When this was partly removed, which was easily done, being very soft, and only about an inch in thickness, another wooden coffin appeared, which seemed quite fresh and clean.

"But no one ever thought of opening it until the spring of 1796, when some rude, regardless young men went to visit the tomb, and, with sacrilegious hands, tore open the leaden coffin. To their surprise they found under the lead a covering of fir, as clean and fresh as if it had been made the day before. The cover of this, being loose, was easily removed. With astonishment and consternation they saw the body of Lady Kilsyth, and her child, as perfect as the hour they were entombed.

"For some weeks this circumstance was kept secret, but at last it began to be whispered in several companies, and soon excited great and general curiosity. On the 12th of June, while I was from home, great crowds assembled, and would not be denied admission. At all hours of the night, as well as the day, they afterwards persisted in gratifying their curiosity.

"I saw the body soon after the coffin was opened. It was quite entire. Every feature and every limb was as full, nay, the very shroud was as clear and fresh, and the colours of the ribbons as bright as the day they were lodged in the tomb.

"What rendered this scene more striking and truly in-

teresting was, that the body of her son and only child, the natural heir of the title and estates of Kilsyth, lay at her knee. His features were as composed as if he had been only asleep. His colour was as fresh, and flesh as plump and full, as in the perfect glow of health; the smile of infancy and innocence sate on his lips. His shroud was not only entire, but perfectly clean, without a particle of dust upon it. He seems to have been only a few months old.

“The body of Lady Kilsyth was equally well preserved, and at a little distance, with the feeble light of a taper, it would not have been easy to distinguish whether she was dead or alive. The features, nay, the very expression of her countenance, were marked and distinct, and it was only in a certain light that you could distinguish anything like the ghastly and agonising traits of a violent death. Not a single fold of her shroud was discomposed, nor a single member impaired.

“The body seemed to have been preserved in some liquid, nearly of the colour and appearance of brandy; the whole coffin seems to have been full of it, and all its contents saturated with it. The body had assumed somewhat the same tinge, but this served only to give it a fresher look; it had none of the ghastly, livid hue of death, but rather a copper complexion.

“It would, I believe, have been difficult for a chemist to ascertain the nature of this liquid; though perfectly transparent, it had lost all its pungent qualities, its taste being quite vapid.

“The head reclined on a pillow, and as the covering decayed, it was found to contain a collection of strong scented herbs. Balm, sage, and mint were easily distinguished, and it was the opinion of many that the body was filled with the same.

“Although the bodies were thus entire at first, I confess I expected to see them soon crumble into dust, especially as they were exposed to the open air, and the fine aromatic fluid had evaporated, and it seems surprising that they did not. For several weeks they underwent no visible change, and had they not been sullied with dust and the drops of grease from the candles held over them, I am confident they might have remained as entire as ever; for, even a few months ago, the bodies were as firm and compact as at first, and, though pressed with the finger, did not yield to the



touch, but seemed to retain the elasticity of the living body. Several medical gentlemen made an incision into the arm of the infant; the substance of the body was quite firm, and every part in its original state."

In 1796, nearly a century after the loss of the ring, it was found by a tenant while digging for potatoes in the garden at Colzium. It is described as being of gold, about the breadth of a straw, without any stone, and not worth more than ten shillings. The external surface is ornamented with a wreath of myrtle, and on the internal surface is the following legend—*zours onlly and ever*.

## THE STORY OF THE JOYCES OF GLENEIRA.

One dark memorial of the crimes of man.—MOORE.

It may have been a dozen years since I sojourned for ten days or so in a locality then little known, though since become rather more famous, from the scientific excursion of the British Association in the year 1857. I mean Arran-mohr, or the greater Arran Island. As an antiquary, and an observer of the primitive habits of a wild and insulated race, my visit was full of interest. Most of my time was spent in exploring ruins, examining geologic formations, or admiring the rich and varied Flora of the Island: the evenings were enlivened by quaint anecdote, and "Auld-world-story" of the habits and manners of the islanders.

One of these narratives I find preserved in my note-book, and I give it as it was told to me:—

There were queer times in Connaught formerly, said my informant. I saw the house myself near Castlebar, where old Mr Joyce lived,—a fine man and a scholar they say he was in his time, and he had a snug little estate of his own; there were Joyces of Gleneira for hundreds of years, and there was only one little boy to have all. If the old man didn't make his means better he didn't make them worse, as was the Connaught way in them times, but it wasn't *his* way,—he'd sit all day in his study, and never past "his tumbler" in an evening.

I remember his son Richard Joyce well—dark Dick they used to call him; things never went well with him, and old people used to put it down this way—

Old Mr Joyce did not mind Dick's ways or tempers much. "I'll give him good schooling," he said, "and his estate clear: what more can I do for him?" And so, signs on it, he had him at a good school too. Old Doctor Millar had the Castle-

bar school in them times, and a good warrant he was to make a scholar. One rule he had, and he never broke it: if a boy was to get a hoisting, he'd get it, as sure as day, big or little; 'twas all one to him. 'Twas n't often he did it, but if a boy was to be horsed, he'd have him up if he was as strong as a giant.

Dick Joyce was about seventeen, and used to come home from school every Saturday, and Darby Lynch, the old serving man, used to take him back on his pony every Monday morning. One black Monday his father sent him back, with his compliments to Doctor Millar, and he begged he would give him a good thrashing for something he had done the day before. "Don't, father," says Dick, "I'm too big to be hoisted before the school; I never was flogged yet, and if the Doctor gets your message I have no chance of getting off—don't shame me." "Nonsense, sir," said the father, "positively you have done wrong and shamed yourself already. I have said it, and punished you shall be. Mind, you give my message, Darby."

The boy left his father's study with a red brow and a dark look, and the dark look seldom left his face from that hour to the day of his death long afterwards; for Doctor Millar flogged him most punctually, and in compliment to something like manly resistance to the indignity he was undergoing, rather more severely than usual.

Saturday came round again—and again Richard Joyce came home, but instead of running to meet his father as usual, he lurked about the outhouses, sat brooding on the stairs, came in to dinner only when sent for more than once, and went early to bed, without uttering a word that he could avoid.

Next day—Sunday—Mr Joyce's servants had all gone to early mass, as was their habit, to the chapel opposite to his gate; they were loitering homewards, about their master's breakfast hour, when they saw Dick Joyce rush from the house across the lawn, hatless, and in headlong haste. Hurrying home, they found his unhappy father lying in a chair, fainting and bloody, a bloody knife at his feet,—a deep wound in his side. It appeared that the moment he entered the breakfast-room from his study, his son—his only son—brooding over the insult to which he had been subjected, and unable to master his dark passions, had

snatched a knife from the table, and inflicted the parricidal blow, which however did not ultimately prove mortal.

The parricide had fled to the house of an uncle, who lived at some distance; the fact became known; relatives, his uncle especially, sought to appease the father's just resentment, at the same time suggesting that some condign punishment should be thought of which might make the violent boy feel the enormity of his offence. The old man slowly recovered from his wound, but rejected all idea of further punishment of any kind: "The day of punishment or correction by me is past," he said mournfully, "and my fear is that I may have already doomed him to an infliction too heavy, which I cannot recall. As I lay in the chair bleeding and, as I believed, dying by the hand of my only child, and marked the boy hurrying from me across the fields, I made a fearful prayer, and it was this, *that my ungrateful son might live to have a child who would revenge the crime he had committed against me.* I am frightened now at my own petition—God grant it may never be accomplished or granted."

Old Joyce lived several years after this; his son expressed great remorse at his shocking act of impulse, and lived to bring his fierce passions to a great extent under control; but still the *dark look* never altogether left him, and under strong excitement his brow would occasionally flush with even a redder suffusion than it bore on the ill-omened morning when he left his father's study under sentence of his fatal flogging.

Richard Joyce grew up to settle in life, and marry respectably; his wife bore him a goodly family of sons and daughters, and he engaged in large farming speculations in days when, by similar means, large fortunes were acquired by the farming gentry of his own standing around him; but, though busy and speculating, and for a while seemingly prosperous, Richard Joyce's fortunes began at length to retrograde: of his fair family all died off at various ages, until were left but two sons, John and Richard, and at the age of sixty, of all his ventures, nothing remained but the wreck and attaching liabilities of his rented farms: he was obliged to surrender or assign all, save Rossbire, a commodious house where he continued to reside, and his little patrimonial estate of Gleneira, which was so loaded with debt and

mortgage, that, like too many Connaught gentlemen before or since, he was little more than an agent to hand over the rents to his creditors, an agent with all the risk and trouble, and without the fees for collection, in lieu of which he had the empty honour of being still "Joyce of Gleneira."

To this small patrimonial estate, situated in the Highlands of Mayo, his two sons, now respectively twenty-two and three years of age, both clung with all the tenacity of hereditary recollections: it had been in the family for generations, old retainers about would tell them that "a Joyce never throve since the family left it to move down into the plains." The house was old, but strong and respectable: game plentiful in the neighbourhood, and as old Dick Joyce's affairs became embarrassed and his style of living reduced, his sons began gradually to shun general society, when they could no longer "spend with the best;" they passed most of their time at Gleneira, until at last it became their settled abode; the old man was left to ruminate at Rossbire over his ruined fortunes, while the young men fished, shot, coursed, and led, it was believed, the wild and dissolute life of young Squireens at Gleneira.

At last affairs seemed nearing a crisis: Dark Dick Joyce's plans began to wear an aspect as ominous as his own face. And creditors grew clamorous in proportion. The old squire began to bend and droop under the pressure upon him; hitherto he had never been a man to take his children into his councils, or to allow of their interference with his business had they been so disposed; now he began to complain of their negligence. "His boys gave him no help," he said; his chief creditor, he to whom Gleneira was pledged for far more than its value, became very pressing for "a settlement," in other words, a surrender of the property, and "Dark Dick," wishing, as he phrased it, "for a quiet life for the rest of his days," agreed to put the mortgagee into possession. "Andy Spellissy," says he, "Gleneira owes you more than it is worth twice over." "But what can you have from the cat but his skin?" "Give me a receipt in full, and 'tis yours for ever and a day."

His sons heard of this offer of Dick Joyce's with all the impotent fury of proud, sullen, ill-regulated spirits, feeling that ruin was coming on them, which they could neither avert nor avoid, nor yet meet with decent endurance.

This state of things was but too common in Ireland in

the olden time : men held doggedly on, by lands and positions, wasted or forfeited by their own or their forefather's extravagance, unable to keep, unwilling to let go, and but too often signalling the final surrender by some desperate act of resistance to law, or of violence to themselves or others. Many a tragedy do the records of Ireland contain connected with the dispossessing of overholding occupants from lands to which they had lost title, but few so dark as that with which I am to conclude this "Stern Story."

Old "Dark Dick" had repeatedly told his sons "that it was no use to be obstinate, he could not pay, and Andy Spellissy (his mortgagee) must have Gleneira; the fact is," he said at last, "there's no more about it, I have promised to give him possession next 'Lady Day,' the thing must be done, and 'tis better to do it quietly and decently, and, as I suppose you won't like to see it done, it is better for you to move in time; come home to your mother and me, and take bit and sup with us, as long as we can keep buckle and tongue together."

The young men were differently affected by this declaration, though they both agreed in declaring their firm purpose to hold the Old Hall of Gleneira in spite of fate. To the invitation to return home John declared that "he would enlist for the Indies any day, before he stood the country after the old place was gone;" while young Richard's brow darkened with a look like his father's as he said, "I'm going back to Gleneira, and I advise any man, young or old, gentle or simple, but above all the old usurious thief Andy Spellissy, to order his coffin before he comes to put me out until I like to leave myself."

The father shook his head, and the conversation ended. Days went by, Lady Day approached, but the young men showed no symptoms of moving from the forfeited premises. Their father sent repeated messages to the effect that they must leave, and had best do so peaceably and in time, but their answers were given with increasing obstinacy, and at length insolence, all to the same effect, that neither to him nor to living man would they yield the house of their fathers.

At length the fated Lady Day came round. John and Richard Joyce rose as usual, and equipped themselves for a coursing expedition; it was supposed and hoped that they believed their father would never persevere in his purpose in the face of their resistance, and they had little fear that

Andrew Spellissy would ever venture alone to approach their hall door with a purpose of expelling them from the house of their inheritance. They stood on the door-steps, greyhounds gambolling, terriers barking, and a tribe of hangers-on lounging about, and ready to accompany them on their coursing progress, when a boy ran breathless from the gate-house, to announce, that "the old master and Andrew Spellissy were coming up the avenue, and that the moment the master came inside the gate he pulled a clod of earth and put it into ould Spellissy's hand," this being the symbolic expression for giving "seizure" of a property in Ireland.

At this intelligence all the fierce passions of their race blazed up into madness in the breasts of these young men. To rush within-doors, to seize each a loaded gun, was but the work of an instant, and as they appeared again, the servants and every one round saw the dark shadow which was hereditary, too visibly traced on the brow of each, and men whispered to each other, that "sure as God was in heaven, bad work was about to follow."

"Run, Peter," said the eldest to a by-stander, "run in the name of God and tell them that are coming up, that if Andy Spellissy shows his head beyond the holly-bush to take our house from us, he's a dead man."

"Oh, but master John," said the terrified domestic, "for the honour of God, think of what you are about; sure the old master is with him, and——"

"Old or young, gentle or simple," broke in Richard Joyce, "tell them from me that the man who shows his nose round the bush dies, if I can shoot straight, and I believe the country knows how that is," he added with a bitter laugh.

The man shook his head and went on his errand: he met the two old men slowly advancing like those who feel that an unpleasant reception awaits them. He delivered his message, described the state of feeling of the young men, and begged them in God's name to turn back and not tempt the unfortunate boys to commit murder.

But the elder Joyce's feelings had been wound up to the determination to surrender on that particular day, and he doggedly determined to go through and have done with it: "It must be," he said, "the boys were foolish to struggle against what could not be avoided, he would go and reason

with them, and Andrew Spellissy had best wait where he was for a moment."

So saying, the doomed man put his horse forward, and at a brisk trot passed the holly-tree, whose thick branches covered a turn in the avenue, at a point about fifty yards distant from the hall-door. Upon this point, the attention of the young men was fixed, with all the intensity of rage and fixed resolve to make good their threat; and the moment a figure appeared beyond it, the loaded guns they held in their hands were pointed with deadly aim, and discharged at the same moment; that of John missed fire, that of Richard exploded; and too truly verified his own boast, and his grandfather's malediction, and on the threshold of his paternal mansion stood Richard, the son of Richard,—a parricide! Let us hope that his defence upon his trial was as true as the jury believed it to be, namely, that he thought he aimed at another, though he killed his own father.

Not a trace of this doomed family now remains in the country, nor does one stone now stand on another to show where stood the house of Gleneira, the scene of the original curse and of its subsequent fulfilment.



## THE SORROW OF THE SKEFFINGTONS.

Few families in the kingdom can boast of a more ancient or a more honourable descent than the Skeffingtons of Skeffington. They formed alliances with the Willoughbys, the Stanhopes, the Byrons, the Caves, the Chetwodes, the Digbys. For centuries their mansions at Skeffington and Fisherwicke rivalled every midland mansion in the extent of their hospitality. From Sir Geoffrey Skeffington of the times of Henry III. to Sir William, the King's Commissioner in Ireland of the times of Henry VIII., and from him to Sir Lumley Skeffington, the last of the direct line, the family has produced a succession of remarkable men.\*

In the Skeffington pedigree occurs this singular entry :

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Sir Wm Skeffington=Kath. Chetwode=Michael Bray, John Skeffington, Esq.  
 2nd husband. Killed by Michael Bray,  
 Killed Nov. 4, 1613. Nov. 4, 1613. Ob. Cœlebs.

This was "the sorrow of the Skeffingtons," and it is to this doubly fatal rencountre that I desire to direct the reader's attention. Sir William Skeffington married one of the loveliest ladies of the land, a daughter of Sir Richard Chetwode of Warkworth; "but," says Burton, "he was so possessed with the Italian humour of jealousy that he would not vouchsafe that she should either see or be seen, to converse or be conversed withal, though she was a lady of many worthy parts, well qualified, and of great desert." No favourite of an Oriental despot was ever more secluded. When taking the air in the grounds and park of Skeffington, she was always preceded and followed by a body-guard of domestics, who were not themselves to approach within a

\* Viscount Massereene and Ferrard is now the representative of the Irish line of the Skeffingtons.

prescribed distance, and were not to allow others to approach on pain of instant dismissal. Sir William died without issue in 1605, leaving one brother, John, by whom he was succeeded, and four sisters.

After mourning her liege lord for the usual period with all the outward accompaniments of grief, and not without some inward sorrow for the loss of one who so idolized her, Lady Skeffington again mixed with the world, and, with personal charms undiminished, and pecuniary ones considerably augmented, again became "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." Penelope herself had not more wooers; some of the highest names in the kingdom were in the list. They were rejected. Lady Skeffington seemed to say to all, in the words of another heroine of the long past,

" Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores  
Abstulit : ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro,"—

when the astounding intelligence reached all ears that the inconsolable Lady Skeffington was married! Yes, she who had heard Earls sighing at her feet, had consoled herself with her own groom, Michael Bray!

Such a mesalliance naturally raised the indignation of the Skeffingtons, especially as Lady Skeffington had extensive power over the estates by virtue of Sir William's will. Disputes arose, and at last a chancery suit between Mr John Skeffington and Bray was entered upon. While all parties were at Westminster preparing for a hearing, some friends prevailed upon the litigants to attempt a compromise. For this purpose they met at the Hoop Tavern in Gray's Inn. The conference began in conciliatory terms on both sides, but shortly after Bray, going down-stairs, stopped at the bottom with his sword drawn, and as Mr Skeffington was following him, gave him a mortal wound in his abdomen! On first seeing Bray's naked sword, Mr Skeffington had drawn his own, and in falling, mortally wounded Bray. In a few minutes both had ceased to live.

To call such an assassination a duel is clearly a misnomer. Possibly had Bray survived, it would have been treated, as no doubt it deserved to be, as a deliberate murder. What became of Lady Skeffington after this fatal encounter we are unable to say.\* The family estates

\* She left a son and three daughters by Bray.

went to the four sisters of Sir William and the murdered Mr John Skeffington, one of whom, Ursula, married her relative Sir John Skeffington of Fisherwicke, ancestor of the Earls and Viscounts of Massereene.

It was observed however that all the four sisters, during their whole lives, bore about with them a settled gloom. "We would rather," said Ursula, "have been co-partners in our brother's love than co-heiresses in his estates had they been ten times as extensive."

It may be added that their mother was a Byron of Newstead, and that when Lord Byron was tried for the duel with Mr Chaworth, an attempt was made to draw a comparison between the two cases.

## THE PURITAN'S CURSE.

On the head of him who did this deed  
My curse shall light, on him and all his seed.—BYRON

MORETON-CORBET, Shropshire, the ancient seat of the Corbets, is situated in the parish of the same name, and about eight miles north of Shrewsbury.

This estate was possessed in the olden time by the family of Turolde or Turet, who were among the very few Saxon landholders retaining any property in Shropshire after the Norman Conquest. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, Turolde owned large estates in that county, and at the time of Domesday he was recorded to have held, under Earl Roger, thirteen manors, among which was Moreton, called afterwards "Moreton Turet." In the reign of Henry the Third the estate came to the Corbets by the marriage of Sir Richard Corbet with Joan, daughter and heiress of Bartholomew Turet of Moreton Turet, from which time to the present Moreton has continued in the Corbet family, and for several centuries has been distinguished by the name of Moreton-Corbet.

The existing mansion was commenced by Sir Richard Corbet. He died in 1606, when he was succeeded by his brother Vincent, who went on with the building thus began, and is the principal feature in the tradition I have now to relate, as it may be gathered, though with often varying forms, from popular recollection.

It was about the beginning of the reign of James the First that the Puritans became an object of attention, if not of fear, with the government; and not altogether without reason: they had greatly increased in numbers, and with this increase had also extended the boldness of their political opinions. Their doctrines, had they been confined to religion only, might, perhaps, have passed with little notice,

for, if not tolerant, James was indolent ; but religion then, as it always must do, governed men's political feelings, and Puritanism was essentially democratic. James and his advisers resolved, by persecution, to put down this enemy to arbitrary power. This seemed the more easy, as, out of their own sect, the Puritans had few friends amongst the people, who were more repelled by their sour fanaticism and their hostility to all pleasure, than they were won by their advocacy of freedom, which else must have insured them the good-will of the multitude.

Amongst the few favourers of the Puritans amongst the gentry was Vincent Corbet. One particular object of his kindness was an old man, Paul Holmyard by name, who lived in a cottage at a short distance from the Hall, and possessed, if not affluence, enough to live upon. He was advanced in years, still hale and vigorous, but by no means of a prepossessing appearance—the muscles of his face, being as Quin said of Macklin, more like cordage than anything else, while his cold grey eye gave the idea of a being totally divested of human sympathies. Never had fanaticism set her stamp more visibly upon the human countenance. He had long been a marked man with the High Church party, but the protection of Mr Corbet had hitherto been his safeguard, and he had been left unmolested at a time when many others, less fanatical perhaps, but more unfriended, had experienced the tender mercies of the government.

But long impunity, at length, made Paul conduct himself in such a way that Mr Corbet found himself obliged to threaten the withdrawal of his protection—a threat which the old man did not believe, and which, therefore, had not the slightest influence upon his actions. Unfortunately for him, this was a time when the clergy, finding the unpopularity of persecution, had shifted its labours from their own shoulders, and committed the task to the civil powers. Still he went on preaching openly, and without the least reserve, what he called the Gospel, but what the authorities called sedition, till the dogs of the law were let loose upon him. It was a bleak winter's night, and he had not long retired to bed, when he was roused by a loud knocking at the outer door of his cottage. Hastily throwing open the window, he saw one whom he recognised for the most devoted of his followers, for the moon was shining brightly, and every object was almost as visible as at noon-day. To his inquiries

as to the purport of so unseasonable a visit, the man only replied by a pressing demand for instant admission. Somewhat alarmed by this unexplained urgency, Paul descended and admitted the applicant, who hastily informed him that his life was in peril, the myrmidons of justice having already set out for his arrest, and would probably be there in less than half an hour.

Paul hesitated. Though a stubborn spirit, he wanted that ready daring which can meet any danger at once, however unexpected. "I will escape to the hills," he said, "and hide me there-amongst from the persecutor."

"Impossible!" replied the man; "they would track you by your footmarks upon the snow, which lies thick and untrodden for miles around. You'd be caught long before you reached the hills."

"What, then, shall I do?" replied the troubled Puritan; "advise me, Jonathan, for thou art well known for a burning and shining light amongst the Gentiles. Advise me how I may best escape the snare of the fowler, who else will, peradventure, take and slay me."

"I know but one chance," said the man in answer, "and that's one you may not like to try."

"Let me hear, however; it may be I shall think better of it than yourself."

"Then fly for the ruins of the old chapel; nobody will like to follow you into them; or, if they should, the passages below are so many and intricate, they might search a whole twelvemonth, and never find you, if you did not choose to be found."

Now the ruins laboured under an ill repute; so ill, indeed, that Jonathan was quite right in saying that no one of the neighbourhood would like to venture into them. The experiment had been tried at various times by divers bold spirits; but as none of these adventurers ever returned—having probably lost themselves and been starved to death in the endless subterranean passages—many awful tales and legends began to circulate in regard to the place, which made the deeper impression, as it was impossible to trace their origin. The most moderate of these accounts assigned the interminable caverns to the souls of suicides, who, not liking their burial-homes at the junction of four roads, to which they had been banished by their respective inquests, had taken up their abodes here, and out of pure malice

whenever they could catch any living intruder within their domains, would drive their own stakes through his body, and roast him before a brimstone fire. In such stories Paul was an unwilling believer; if they went occasionally against the grain of his reason, he was somewhat reconciled to them by his superstitious fanaticism. Still, in the present case, he had no choice, nor even much time to screw up his courage "to the sticking-place;" so, having provided himself with a Bible, a wax-candle, a tinder-box, and a small supply of provisions, he forthwith departed for the ruined chapel. There he had not been long before he saw through the broken walls a body of his pursuers, who tracked him, hound-like, by his footsteps on the snow. Hitherto, he had hesitated to commit himself to the caverns, but now that they had approached within a few yards, he began to fear lest they might have courage enough to search the upper ruins, though not to proceed further; and breathing, therefore, a hasty prayer—what at other times he would have called a short allowance of spiritual provender—he descended, and groped his way for some time in the darkness, till he thought he had attained a point of safety. Here he paused. In a few minutes something like a distant gleam shone upon the passage by which he had entered. He retreated. The light kept advancing slowly but steadily. Still he plunged deeper into the cavern, and still the light advanced upon him, but, as the passage continued, not straight, but winding, and at times turned off at a sharp angle. And now came the ringing report of a pistol, when a piece shivered off from a rock, which struck him on the forehead, making the blood run warmly down one side of his face! Could they have seen him? That was hardly possible from the nature of the cavern, as we have just described it. Perhaps in their alarm they had fired at some imaginary object of suspicion, or it might have been the result of mere wantonness. It had however the effect of making him retire more rapidly,—an unlucky speed, for it caused his foot to slip, when down he fell, and continued rolling, as if down some steep ascent. At this time he was too much stunned, by the blow as well as the fall, to help himself, though quite sensible of his danger. At length he was brought to a stop by a ledge of rock, not half a foot higher than the rest of the cavern floor. He sat up to listen if his pursuers still followed, when his attention was arrested by a low, hollow, murmuring sound,

that seemed to proceed from some depth in front of him. What it was he could not make out; and, feeling assured that he was far enough from his enemy, he ventured to strike a light. What was his horror when, by the taper's flame, he saw himself on the extreme edge of a precipice, with a mass of black waters rolling sullenly below. It was evidently the sound of their fall into a second descent that he had heard. For some minutes he remained in too much terror to move; and when he did, it was only by creeping along the ground, nor did he venture to stand upright again till he had left the water at some distance behind him.

But his pursuers had by no means given up the hope of capturing him. He again heard the sound of their voices, and, in the natural instinct of self-preservation, he dropt his light, and darted into another branch of the cavern, feeling his way till he sank down from pure weariness and exhaustion.

Hour after hour passed,—perhaps a night; for he was conscious of having slept for a long time. He had consumed all his provisions, and some decisive measures must be taken. To stay where he was would be certain death, but in what direction should he move? Even had he still possessed a light, the question would have been scarcely less difficult to answer, so numerous and so intricate were the branches from the main cavern, in which he had now involved himself. Having no other chance, he walked on in the hope of eventually finding the passage into which he had first descended.

Day must have again passed, if he might judge by the hunger and exhaustion which overpowered him. He could move no more, and again he sank down in unwilling rest, when, as before, sleep gave him a temporary respite from his sufferings. But it was only for a short time, and when he awoke, it was to increased agony.

Many hours had passed away in these alternations of sleep and suffering, and vain efforts to extricate himself from the caverns. The darkness did not, probably, add much to his difficulties, but it considerably augmented his sense of them. At every step he dreaded again coming in contact with the waters, which, his recent experience told him, were holding their subterranean course through some of the branches. More than once he thought he heard their sullen murmurs, though, perhaps, it was no more than the wind eddying from some unseen outlet, through the passages. Strange to say,



it was to a sudden apprehension of this kind that he eventually owed his safety.

It was, as he believed, the seventh, though, in fact, it was only the third day of his immersion in these dreary caverns. The sustaining power of fanaticism had, at least, the good effect of saving him from utter desperation, and affording him a staff to lean on which others might have wanted. Having breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven, he felt, as he himself used, in other times, to tell the tale, "wonderfully strengthened and uplifted," so that he was enabled once more to resume his efforts to escape. Suddenly, he heard again, or thought he heard, the rush of water at no great distance from him. Whether real or only fancy, this made him at once strike into an opposite direction, when, oh joy! a light—evidently the light of day—was seen glimmering upon the walls of the cavern. Following this happy sign he soon found himself restored to the upper world, but by an opening amongst the hills, at a considerable distance from that by which he had at first entered.

In the cottage of a peasant, who chanced to be of his own tenets, he found food, rest, and a temporary shelter. To abide here, however, for any length of time was manifestly imprudent, though, even had this not been the case, the rancour which he now felt against Mr Corbet for having withdrawn his protection, would not have allowed him to remain here in quiet. No one can hate so bitterly as a genuine fanatic.

Great was the surprise of Mr Corbet when the haggard figure of the Puritan on a sudden stood before him, where he was superintending his new works; but much was that surprise augmented when the old man, pointing to the unfinished building, and assuming the tone and action of a prophet, exclaimed, "Woe unto thee, man of the hardened heart—hardened, even as the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh, to thine own destruction. Rejoice not in thy wealth, nor in the halls of thy pride; for never shall a cope-stone be set upon them. Neither shalt thou, nor thy children, nor thy children's children dwell therein; but they shall be a ruin and a desolation! and the snake, and the eft, and the adder shall be found there; and thy house shall be full of doleful creatures."

That the spirit of prophecy in the old man was no other

than the spirit of hate may well be admitted ; but his prognostics carried some show of reason, or, I should rather say, of probability with them. When he surveyed the great extent of the intended edifice, he might naturally enough conclude that Mr Corbet would incur the fate of those who plan first and count the cost afterwards.

Whether the castle was ever complete, according to the original design, is not known. Certain it is, however, that it was garrisoned for the Parliament in 1644, when it sustained considerable damage from the attacks of the royalists. Since then it has not been inhabited by the family, and it now presents a pile of ruins, the most picturesque objects to be seen in this part of the country. The walls, for the most part, remain, showing the style and extent of the building, but the roof has fallen in. These venerable fragments are preserved with much care by the present owner of the estate, Sir Vincent Rowland Corbet, who resides at Acton Reynald, about two miles distant.

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN'S DINNER AT  
STANGHILL TOWER.

May you a better feast never behold.

SHAKSPEARE, TIMON OF ATHENS.

IN the vast and beautiful pleasure-grounds of Hopetoun House stands a solitary, slender Tower, now an object in the great lord's park, but once the residence of an ancient Scottish laird, who, in common with many others of his class, was rooted out to give elbow-room to the new peer.

The peerage of the Earl of Hopetoun would, in the estimation of an Englishman, be counted ancient; but in Scotland it stands on a very modern basis. His Lordship's ancestor was a servant of Magdalen of France, Queen of James V.; and for several generations the family were in trade, and only gradually ascended to the rank of merchants. A son of Hope, the Edinburgh merchant, was a distinguished lawyer, and one of the leaders of the Presbyterians in Charles the First's time. He was knighted, and is known in history as Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, Lord Advocate of Scotland. His eldest son, Sir John, was the ancestor of Sir John Hope, Bart., of Pinkie, and his sixth son, James, of the Earl of Hopetoun. He founded the wealth of his family by marrying the heiress of some rich lead mines in Lanarkshire, with the produce of which he and his descendants purchased large estates in the Lothians.

Hopetoun House was, originally, a magnificent villa, built on a very small estate, to which additions have from time to time been made, by buying out several ancient families seated in the immediate neighbourhood, so that it is now a very large property. The Setons and Dundases have in this way been uprooted from the soil which they possessed for ages.

Although the Hopes cannot claim, paternally, an ancient

lineage, they have acquired good blood by marriage. Among their female alliances they reckon Hamilton, Earl of Haddington; Johnstone, Marquess of Annandale; Leslie, Earl of Leven; and Carnegie, Earl of Northesk, though the present Lord Hopetoun is not descended from the two last. And he is, moreover, the sixth Earl of his race, which, in the English or Irish peerage, would constitute him an ancient peer.

To the rich Earl, inhabiting his splendid palace, and rejoicing in his extended wealth and spreading domains, it was a decided eye-sore to see, on the very verge of his beautiful pleasure-grounds, an ancient turriform mansion, inhabited by one of the old aborigines of the county, whom he was unable to dispossess. This ancient Scottish laird's name was Dundas of Manor. He was a cadet of Dundas of Duddingston, and, through that distinguished race, he traced his descent to John Dundas of Dundas, who had been created an Earl by King James the Third, with the title of Forth—an earldom given him immediately before that unhappy monarch's downfall, and not recognised by his successors. This old laird was strongly attached to his family residence, and resisted every endeavour on the part of his wealthy neighbour to oust him. He refused the very largest prices which had been, in that day, offered for land in Scotland. Lord Hopetoun tried every method in vain. He spoke him fair, through his son-in-law, Dundas of Duddingston, who had just married his daughter, Lady Margaret Hope. He threatened law-suits. He bribed his mediocrity. But all to no purpose. Dundas of Manor could not be prevailed on to move from Stang-hill Tower.

At length, Lord Hopetoun bethought him of the possibility of getting the old laird to launch into expenses which might, ere long, necessitate the sale of his property—he endeavoured to lead him on to a higher style of living than that which he had been accustomed to. He begged him to come frequently with his family to Hopetoun House, and offered to visit him in return. Dundas showed evident disinclination for the intimate intercourse thus thrust upon him. However, he could not refuse to receive Lord Hopetoun one day when his Lordship invited himself and a large and fashionable shooting party to be the old laird's guests at dinner at the Tower.

Lord Hopetoun and fifteen friends came at the appointed hour, to partake of the Laird of Manor's hospitality. They

were ushered into the small vaulted hall of the Tower, where a long table was spread, covered with a profusion of substantial pewter dishes and plates burnished to look like silver; and with a number of most inviting long-necked bottles which seemed to promise the vintages of Gascony and Champagne. Lord Hopetoun began to congratulate himself on the partial fulfilment of his scheme, and thought of the hole which a few dinners like this would make in the old laird's rental.

Grace being said, two decent serving men removed the covers from the dishes, when, lo! a goodly array of alternate herrings and potatoes appeared spread from the top to the bottom. The corks were simultaneously removed, and Dundas poured out a bumper of excellent whisky, and invited his guests to pledge him in the same potent liquor.

Addressing Lord Hopetoun, he drank to his Lordship's health, and to their better acquaintance, and shaking his head and chuckling jocularly, he said, "It won't do, my lord, it won't do. But whenever you or your guests will honour my poor hall of Stang-hill Tower with your presence at this hour, I promise you no worse fare than that now set before you, the best and fattest herrings that the Forth can produce, together with the mealiest potatoes, and the strongest mountain dew. To this, I beg that your Lordship and your honoured friends may do ample justice."

Lord Hopetoun never dined again at Stang-hill Tower. Some time after, Mr Dundas found himself on his death-bed, and calling his eldest son, he said, "It is foolish to struggle for ever against our rich and powerful neighbour. He will, sooner or later, have our little property; make the best terms with him you can." Soon after the old laird's death, an exchange, highly advantageous to the Dundases of Manor, was effected. Stang-hill Tower being given to Lord Hopetoun, which he immediately took into his pleasure-grounds, and the estate of Aithrey (which gives to Lord Hopetoun the title of Viscount) being made over to Mr Dundas.

From the Dundases of Manor descended the distinguished Sir Ralph Abercromby and his two sons, Lords Abercromby and Dunfermline, as well as Sir David Dundas, late Solicitor-General; and Sir David Dundas, Bart., physician to King George the Third.

## PORTRAIT AT BRAHAN CASTLE.

AMONG the numerous family portraits in the ancient castle of Brahan, the seat of the Hon. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, there is one, concerning which a tale exists which is not more strange than true.

It represents Lady Frances Herbert, second daughter of William Herbert, Marquess of Powis (created Duke by the abdicated James), wife of Kenneth Mackenzie, fourth Earl of Seaforth (created Marquess by the same monarch). This lady died at Paris in December, 1732.

It may be proper to explain that the descendants of the Marquess of Seaforth, the elder line of that noble family, are extinct in the male line; and the estates and headship of the clan devolved on Francis Humberstone Mackenzie, created Baron Seaforth in the peerage of England, whose daughter and sole heiress is the present Hon. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie. Among the descendants in the female line of the elder branch, was the late Viscount Kenmure, whose mother, Lady Frances Mackenzie, was daughter of the fifth Earl, titular Marquess of Seaforth, and grand-daughter of the Lady Frances Herbert. One of the brothers of the Lady Frances Gordon of Kenmure, was Lord Nicolas Mackenzie, in holy orders in the church of Rome, to whom the education of his nephew, the late Viscount Kenmure, was in his early years confided.

Some years ago Mrs Stewart Mackenzie, then residing in Edinburgh, received a note from the late Viscount Kenmure, requesting permission to call on her and introduce himself to her as a cousin. At the appointed time he came; and in the course of conversation, he informed the chief of Seaforth that he had just returned from a tour in the north, and that his regard for his maternal ancestors had induced

him to devote a day to a visit to Brahan Castle, over which an old housekeeper had shown him with much attention.

"I was especially struck by one picture," said his Lordship, "that of my great-grandmother, Frances Herbert, Marchioness of Seaforth; and what is very curious, I at once recognised her!"

"How can that be?" said Mrs Stewart Mackenzie, "for she died upwards of a century ago?"

"Notwithstanding," said Lord Kenmure, "I have seen her, and the impression which she made on me could never be effaced, and I at once recognised her portrait in your gallery at Brahan.

"I was educated in Flanders by my uncle, Lord Nicolas Mackenzie, a pious ecclesiastic of the church of Rome; and I well remember that, one evening, while we were alone together saying our prayers before retiring to rest, a most venerable, benignant-looking lady entered the room, and glided behind the *prie Dieu*, on which my uncle was kneeling; and continued looking mildly and kindly upon us until our prayers were ended. Then she disappeared. I immediately asked my uncle if he had remarked we were not alone? Certainly, said he, we were not alone: the spirit of my grandmother was with us. But her presence did not disturb me, it rather gave me encouragement to pray. The presence of a saint like her could only bring peace and joy. This incident made a deep and lasting impression on me. I never forgot the remarkable old lady, and her air and dress were peculiar and striking. So that the other day I had no sooner entered your picture gallery at Brahan than I recognised her, although sixty years had elapsed since she appeared to my uncle and me."

## VISIT OF JAMES III., OF SCOTLAND, TO JOHN, THIRD LORD SOMERVILLE.

ONE of the most ancient and considerable of the Anglo-Norman families settled in Scotland, was that of Somerville. Their original ancestor was Walter de Somerville, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England. His grandson, William de Somerville, attached himself to King David I., and established himself in Scotland, where he maintained a baronial rank, and where his descendants have since flourished, and have been illustrated by alliances with the noblest houses in that country. They never indeed attained to the same pinnacle of splendour with the Dunbars, Comyns, Douglasses, and St Clairs, but they have always held a high place among the baronage of Scotland.

Thomas de Somerville, of Linteu and Carnwath, was created a peer of Parliament in 1430, and his matrimonial alliances sufficiently show the position that he held; one of his wives having been a Stewart of Darnley, and the other a St Clair of Orkney and Rosslyn. No family seems to have enjoyed a more frequent or familiar intercourse with royalty than that of Somerville: and the following short narrative will recount the visit paid to them by one of the Scottish Kings, which happens still to be on record, viz. that of King James the Third, to John, 3rd Lord Somerville, who married, first, Helen Hepburn, sister to the Earl of Bothwell; and secondly, Marietta Baillie, daughter of the Knight of Lamington.

In the month of July, 1474, King James the Third was disposed to recreate himself with his favourite diversion of hawking in Calder and Carnwath moors. Lord Somerville was at that time at Court, in attendance upon his Majesty, who informed him that, while enjoying the sport on the



moors of Lanarkshire, he meant to honour him with his company at his castle of Cowthally. Lord Somerville was doubtless highly pleased with the proposed compliment; and he immediately despatched a courier to Cowthally, with a letter to his lady, Dame Marietta Baillie, to apprise her of the royal guest for whom it was needful to prepare. Lord Somerville, though a courtier and a warrior, was but an indifferent scholar; and his letters were consequently as brief as possible. Moreover, his lady was unable to read, which rendered long epistles superfluous. It was his usual custom, when, being from home, he had occasion to intimate to his lady that he was, on his return, to be accompanied by any person of quality, to use a very short expression, which he wrote on a sheet of paper; and which conveyed his hospitable intent to the full as well as a longer letter could have done. The words that he was in the habit of using were *speats and raxes*; which, being interpreted into modern English, means *spits and ranges*; the latter being the appendage to the kitchen grate, on which the spit turns. This was his custom on all occasions of intended hospitality. And now on account of the singular dignity of his intended guest, and in order to show to Lady Somerville how necessary it was that everything in the castle should be in high order, and that there should be the greatest plenty of provisions, he repeated his admonition three times over, and wrote *Speats and raxes, speats and raxes, speats and raxes*.

The messenger who was sent with the missive was ignorant of the royal purpose, so that Lady Somerville had no means of knowing anything beyond what her lord thus briefly announced to her. In due time, the express reached Cowthally Castle, and delivered the letter into the hands of the lady, informing her, at the same time, that his lord was extremely anxious that it might be securely received, and speedily read, for it contained news of importance. She lost no time in breaking the seal, and, being herself unable to read, she summoned the steward, and commanded him to inform her of the purport of the letter. This official, having but recently entered Lord Somerville's service, was not yet well acquainted with his hand-writing and mode of expression. He, consequently, was puzzled by the uncommon nature of the letter, and did not know what to make of it. Although he thought that he had very cleverly discovered

the meaning ; and he misinterpreted *speats and raxes* to mean *spears and jacks*, the latter being doublets of leather, quilted with plates of iron, the common armour of the irregular cavalry of that period. "*Spears and jacks, spears and jacks, spears and jacks!*" repeated the steward, shaking his head. "This is, indeed, a very bad business. My lord has, without doubt, got into some trouble, and here he sends an order to have as many retainers as possible armed, and to march to his aid. Such must be the meaning of this extraordinary expression, and, as it is thrice repeated, it shows the great urgency of the case.

Hereupon, Lady Somerville, all amazed, and never considering her husband's ordinary form of writing, began to weep bitterly, supposing that her lord had fallen at variance with some powerful person about the court, and that his life was in jeopardy. This was not improbable, because, about that time, the King began to look coldly upon the ancient nobility of the realm, and to raise upstart favourites to places of trust and power. Lord Somerville was known to be highly indignant at this, and, therefore, a quarrel between him and some court minion was very likely.

The distressed lady immediately sent for her trusty adviser, James Inglis, of East Shiell ; and orders were given to him, and the officers of the Baronies of Carnwath, Camnethan, and Carstairs, to raise all the vassals and able tenants, fully armed, equipped, and mounted, and to have them ready at eight o'clock on the following morning, under the command of William Clelland, of Clelland, to march straight upon Edinburgh in hostile array. This order was punctually obeyed. At the specified time, the retainers of the house of Somerville, several hundreds in number, were ready under the command of the Laird of Clelland, and Chancellor, Laird of Quathquhan, the steady friends and allies of the Lord of Carnwath, and, by eleven o'clock, they were advanced two-thirds of the way towards Edinburgh.

His Majesty having breakfasted at nine in the morning, mounted immediately after, and had proceeded to within a short distance of the point which the little band had reached. He was, even then, intent on his sport of hawking, when the advanced guard of the small number of attendants that accompanied him descried at the distance of less than a mile, the advance of an armed troop, with their lances glittering in the sun. The King being informed of this—full

of astonishment not unmingled with alarm, called hastily for Lord Somerville, who, being behind, spurred on his horse and came to his Majesty. The King, being very passionate, furiously demanded the meaning of this hostile array, and whether he meant to betray him and seize upon his royal person? swearing at the same time that his head should speedily pay for his treachery, if he himself should escape free out of the hands of these armed traitors, who could be no other than vassals and retainers of the house of Somerville, brought together with an evil design.

Lord Somerville immediately cast himself from his horse on the ground and fell upon his knees, protesting with solemn oaths that he was ignorant of the matter, and knew not who the armed men were, or why they had advanced so near the royal person; but he humbly begged his Majesty to let him go and see whether they were friends or foes, and for security he left his son and heir, William, Baron of Carnwath, and if all were not well and the royal person were not safe from all danger, he desired that his son's head might be cut off on the spot. To this the King agreed, and commanded him to ride on and discover who they were, and why they were there in martial array?

In the mean time the royal suite, in number twenty horsemen, placed themselves on the highest part of the moor, so as to see the meeting between Lord Somerville and the armed band, who, when they first observed the King's company, made a halt, apprehending that they were enemies. When Lord Somerville had advanced near to them, he perceived, to his great surprise, that they were his own vassals and retainers, and they in like manner recognised their lord. Whereupon the lairds of Clelland and Quathquahan galloped forward to meet him. He was not a little surprised when he saw them, and demanded the occasion that had brought them together in such numbers. To which they answered that it was by his Lordship's direction and his lady's command that they were coming to Edinburgh to wait upon him, hearing that he was at variance with some persons in power about the court. He desired to see the letter, which, having cast his eye upon, he could perceive in it no directions or orders such as to justify their extraordinary movement. He inquired who read the letter to his lady. They answered, his new steward, who, being present, was commanded to read it again, which he did,

repeating as before, "Spears and jacks, spears and jacks, spears and jacks!"

The mistake was now perfectly evident, and Lord Somerville knew not whether to laugh or to be angry. But, remembering the anxiety in which he left the King, and fearing the apprehension and jealousy which his Majesty might entertain, if he remained too long thus parleying with his followers, he commanded that they should depart, every man to his own dwelling. He himself, with the laird of Clelland, and several other gentlemen, returned to the King, whom he found standing on the same spot where he had left him. Presenting himself before the King, he related the whole story, at which his Majesty laughed heartily, and calling for the letter, he looked at it, and swore that, after all, it was no great mistake, for the writing was so bad that he himself might easily have misinterpreted the meaning. The letter went from hand to hand amongst the attendant courtiers, who all laughed at the joke, and made themselves merry about it during the remainder of the journey.

The King arrived before dinner at Cowthally Castle, where a hearty welcome and noble cheer awaited him, though Lady Somerville was a little disconcerted at the jests which passed from one to the other, and was out of countenance at the story of the spears and jacks, which the King could not forget, and to which he again and again referred, thinking it both a good sport and an easy mistake, because of the similarity in the spelling and pronunciation of the words. Above all, he highly commended Lady Somerville's love and respect for her husband, in being so active and diligent in getting together quickly his retainers and vassals, in case there had been any necessity for them; and he told her Ladyship that he hoped she would use the same diligence in assembling her lord's vassals, whenever he should have occasion to summon him and them to join the royal standard.

As soon as it was known that the King was at Cowthally, all the gentry of the country came to wait upon his Majesty, and all the people flocked together in order to see him. This produced such an assemblage that between three and four hundred persons sat down every day to dinner at the Castle; which caused the renown of Lord Somerville's generous housekeeping to be celebrated throughout Scot-

land. The King's visit on this occasion lasted for a week, and he greatly enjoyed his sport of hawking, which could be carried on better at no place within the kingdom of Scotland than in Carnwath moors, which were then a wilderness of heather. After his visit of a week, the King removed to his Palace of Linlithgow, having, at his departure, warmly thanked Lady Somerville for her noble entertainment and loyal welcome; and he complimented her on the good use which had been made of her *speats and raxes* since he entered her house. And he requested that she would send her eldest son John, then a promising boy, to court, where he would take care of him, and promote his fortunes, and advance him to honour. All these hopes were cut short by the cruel fate which so soon after involved the King in ruin. But John Somerville was, in after-life, a potent Baron, and founder of the great house of Camnethan, and fell with King James IV. at Flodden.

Lord Somerville attended the King to Linlithgow, where he was dismissed with many marks of royal favour; and for these he showed a due sense of gratitude. For though he was a near and intimate friend of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus, yet he never could be persuaded by him or by any other of the great nobility to desert the royal cause. It is true he shared with the ancient nobility in their dislike of the King's conduct, and he scorned the mean persons who, in this reign, were raised to the highest offices; yet he held it as a sure and inviolable maxim, never to be departed from, that both a prince's person and a prince's government are sacred.

## THE SCOTTISH CAPUCIN.

A poor monk of St Francis came into the room. It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating—free from all common-place ideas: it looked forward, but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world: had I met it on the plain of Hindostan I had revered it.—STERNE.

THIRTY years ago, there was, and there probably still is, at Castle Forbes in Aberdeenshire, a very remarkable picture placed among the family portraits, but very unlike the usual contents of the ancestral gallery of a British gentleman. The portrait is that of a very handsome young man, with a noble but emaciated countenance, and a large, dark, impassioned eye. He is dressed in the habit of St Francis, and there is, beside him, a crucifix and a skull. The inscription on the side of the picture is in Latin, and sets forth that the original of the portrait was John Forbes, descended paternally from the *Dukes* of Forbes in Scotland, and maternally from the Scottish royal family; that he renounced his birthright, and a wealthy marriage which his father had arranged for him; that he embraced the monastic life, and entered the order of St Francis, as Father Seraphicus; and that, at an early age, he died of the plague in Flanders, having caught the disease while nursing the sick in an hospital. This remarkable young man, who abandoned, for the sake of religion, the fairest prospects which this world could bestow, was John, Master of Forbes, the only son of John, the eighth Lord Forbes, by his first wife, the Lady Margaret Gordon, eldest daughter of George, fourth Earl of Huntly. The portrait is, as we shall see, a foreign painting, and the mistake of substituting Duke for Baron, was not unnatural in a continental country, where the rank of a Baron does not correspond with that rank in the nobility of Britain; and where the dignity of a Duke

may be considered as about tantamount to that of an English or Scottish Peer. And it is quite true that Father Seraphicus was maternally descended from the royal family; the Earls of Huntly, his mother's ancestors, having sprung from Princess Anabella, daughter of King James I. The eighth Lord Forbes, who was a decidedly Protestant nobleman, was second in command of the King's forces, under the Earl of Argyle, against the Popish Earls of Huntly and Erroll at the battle of Glenlivet, in 1594, and the next year, he joined the King against these rebellious noblemen. Notwithstanding this, his first lady was a Roman Catholic, and a daughter of the very Huntly against whom Lord Forbes was in arms. Possibly her hand might have been the bond of reconciliation between the families. It would appear that she was divorced from Lord Forbes, who married secondly Janet, daughter of James Seton of Touch, by whom he had Arthur, who succeeded him as ninth Lord Forbes. The inscription on the tombstone of this lady, as discovered by the late Lord Forbes in Aberdeenshire, leads to the conclusion that she must have for some time survived her separation from her husband; at least, she lived to see her two sons members of the order of St Francis. The epitaph states that, though most unhappy as a wife, in consequence of disagreement in religion with her husband, she had the extreme happiness of seeing two sons become converts to the true faith, and follow the rule of St Francis, as members of his order. *Two* sons are mentioned in the epitaph; whereas, in the genealogical notices of the House of Forbes, we know of but one, John, the Master of Forbes, the subject of this brief statement.

The history of the portrait is peculiar. The late Lord Forbes was a general officer of distinguished merit, and during the great European war he had a command in Sicily. On one occasion he was quartered in a Franciscan convent; and the Superior, after he had ascertained who he was, and had been won by the most amiable and pleasing manners of his distinguished guest, informed him that the convent possessed a portrait of one of his family, or at least of his name, which he would be glad to present to him. Lord Forbes immediately recognised the portrait as that of his remote collateral ancestor, the elder brother of his great-great-great-grandfather, and the heir-apparent to the honours of his house, which he had abandoned for the sake

of a life of religion and poverty. The Prior of the Franciscan convent told Lord Forbes that the Scottish father, Seraphicus, had been a person of considerable note in the order, and was highly renowned for his piety and charity. Lord Forbes joyfully received the portrait, and brought it home to Castle Forbes.

About the same period, or rather a little later, Aberdeenshire produced another convert to the Church of Rome, who gained great renown in the order of St Francis. This was George Leslie, eldest son and heir of Leslie of Balquhain, who was also a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. Young Leslie was converted during a continental tour, and soon after, he embraced the religious life, and entered the order of St Francis at Rome. He was known by the name of Father Archangel. He afterwards became a zealous missionary in his own country during the reign of Charles the First, and had great success, as it is said, in Aberdeenshire. He died on the borders, between England and Scotland, while on one of his missionary tours. His life was written in Italian by the Bishop of Fermo. The family of Leslie of Balquhain is a distinguished branch of the great Scottish house of Leslie. It still enjoys the dignity of Count of the Empire, and its present representative is Colonel Charles Leslie, K.H., of Balquhain.



## ST CLAIR OF ROSSLYN.

—The storm-swept Orcaes  
 Where erst St Clairs held princely sway  
 O'er isle and islet, strait and bay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE ancestor of this family was William de St Clair, a Norman noble of high birth, who was the second son of Walderne Count de St Clair, by his wife Margaret, daughter of Richard Duke of Normandy, which Walderne's estate was St Clair, not far from Coutances in Lower Normandy. William de St Clair settled in Scotland in the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, and obtained from that King extensive grants of land in Midlothian. Succeeding monarchs extended the domains of his descendants, and the way in which one of these territorial grants was acquired is the subject of the following narrative :—

One day, King Robert Bruce, hunting on the Pentland hills, told his attendant nobles, that he had frequently, while pursuing the chase in that district, been baffled by a white deer, which had invariably got the start of his hounds, and beat them; and yet, he thought his own the best dogs that he had ever seen! He then asked his followers if any of them had hounds which they would venture to say would be more successful? As the King was evidently in an evil mood, and as this question was asked with the air of bravado, it may be supposed that few courtiers would willingly affirm their hounds to be swifter than those of the King.

However, William St Clair, Lord of Rosslyn, presuming upon his high birth and power, and trusting to his intimacy with the King, somewhat bluntly called out that he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, "Help" and "Hold," would kill the white deer before she could clear the

March Burn. The King, whose ill-humour was chafed by St Clair's unceremonious assertion of the superior worth of his dogs, immediately laid hold of the hasty proposal, and wagered the Forest of Pentland against the life of the bold Baron of Rosslyn.

All the hounds were tied up, except a few slow hounds to put up the deer. The Baron of Rosslyn posted himself in the best position for slipping Help and Hold, and devoutly praying, he commended himself to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St Katherine. It was not long before the famous white deer was raised, St Clair loosed his hounds and followed them on his swift steed to cheer them on. The deer, however, outstripped their speed, and had already got before them so far as to the middle of the fatal March Burn, which seemed destined to be the boundary of the Baron of Rosslyn's life. Upon this, St Clair threw himself from his horse in despair. Yet all was not over. At this critical moment, Hold came up with the white deer, in the middle of the brook, and stopped her; while Help, no less true to his name, turned her back; and she was killed by the two brave dogs on St Clair's side of the March Burn. So his life was saved, and his wager won!

King Robert, descending from the hill, embraced St Clair, congratulated him with a good grace on the successful issue of his bet, and bestowed on him, as he had promised, extensive lands, which were, in that day, called Pentland Forest, and which made a great addition to that proud Baron's already overgrown estates. It is difficult to give a more complete specimen of feudal barbarism than that which is proved by the circumstances of this tale. Seldom has a life been more recklessly perilled, and never were lands more worthlessly won. It would be more satisfactory to one's feelings, if this silly wager had been made by any one of the Scottish monarchs rather than by King Robert the Bruce.

This reckless better and adventurous huntsman, Sir William St Clair, Lord of Rosslyn, raised his family to still higher honours by an illustrious marriage. He wedded the daughter and eventual heiress of Malise, Earl of Orkney and Stratherne, and thence the princely Earldom of Orkney and its dependencies came, in time, to be inherited by his son, Henry St Clair, Lord of Rosslyn, who, in 1379, was created Earl of Orkney by Haco, King of Norway, or, it may be more correct to say, that he was invested by the Nor-

wegian monarch with the Earldom, which he inherited in right of his mother.

The illustrious race of Earls, of which Henry St Clair thus became heir of line, was founded by Earl Rogenwald in the ninth century. Their descent was one of the most ancient and princely in Scandinavia, and was traced to a common ancestor with the Dukes of Normandy—Rollo having been a son of Earl Rogenwald, and William the Conqueror, and his contemporary, Earl of Orkney, having been cousins in the direct male line, in no very distant degree. Henry, the first Earl of Orkney of the line of St Clair, is said to have married Florentia, a Danish princess.

His son and grandson, successively Earls of Orkney and Lords of Rosslyn, married grand-daughters of two Scottish kings; Egidia, daughter of Douglas, Lord of Nithsdale, by a daughter of King Robert II., and Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Douglas and Duke of Tourraine, by a daughter of King Robert III. The St Clairs continued to be Norwegian Earls of Orkney until 1471, when that Earldom was annexed to the Scottish Crown after the marriage of King James III. with Princess Margaret of Denmark.

The object of that monarch was to humble the pride and diminish the overgrown power of William, third Earl of Orkney, of the line of St Clair. He accordingly compelled him to exchange the Earldom of Orkney and the Lordship of Nithsdale, for the Earldom of Caithness and the Lordship of Ravensheugh and Dysart, in the county of Fife.

The beautiful chapel of Rosslyn, which is still in good preservation, was built, and the chapter to which it was attached was founded, by this powerful noble, William St Clair, Lord of Rosslyn, Prince of Orkney, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord of Nithsdale, Lord Admiral and Lord Justice-General of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three marches, High Chancellor and Great Chamberlain of Scotland. This lofty person also built the castle of Rosslyn, where he resided in great splendour. At the time of the building of Rosslyn chapel, it is said that all ranks and degrees of visitors flocked to wait on him at his castle, where he kept princely state; and was almost royally served at his table in vessels of gold and silver. Lord Dirleton was master of his household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, and Lord Fleming his carver. And in their absence,

their functions were performed by knightly personages not less noble than themselves, viz. Stewart of Drumlanrig, Tweedie of Drumelzear, and Sandilands of Calder.

The Princess, Elizabeth Douglas, Countess of Orkney, grand-daughter to King Robert III., was waited on by seventy fine gentlewomen, of whom fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, clothed in velvet and silk, with chains of gold. She was attended in all her journeys by two hundred gentlemen on horseback; and when she happened to arrive in the dark at her lodgings, at the foot of the Blackfriars Wynd, in Edinburgh, eighty lighted torches were carried before her.

The last Earl of Orkney, of the great house of St Clair, had three sons, and a daughter who married the turbulent Duke of Albany, brother of King James III. He disinherited his eldest son, William, the ancestor of the Lords Sinclair. He left the bulk of his possessions to Sir Oliver St Clair, the eldest son of his second marriage, who became Lord of Rosslyn, and whose male line became extinct nearly a century ago, when Rosslyn Castle and Chapel devolved on the heir of the eldest brother, the Lord Sinclair, while he bequeathed the Earldom of Caithness to his youngest son, also named William, from whom are descended the Earls of Caithness, who are now the undoubted heirs male of the lofty race of St Clair; the Lords Sinclair and the Barons of Rosslyn being both extinct in the male line.

While Lord Caithness is heir male of the house of St Clair, the heir general and representative of the Scandinavian Counts of Orkney, as well as of the Earls of the family of St Clair, and of the former Lords Sinclair, is John Anstruther Thomson, Esq., of Charleton, Co. Fife, in right of his great-grandmother, Grizel, eldest daughter of Henry, eighth Lord Sinclair. In the descent of Grizel, heiress of Charleton, is found a connection with the Hays of the House of Tweeddale, the Nisbets of Dirleton, the Carruthers of the counties Dumfries and Dorset, represented by Dr G. E. Carruthers of Wareham and Stepney, and his family, and with the Laws of Lauriston, who became so distinguished in France, and still bear the rank and title of Marquis there. A Canon of St Genevieve, the Abbé Richard Augustin Hay, no doubt a relative, wrote a History of the Family of St Clair. The proprietor of the Ravensheugh, Dysart, and Rosslyn estates is the present Earl of Rosslyn, to whom they were left by a special entail. His great-grandmother, Catherine, was second

daughter of Henry, eighth Lord Sinclair. The present venerable Lord Sinclair, a cadet of the family of Hermandston, claimed the then dormant Barony of Sinclair in 1782, and had his claim acknowledged by the House of Lords.

Before I conclude, I must say a few words of Rosslyn Castle and Chapel. The ruins of the castle are situated on a lofty peninsula, overhanging the river Esk, and they are separated from the adjacent country by a deep ravine, over which the only access is by a noble stone-bridge. The situation is extremely romantic, on a steep rock rising out of the bed of the river, with precipitous banks covered with natural wood. The ruins are on a scale of princely grandeur. It is uncertain how early they were commenced, probably in the twelfth century. But the castle was completed in the fifteenth century, by William, third Earl of Orkney, the founder of the chapel.

This most beautiful structure crowns the hill above the castle. It was originally founded for a Provost and six Prebendaries. Its design, which is singularly rich and beautiful, is said to have been drawn at Rome, and it was not completed until towards the end of the fifteenth century. The architecture is of the most rich and florid style, and the carvings are in the greatest profusion and of the most delicate beauty.

There is a superstition connected with this chapel. It is said to be brilliantly illuminated immediately before the death of a member of the Sinclair family. To this Sir Walter Scott alludes in his beautiful ballad of Rosabelle:—

“ Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Rosslyn’s chiefs uncoffined lie,  
Each baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

“ Blazed battlement and summit high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,  
So still they blaze when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high St Clair.”

At the south-east corner of the chapel, there is a descent, by twenty steps, into a crypt, partly subterranean. The whole chapel, within and without, is decorated with sculpture. The interior is divided into a middle and two side aisles, by seven columns on each side, supporting arches. The roof, capitals, key-stones, and architraves are all covered with sculptures.

There are several curious monuments: one is said to mark the tomb of Sir William St Clair, the huntsman and better. He is sculptured in armour, with one of his greyhounds at his feet. At the front of the third and fourth pillars there is a large flagstone, covering the opening into the family vault, where the Barons of Rosslyn, descendants of Sir Oliver, of the younger race (now extinct in the male line), are laid. This vault is so dry that their bodies have been found entire, after eighty years, and as fresh as when first buried. These barons were anciently deposited in their armour, without any coffin. The last who were interred in Rosslyn Chapel were James Alexander, Lord Loughborough, who died unmarried in 1851, and his mother the Countess of Rosslyn, who died in 1858: he was the eldest son, and she the wife, of Sir James Alexander St Clair Erskine, present Earl of Rosslyn, who is the grand-nephew of Lord Chancellor Alexander Wedderburn, who was created Earl of Rosslyn and Lord Loughborough with special limitations to his kinsmen who now bear the titles.

## THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF VALENTINE GREATRAK'S.

THE seventeenth century in these islands was one of strange excitement. Apart from politics, enthusiasm had reached its zenith. Witches were believed to exercise a deadly power, like the *veneficæ* of old, over all who incurred their hate. Astrologers abounded in every locality; prophets uttered their predictions; multitudes saw visions, and dreamed dreams. Sects multiplied past counting, and by their fanatical extravagance brought the name of Religion into disrepute. Common sense and the common usages of the world were discarded. All things were beheld through the distorted speculum of a heated fancy. The majority became possessed with a restless craving for insight into things unseen; and eagerly listened to every assumption of power beyond human imagination. Imagination—that wildest, most wondrous endowment of man, was suffered to run riot, and never exhibited it more strange vagaries.

No wonder, then, that in quiet, rural homesteads, squires themselves forgot horse and hound, while they fell a-thinking of the uncommon events which had fallen upon their own times. Little marvel, too, that some, in whom the religious element predominated, lost themselves in musing upon the supernatural events recorded in the Book of Revelation; and, from considering what had been achieved by the inspired Messengers of Heaven, passed on to the conclusion that a revival of these miraculous cures was a thing neither impossible nor improbable with themselves. And least of all should it excite our wonder, that, caught up thus in the spirit of religious speculation, the mind of the en-

thusiast about whom I am to speak, should be unresistingly borne along the torrent of its own credulity, over-leaping the bounds of prudence and common-sense, until, gathering swiftness by the momentum of its own fate, it finally poured itself away on the quicksands of superstition.

Yet was it a gentle and a tender credence!—one to be spoken of always kindly; and now, after the lapse of so many years, to be written about, making due allowance for the individual and the age. When we stand by the dusty grave of one who came out from the body of his fellows, not claiming an ambitious pre-eminence of authority, but a singularity in the possession of a power to do good, and when we follow him, mentally, from that day forward, seeking out the repulsiveness of disease that he might remove it—resigning the comforts of home, that he might gratuitously benefit those afar off as well as those who were near—making the long journey and boisterous sea voyage—enduring the threats of legal prosecution for pity's sake to the sick poor,—we know that the sleeper beneath was no common man. Our admiration is excited; our love is kindled. His mental constitution might have differed from ours; but on which side is the disparity? The reply may not, after all, be so flattering to self.

In my *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*, I have given an outline of the history of the once celebrated VALENTINE GREATRAK'S, the claimant to "gifts of healing" in the seventeenth century. I return to the subject because of the new and exceedingly interesting information about him, which has recently reached my hands, through the kindness of one of his lineal descendants. Little of what I subjoin has hitherto been published; and my present paper will, I doubt not, exhibit this remarkable personage in a fuller, clearer light than he has been hitherto beheld in, save by his own contemporaries.

VALENTINE GREATRAK'S, as he subscribed himself, was born at his ancestral residence, Affane Castle, county Waterford, Ireland, on the 14th of February, 1628. His birthday conferred on him his baptismal name. William Greatrak's, his father, was Clerk of the Crown and Clerk of the Peace for the whole province of Munster from 1592 to 1605, as we learn from the *Council Book of Munster*.\* He

\* Harleian MSS. No. 697, p. 40. A Commission was issued, 5th August, 1610, by Sir Richard Morryson, Knt, Vice-President of Munster,



is described by his eminent son as "one that had a liberal education, and a competent estate left him by his father (who was known to be a worthy person and well-esteemed in his country), a man looked upon to be of a generous spirit, but one that had a mind above his fortune."\* His mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Harris, Knt, one of the Justices of the King's Bench, Ireland, "a virtuous and discreet woman, an excellent neighbour, and a most indulgent and provident parent." Mr Greatrak's, sen. dying while his children were tender in years, their education was superintended by their mother, who, as soon as Valentine, the eldest, was able to read, placed him at the Free School of Lismore, where he remained until he was thirteen. He was designed for the University of Dublin the ensuing year; but the dreadful rebellion of 1641 broke out, and his mother was compelled to flee with him and several other little children to England. They were kindly received and protected in Devon by his uncle, Edward Harris, of whom, in his autobiographical letter to Robert Boyle, Mr Greatrak's gives a noble character. After some few years, Mr Harris died, leaving to his sister the third part of his estate, and to her eldest son, whose merits he recognised in a most solemn manner, his prayers and blessing. The young lad was placed, on his uncle's decease, under John Daniel Getsius, "an high German minister of Stock-gabriel, county Devon, with whom he spent some years studying humanity, and found from his hands much favour and love."† Owing to his mother's narrow means, which were "very small, to maintain herself

appointing Sir John Jephson, Knt, Sir Edward Harris, Chief Justice, and Sir Richard Boyle, Knt, Commissioners to inquire into the fees allowed and received by his, or her late, Majesty's Attorney or Attorneys in the province of Munster. Mr Greatrak's was examined by the Commissioners, and deposed that he filled the above offices from the 35th year of Elizabeth to the 2nd or 3rd year of James I., but "now doth not exercise either of them or any other." He declared himself to be "of the age of 37 or thereabouts."

\* "A brief account of Mr Valentine Greatrak's, and divers of the strange cures by him lately performed. Written by himself in a letter addressed to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq. Whereunto are annexed the testimonials of several eminent and worthy persons of the chief matters of fact therein related. London: printed for J. Starkey, at the Mitre, in Fleet Street, between the Middle Temple Gate and Temple Bar. 1666."

† Wood (*Athenæ Oxon. Vol. III., p. 976*) mentions, that when Mr Greatrak's sold his Devon property, he reserved an annuity for his old tutor Getsius.

and so many children as she had, who grew daily more expensive as we grew in years," he returned to Ireland in 1647, "resolving to lose his life with his fortune there, or regain it."

He found the country, he writes, "in a most miserable and deplorable state;" but seems to have succeeded without difficulty in establishing his claim to the property. Resolving not to intermeddle with the "unnatural" contentions going on, "till the mist of confusion was over," he for refuge retired to the Castle of Cappoquin, which adjoined the family residence, "where," writes Mr Greatrak's to Robert Boyle, "I spent a year's time in contemplation, and saw so much of the madness and wickedness of the world, that my life became a burthen to me, and my soul was as weary of this habitation of clay as ever the galley-slave was of the oar, which brought my life even to the threshold of death; so that my legs had hardly strength to carry my enfeebled body about; all company seemed irksome and distasteful to me; so epidemically lewd, blasphemous, and sottish were many become—that I saw the many and great judgments of the Lord that the kingdom groaned under had not reclaimed, but, Pharaoh-like, had hardened, our Egyptian hearts; which caused me seldom to leave my cell."

In 1649, on the subjugation of Ireland by Cromwell, the command of the horse in Munster was given to Lord Broghill, and Mr Greatrak's was made a lieutenant of Ludlow's troop in that nobleman's own regiment. In these military duties he continued six years, "during all which time," he writes, "I will boldly say I neversuffered quarter to be broken, or violence offered to any that were in protection; nor did I suffer any one under my command to oppress or injure any that were in quarter without bringing them to condign punishment; nor did I permit any women or children to be killed, though out of protection, where I had a power to restrain the fury of the soldier."

A great part of the army in Ireland was disbanded in 1656, when Mr Greatrak's, with many other gentlemen, withdrew from active service. "And then," proceeds his autobiographical sketch, "I took myself to a country life, and lived at Affane, the habitation of my ancestors, where I have continued ever since, and got, by my industry, a livelihood out of the bowels of the earth, and daily employed many poor people to work, and improved that little estate

which I had, so that I bless God I lived as comfortably as he that had thousands, and daily relieved those that were in want, and gave my friends and strangers a hearty welcome to what God in mercy had bestowed upon me, who never coveted much, nor denied myself and others the enjoyment of what I had." He was now, by the kindness and respect of the then Governor (Lord Broghill), made Clerk of the Peace of the county of Cork, Register for Transplantation, and a Justice of the Peace. At this time also he entered into the married estate, as we shall see hereafter.

About the year 1662 an extraordinary change came over him, which we give in his own words. "About four years since, I had an impulse, or a strange persuasion in my own mind (of which I am not able to give any rational account to another), which did very frequently suggest to me that there was bestowed on me the gift of curing the King's Evil, which, for the extraordinariness of it, I thought fit to conceal for some time; but at length I communicated this to my wife, and told her that I did verily believe that God had given me the blessing to cure the King's Evil; for whether I were in private or public, sleeping or waking, still I had the impulse." His wife, not crediting him, one William Maher, of Salterbridge, brought his son, William Maher, to his house, and, within a month, the child was perfectly cured. The next person touched was one Margaret Mac Shane, of Ballinechy, in the parish of Lismore, who was given over by Doctor Anthony, "a famous physician," but was restored in six weeks. After this, people infected with the Evil came to him from several counties, and being touched in the same way\* were, for the most part, cured. Mr Greatrak's was moved to try his powers on an Epidemical Ague, and was equally successful.

In 1665, on the Sunday after Easter day, the 2nd of April, he felt that these powers were much enlarged, and that "the gift of healing" was communicated to him by God, for the removal of other sicknesses. On the Wednesday following he healed a poor man of an ulcerous leg; and on the next day, Thursday, he went to Colonel Phaire, at Cahirmony, county Cork, who was very ill of ague, which was immedi-

\* The simple method employed by Mr Greatrak's was rubbing the affected place with his hand, whence he was called by his contemporaries the "Stroker," and offering, at the same time, prayer to Jesus that the sufferer might be healed.

ately taken away by stroking. "When Mr Greatraks came to my father's," writes Mr Alexander Herbert Phaire,\* the Colonel's son, "the court was crowded with patients, whom he attended all the afternoon. Many were perfectly cured, without any return of their disorders, and most received benefit; but in my time his virtue was much abated. I have heard my two eldest sisters (who were women grown), and my eldest brother, and my father and mother, and many other honourable people, that would speak nothing but truth, often say, that they have many times seen him stroke a violent pain, from the shoulder to the elbow, and so to the wrist, and thence to the tip of the thumb, and by holding it strongly there for some time, it had evaporated. There are many wonders of this kind, which, though assuredly true, have so much the air of romance, that I have no pleasure in relating them."

Such crowds of the sick now resorted to the demesne of Affane, that its remarkable owner found himself left "no time to follow his own occasions, nor enjoy the company of his family and friends." He set three days in the week apart, from six in the morning till six at night, to lay hands on all who came; and so continued some months at home. "But the multitudes which came daily were so great that the neighbouring towns were not able to accommodate them; whereupon, for the good of others," writes Mr Greatrak's, "I left my home, and went to Youghal, where great multitudes resorted to me, not only of the inhabitants, but also out of England; so that the magistrates of the town told me that they were afraid that some of the sick people that came to me out of England might bring the infection† into the place: whereon I retired again to my house at Affane, where (as at Youghal) I observed three days by laying my hands on all that came, whatsoever the diseases were (and many were

\* British Museum. "Add. MSS., No. 4291, Art. 7" (Dr Birch's Collection). "Three Letters from Alexander Herbert Phaire, relating to Mr Greatraks, the Irish Stroker." In "Add. MSS., No. 4293," is a second copy of these letters, which are dated respectively "Feb. 29th 1743(4)," "March 3rd, 1743(4)," and "March 10th, 1743(4)," with this superscription added, "*Mr Phaire resides at St. John's, near Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford.*"

I am happy to draw public attention, for the first time, to these curious communications, from which I shall extract, subsequently, some interesting illustrations of my subject.

† This was the year (1665), it will be remembered, of the great Plague of London.

cured, and many were not); so that my stable, barn, and malt-house were filled with sick people of all diseases almost, yet so great was the providence of God, that I do not remember that all that time any one of my family (though I touched them in my house) was ever infected by them; neither did any of them, though they herded all together, infect one the other.

“Many demand of me,” continues Mr Greatrak’s, “why some are cured and not all? To which question I answer, that God may please to make use of such means, by me, as shall operate according to the dispositions of the patient, and therefore cannot be expected to be alike effectual in all. They also demand further of me, why some are cured *at once*, and not all? and why the pains should fly immediately out of some, and take such *ambages* in others? and why it should go out of some at their eyes, some at their fingers, some at their ears or mouths? To which I say, if all these things could have a plain account given of them, there would be no cause to count them strange. Let them tell me what substance that is which removes and goes out with so great expedition, and it will be more easy to resolve their questions. Some will know of me, why or how I do pursue some pains from place to place till I have chased them out of the body, by laying my hands outside of the clothes only (as is usual), and not *all* pains. To which I answer that—and others have been abundantly satisfied that it is so—though I am not able to give a reason, yet I am apt to believe there are some pains which afflict men after the manner of evil spirits, which kind of pains cannot endure my hand, nay, not my gloves, but fly immediately, though six or eight coats or cloaks be put between the persons and my hand, as at the Lady Ranelagh’s, at York House, in London, as well as in Ireland, has been manifested. Now another question will arise, whether the operation of my hand proceeds from the temperature of my body, or from a Divine gift, or from both? To which I say, that I have reason to believe that there is some extraordinary gift of God.”

The Dean of Lismore, by the order of the bishop, now summoned Mr Greatrak’s to appear in his court, and prohibited him from laying hands on any sick people for the future. This order Mr Greatrak’s obeyed for two days; but going into the village of Cappoquin, he met many poor and sick persons come to him out of England, and he could not,

in compassion to their misery, stay his hand from them. The bishop himself now sent for him, and upon his obeying the summons, demanded, "Where was his licence for curing, as all physicians ought to have from the Ordinary of the diocese?" To which he replied, "That though he had no such licence, he knew no law which prohibited any person from doing what good he could to his neighbour." The bishop renewed the prohibition in yet stricter terms; but Mr Greatrak's refused complying with the order, and at home, in Dublin, and wheresoever his occasions called him, he continued the exercise of, what he believed to be, his "gift."

Lord Conway, an English nobleman, having heard of the wonderful Irish doctor, sent his friend, George Rust, Dean of Connor, to him, in January, 1665-6, to entreat his coming to Ragley, in Warwickshire, for the purpose of relieving Lady Conway of a violent headache. Mr Greatrak's accordingly embarked at Youghal, and tried to land at Kingroad, near Bristol, but was compelled to put into Minehead harbour, in Somersetshire, where he was met by many whom he had cured in Ireland. He went from place to place, curing by the way, until he arrived at Ragley, on the 16th of January. He did not succeed with the noble patient for whose sake he had made the long journey, as he candidly acknowledges in his autobiographical letter; but was, notwithstanding, treated with marked attention by Lord Conway, who now wrote to his brother-in-law, Sir George Rawdon, the following remarkable letter:—

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I have received yours of the 29th January; but the former letter therein mentioned to have been written to me on your coming to Dublin has not yet come to my hands. Mr Greatrak's hath been here a fortnight to-morrow, and my wife is not the better for him; very few others have failed under his hands, of many hundred that he hath touched in these parts. I must confess that, before his arrival, I did not believe the tenth part of those things which I have been an eye-witness of, and several others of as accurate judgment as any in this kingdom, who are come hither out of curiosity, do acknowledge the truth of his operations. This morning the Bishop of Gloucester recommended to me a prebend's son in his diocese, to be brought to him for a leprosy from head to foot, which hath

been judged incurable above ten years, and in my chamber he cured him perfectly, that is, from a moist humour; 'twas immediately dried up, and began to fall off; the itching was quite gone, and the heat of it taken away. The youth was transported to admiration. The dean saw this as well as myself, but it is not the hundredth part, and I am confident at the least of forty that we have seen, among which are many pleasant passages done purposely to satisfy our curiosity and experience. So I wonder that he had not a greater esteem in Ireland; but, after all this, I am far from thinking them miracles, or that his cures are at all miraculous; but I believe it is by a *sanative virtue* and a *natural efficiency*, which extends not to all diseases, but is much more proper and effectual to some than to others, as he doth also despatch some with a great deal of ease, and others not without a great deal of pains. This inclosed is a letter of his to his wife, which I desire may be carefully sent to her; and as to his concernments in Ireland, I fear he doth not mind them so well as he ought to do; probably Sir Thomas Stanley may inform you how they stand, and if you can do him any service, I shall take it extremely kindly, for he takes a great deal of pains about my wife, and is very affectionate to do all that lies in his power. I had also a letter from my brother Francis. I am confident Mr Greatrak's would recover him or the Bishop of Down, for I pretty well know what distempers he can cure, and what he cannot.

“So I rest yours, etc., CONWAY.

“Ragley, 9th February, 1665.”

Mr Greatrak's remained at Ragley about three weeks or a month, in the enjoyment of Lord Conway's hospitality, and went thence to Worcester, at the entreaty of the Mayor and Aldermen of that city. He had resolved to stay at Worcester some four or five days, but on his arrival a letter from Lord Arlington reached him, conveying the royal mandate to Mr Greatrak's to appear at Whitehall. Obeying this summons, he proceeded to London, where he took up his residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and, having been presented at court, he returned to his lodgings, where he publicly cured the sick, and filled the whole city with amazement.

A lively account of the appearance of Mr Greatrak's in the metropolis is given by the sarcastic St Evremond, in the second volume of his *Miscellanies*: “When M. de Com-

minges," writes this witty Frenchman, "was ambassador from his most Christian Majesty to the King of Great Britain, there came to London an Irish prophet, who passed himself off as a great worker of miracles. Some persons of quality having begged of M. de Comminges to invite him to his house, that they might be witnesses of some of his miracles, the ambassador promised to satisfy them, as much to gratify his own curiosity as from courtesy to his friends, and gave notice to Greatrak's that he would be glad to see him.

"A rumour of the prophet's coming soon spread all over the town, and the hotel of M. de Comminges was crowded by sick persons, who came full of confidence in their speedy cure. The Irishman made them wait a considerable time for him, but came at last, in the midst of their impatience for him, with a grave and simple countenance, that showed no signs of his being a cheat. M. de Comminges prepared to question him strictly, hoping to discourse with him on the matters that he had read of in Van Helmont and Bodinus; but he was not able to do so, much to his regret, for the crowd became so great, and cripples and others pressed round so impatiently to be the first cured, that the servants were obliged to use threats and even force, before they could establish order among them, or place them in proper ranks.

"The prophet affirmed that all diseases were caused by evil spirits. Every infirmity with him was a case of diabolical possession. The first that was presented to him was a man suffering from gout and rheumatism, and so severely, that the physicians had been unable to cure him. 'Ah,' said the miracle-worker, 'I have seen a good deal of this sort of spirits when I was in Ireland. They are watery spirits, who bring on cold shivering, and excite an overflow of aqueous humours in our poor bodies.' Then addressing the man, he said, 'Evil spirit, who hast quitted thy dwelling in the waters to come and afflict this miserable body, I command thee to quit thy new abode, and return to thine ancient habitation!' This said, the sick man was ordered to withdraw, and another brought forward in his place. This new comer said he was tormented by the melancholy vapours. In fact, he looked like a hypochondriac,—one of those persons diseased in imagination, and who but too often become so in reality. 'Aerial spirit,' said the Irishman, 'return, I command thee, into the air; exercise thy natural vocation of raising tempests, and do not excite any more wind in this



sad unlucky body!’ This man was immediately turned away, to make room for a third patient, who, in the Irishman’s opinion, was only tormented by a little bit of a sprite, who could not withstand his command for an instant. He pretended that he recognised this sprite by some marks, which were invisible to the company, to whom he turned with a smile, and said, ‘This sort of spirit does not often do much harm, and is always very diverting.’ To hear him talk one would have imagined that he knew all about spirits, their names, their rank, their numbers, their employment, and all the functions they were destined to; and he boasted of being much better acquainted with the intrigues of demons than he was with the affairs of men. You can hardly imagine what a reputation he gained in a short time. Catholics and Protestants visited him from every part, all believing that power from Heaven was in his hands.”

Having narrated, with much quiet humour, the joint application to Mr Greatrak’s of a husband and wife, who besought him to cast out the demon of discord that troubled them, St Evremond concludes by setting forth the influence gained on the popular mind. “So great was the confidence in him, that the blind fancied they saw the light, which they did not see; the deaf imagined that they heard; the lame, that they walked straight; and the paralytic, that they had recovered the use of their limbs. An idea of health made the sick forget, for awhile, their maladies; and imagination, which was not less active in those merely drawn by curiosity than in the sick, gave a false view in the one class, from the desire of seeing, as it operated a false cure on the other, from the strong desire of being healed. Such was the power of the Irishman over the mind, and such was the influence of the mind over the body. Nothing was spoken of in London but his prodigies, and these prodigies were supported by such great authorities, that the bewildered multitude believed them, almost without examination, while more enlightened people did not care to reject them from their own knowledge. The public opinion, timid and enslaved, respected this imperious and, apparently, well-authenticated error. Those who saw through the delusion kept their opinion to themselves, knowing how useless it was to declare their disbelief to a people filled with prejudice and admiration.”

Another satirical opponent of Mr Greatrak’s was Dr Lloyd, the chaplain of the Charter-house, who, in a work en-

titled, "Wonders no Miracles,"\* descended to the lowest personal abuse of "The Stroker." It was in answer to this treatise, that Mr Greatrak's wrote his "Brief Account," which he inscribed to the philosophic Robert Boyle. This distinguished man did not hesitate to throw the shield of his high authority over Mr Greatrak's; in which he was followed by Cudworth, another of the "Intellectual System;" Bishop Rust, Dr Whichcot, Dr Wilkins, Dr Lewis Patrick, and many of the Fellows of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The pen was likewise taken up in his defence by Henry Stubbe,† a physician of Stratford-on-Avon, who had been his fellow-guest at Lord Conway's table, Ragley, and had there witnessed many of his marvellous cures. A Mr Love, who had, on a former occasion, unjustly ridiculed Mr Greatrak's, also now stepped forth to assure the world that he had been witness to his curing epilepsy, in a way beyond ordinary credibility; and, in a letter to the Earl of Orrery, declared "that the Royal Society, and other modern philosophers, unable to dispute the act, found words to define it, and called the strange effects, 'A sanative contagion in the body, which had an antipathy to some particular diseases, and not to others.'" Indeed this learned society has done its part in preserving memorials of Mr Greatrak's; for Mr Thoresby, in their *Transactions*, has recorded some remarkable instances of his relieving sickness, and, among others, in the case of his own brother. How long Mr Greatrak's remained in London, or when he returned home, does not appear. He was in Dublin in 1681, which appears to have been his last public appearance; and he expired in peace at his residence, Affane Castle, in November, 1683.‡ His last will is registered in Dublin.

\* "Wonders no Miracles; or, Mr Valentine Greatrak's Gift of Healing examined, upon occasion of a sad effect of his Stroking, March the 7th, 1666, at one Mr Crepet's house, in Charter-house Yard. In a letter to a Rev. Divine, living near that place. London: Printed for Sam. Speed, at the Rainbow, in Fleet Street, 1666."

† "The Miraculous Conformist; or An Account of several Marvailous Cures performed by the Stroking of the Hands of Mr Valentine Greatarick; with a Physical Discourse thereupon. In a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, Esq.; with a Letter relating some other of his Miraculous Cures, attested by E. Foxcroft, M. A., and Fellow of King's College, in Cambridge. By Henry Stubbe, Physician at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the County of Warwick. Oxford: Printed by H. Hall, Printer to the University, for Ric. Davis, 1666."

‡ Lodge. Vol. ii. page 248—note.

Of the personal appearance of this remarkable man we have some interesting notices, preserved by his contempora-

Mr Greatrak's was twice married. His first wife was sister of Sir William Godolphin, ambassador from Charles II. to the Court of Madrid, by whom he had issue:—

- I. WILLIAM GREATRAK's, who *m.*, in Dec., 1683, Mary, third dau. (by Dorcas, his wife, third dau. of the famous Sir Philip Perceval, ancestor of the Earls of Egmont) of Jonah Wheeler, Esq., of Greenan, co. Kilkenny, who was son and heir of Dr Jonah Wheeler, Bishop of Ossory. Mr Greatrak's *d.* 27 Sept. 1686, having had an only son, who *d.* in infancy. His widow re-married with Dr William Palliser, Abp. of Cashel, and *d.* in June, 1735, having had, by the Archbishop, an only son, William Palliser, Esq., of Rathfarnham
- II. Edmund, so named after Sir Edmundbury Godfrey ("my honoured and worthy friend," as his distinguished father calls him, in his letter to Robert Boyle), mentioned as "of Affane," in a work entitled "The State of the Protestants of Ireland, under the late King James's Government, &c. : London, 1691," and there recorded as one of the attainted Protestants who were obliged to flee to England: he *m.* the daughter of a glass-man at Bristol; but *d.s.p.*
- I. Mary, *m.* Major Edmund [or William] Browning, of the Parliamentary Army, and had issue:
  1. Richard, *d.s.p.*
  2. Valentine, *m.*, 31 August, 1732, Jane, eldest dau. of Samuel Hayman, Esq., of Cloynepriest and Myrtle Grove, (see HAYMAN OF SOUTH ABBEY, *Landed Gentry*), and (with a son who *d.* abroad *unm.*) had issue
 

Samuel, *d. unm.*

Elizabeth, heiress to her father and eventually to her uncle, Richard Brownrigg, *m.* Pierce Poer, of Ballyhane, Esq., High Sheriff of co. Waterford in 1789, a lineal descendant of the LORDS LE POER of Curraghmore, by whom she had issue;

Nicholas Poer., *d.* young.

Samuel Poer, late of Belleville Park (see *Landed Gentry*).

Pierce Poer.

William Poer, in holy orders, Incumbent of Affane.

John Poer, of Mount Rivers, and afterwards of Belle Vue.

Alicia Poer, *m.* in 1786, John Drew, Esq., of Listry, and Rockfield, co. of Kerry, and of Frogmore, near Youghal, co. Cork, and (with others) had issue, a son, Pierce William Drew, in holy orders, of Brooklodge, Rector of Youghal.

Catherine Poer, *m.* Sir Christopher Musgrave, of Myrtle Grove, Bart.

Jane Poer, *m.* the Rev. George Miles.

Mr Greatrak's *m.* 2dly, the relict of Rotheram, Esq., of Camolin, co. Wexford, but does not appear to have had further issue. His brother William carried on the male line, now believed to be extinct; and his

ries. Granger gives an admirable portrait, representing him in the act of shutting the eyes of a blind youth. Dr Stubbe says of him, "He is a man of a graceful personage and presence, and if my phantasy betrayed not my judgment, I observed in his eyes and meene a vivacitie and spritlinesse that is nothing common." Mr A. H. Phaire describes him as a man "of large stature and surprising strength. He has often," he writes, "taken a handful of hazel-nuts and cracked most of them with one gripe of his hand, and has often divided a single hazel-nut by his thumb and fore-finger. He had the largest, heaviest, and softest hand, I believe, of any man of his time; to which I do attribute the natural reason of the great virtue of his hand above other men." This "largeness" of the Stroker's hand has been always mentioned in the traditions of the family; and Mr Greatrak's collateral descendants, both male and female, were remarkable for size and stature.

only sister Mary *m.* John Nettles, Esq., of Tourin, by whom she had numerous issue (see NETTLES of NETTLEVILLE, *Landed Gentry*).

## THE EARLS OF MAR.

THERE is no title in Great Britain, perhaps no title in Europe, so ancient as that of the Earl of Mar. It is, in fact, an extraordinary relic handed down to us from the most remote period of history; for we can trace this illustrious line, in uninterrupted succession, to the old Pictish period, when the predecessor and ancestor of the present Earl of Mar held the same designation, but with a higher dignity, and a title which has been obsolete for a thousand years, and is now known only as a curious matter of antiquarian research. The title in question was *Maormor*, a Pictish dignity, inferior only to that of King, and which, many centuries ere the ducal rank had been heard of in Britain, was exchanged for the modern title of Earl.

Three great princes, who, under the ancient Pictish sovereigns, governed Scotland, with the title of *Maormor*, were the hereditary chiefs of the great tribes into which the people of the North of Scotland were divided. They were exclusively the native great rulers of the Pictish or Gaelic races which peopled the northern districts of Britain; and to which races and districts the title of *Maormor* was confined. And although many Saxon and Roman barons obtained extensive territories in Scotland, soon after the Norman conquest, and even in some cases succeeded, by marriage, to the power and territories of some of the ancient *Maormors*, yet we never find them appearing under that title.

Among the principal *Maormorships* of the north of Scotland were Fife, Moray, Ross, Athole, Mar, Sutherland, and Argyle. Of the great hereditary chiefs who ruled over them, the races have long been extinct. That of Mar alone survives; a remarkable instance of a title of which we know not the beginning, as the first of the race appears in

history a potent native chief, holding a rank only inferior to the sovereign.

In the very end of the ninth century, a remarkable adventure befell the Maormor of Mar: he valiantly opposed Sigurd, the first Scandinavian Earl of Orkney, who had conquered the greatest portion of the north of Scotland, but was slain in battle by the invader. The death of this great chief, whose name was Melbrigda, was revenged upon Sigurd in a most remarkable manner. This Maormor possessed a very prominent tooth; and Sigurd, having cut off his head, suspended it to his saddle-bow, and galloped in triumph over the field of his victory. The violence of the motion caused the head of Melbrigda to knock about, and his prominent tooth inflicted a wound in Sigurd's thigh, which festered, mortified, and caused his death.

In course of time the Gaelic Maormors became Earls, and all of them became extinct, except the Earl of Mar, whose title has been handed down, though in the female line, to our day. The accurate and learned Lord Hailes remarks on the title of Mar,—“This is one of the Earldoms whose origin is lost in antiquity. It existed before our records, and before the era of genuine history.”

Thomas, thirteenth Earl of Mar, was the last of his race in direct male descent. He was succeeded by his sister, Margaret, Countess of Mar, the wife of William, Earl of Douglas, by whom she had a son, James, Earl of Douglas, and fourteenth Earl of Mar, slain at Otterburn in 1388, and a daughter, Isabella, heiress to her brother, as Countess of Mar, on the romantic incidents of whose life I cannot now dwell. In 1404, she granted to her husband, Alexander Stewart, a natural son of the royal house, the Earldom of Mar. This marriage being without issue, the Earldom was justly claimed, in 1435, by Robert, Lord Erskine, the undoubted heir of the Mar family, being the only son of Janet Keith, Lady Erskine, whose mother, Christian Monteith, was daughter of Sir John Monteith, by Lady Ellen Mar, daughter of Gratney, eleventh Earl of Mar, and niece of King Robert Bruce. Robert, Lord Erskine, was thus, *de jure*, the fifteenth Earl of Mar; but King James the Third would not acknowledge his claim, and gave this great Earldom to his own brother, and after his condemnation and death, to his favourite, Cochrane, who was hanged at Sanders' bridge, in 1482. This Earldom was

next conferred on Alexander, son of King James the Third, and, afterwards, Queen Mary granted a charter of it to James Stewart, Prior of St Andrew's, afterwards Earl of Moray. But at length it was restored to its rightful proprietor, John, Lord Erskine, after the family had been unjustly kept out of it for more than a century. This nobleman, in 1565, took his seat in Parliament as Earl of Mar, and he was, properly speaking, the twentieth Earl. He was Regent of Scotland during the minority of King James the Sixth. His son, John, Earl of Mar, was the playmate and early companion of that monarch, and was Lord High Treasurer of Scotland. His second wife was the beautiful Mary Stewart, cousin to the King, and daughter of Esme Stewart, Duke of Lenox.

The family of Mar continued in honour and power until the fatal year 1715, when the Earl having been disgusted with the uncourteous treatment which he received from King George the First, and cherishing an attachment to the exiled royal race, raised the standard of the Stuarts in Bræmar, and was leader of that ill-advised insurrection. On the failure of this enterprise his estates were forfeited, and his titles attainted. A portion of the former were bought in for his son, Lord Erskine; but the attainder of the titles was not reversed until 1824, when George the Fourth restored them to Mr Erskine of Mar, the grandson of the attainted peer.

There is a very singular prophecy in this family, attributed by some to Thomas the Rhymer, by some to the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, who was ejected in the reign of Queen Mary, and by some to the Bard of the House at that epoch. But whoever was the author of it, the prophecy itself is sure, and the time of its delivery was prior to the elevation of the Earl, in 1571, to be the Regent of Scotland. The original is said to have been delivered in Gaelic verse, but it is doubtful if it was ever written down; and the family themselves have always been averse to giving any details concerning it. The contributor of the details I am recording knew intimately the restored earl, John Francis, and all his children, but could never induce them to do more than attest its truth. His father repeated it in 1799; and may have known it many years earlier. Thus it is not a prediction after the event.

“Proud Chief of Mar : Thou shalt be raised still higher, until thou sittest in the place of the king. Thou shalt rule and destroy, and thy *work* shall be called after thy name ; but thy *work* shall be the emblem of thy house, and shall teach mankind, that he who cruelly and haughtily raiseth himself upon the ruins of the holy cannot prosper. Thy *work* shall be cursed and shall never be finished. But thou shalt have riches and greatness, and shalt be true to thy Sovereign, and shalt raise his banner in the field of blood. Then, when thou seemest to be highest—when thy power is mightiest, then shall come thy fall ; low shall be thy head amongst the nobles of thy people. Deep shall be thy moan among the children of dool.\* Thy lands shall be given to the stranger ; and thy titles shall lie amongst the dead. The branch that springs from thee shall see his dwelling burnt, in which a king was nursed,—his wife a sacrifice in that same flame ; his children numerous, but of little honour ; and three born and grown, who shall never see the light. Yet shall thine ancient tower stand ; for the brave and the true cannot be wholly forsaken. Thou proud head and daggered hand must *dree thy weird*, until horses shall be stabled in thy hall, and a weaver shall throw his shuttle in thy chamber of state. Thine ancient tower—a woman’s dower—shall be a ruin and a beacon, until an ash sapling shall spring from its topmost stone. Then shall thy sorrows be ended, and the sunshine of royalty shall beam on thee once more. Thine honours shall be restored ; the kiss of peace shall be given to thy Countess, though she seek it not, and the days of peace shall return to thee and thine. The line of Mar shall be broken ; but not until its honors are doubled, and its doom is ended.”

In explanation of this long prophecy, which has worked through 300 years, I have to state that the Earl of 1571 was raised to be Regent of Scotland, and guardian of James VI., whose cradle belongs to the family. He, as Regent, commanded the destruction of Cambuskenneth Abbey, and took its stones to build himself a palace in Stirling, which never advanced further than the façade, and which has always been called “Marr’s *Work*.”

The Earl of Mar, in 1715, raised the banner, in Scotland, of *his* sovereign, the Chevalier James Stuart, son of James

\* Scottish for sorrow.



the Second or Seventh; and was defeated at the bloody battle of Sherriff Muir. His title was forfeited, and his lands of Mar were confiscated, and sold by the government to the Earl of Fife.

His grandson, and representative, John Francis, lived at Alloa Tower, which had been for some time the abode of James the Sixth, as an infant. This tower was burnt in 1801, by a candle being left near a bed by a careless servant. Miss Erskine, afterwards Lady Frances, had passed this room to her own every night for twelve years, but that night, being ill, she had gone up by a private stair. Mrs Erskine was burnt, and died; leaving, besides others, three children, who were born blind, and who all lived to old age. The family being thus driven away from Alloa Tower, it was left as a ruin, and used to be a show from the neighbouring gentlemen's houses.

In the beginning of this century, upon a general and violent alarm of the French invasion, all the cavalry of the district, and all the yeomanry, poured into Alloa, a small poor town, in which they could not find accommodation. A troop accordingly took possession of the tower, and fifty horses were stabled for a week in its lordly hall. In or about 1810, a party of visitors found, to their astonishment, a weaver very composedly plying his loom in the grand old chamber of state. He had been there a fortnight, and the keeper of the tower professed to know nothing of it. He had been dislodged in Alloa for rent.

Between 1815 and 1820, my informant was often one of a party who have shaken the ash saplin in the topmost stone, and clasped it in the palm of their hands; wondering if it was really the twig of destiny, and if *they* should ever live to see the prophecy fulfilled.

In 1822, King George the Fourth came to Scotland, and searched out the families who had suffered by supporting the Princes of the Stuart line. Foremost of them all was Erskine of Mar, grandson of the Mar who had raised the Chevalier's standard, and to him, accordingly, he restored his earldom. John Francis, the present peer, and the grandson of the restored Earl, boasts the double earldoms of Mar and Kelly. His Countess was never presented at St James's, but she *accidentally* met Queen Victoria in a small room in Stirling Castle, and the Queen immediately asked who she was, detained her, and kissed her. The Earl

and Countess are now living in affluence and peace at Alloa Park, and many, who knew the family in its days of deepest depression, have lived to see "the weird dreed out, and the doom of Mar ended."

"Alloa Tower—a woman's dower"—was the jointure-house of the Lady Frances Erskine, the mother of the restored Peer. The present Earl has no children, and his successor in the peerage, accordingly, will not be an Erskine but a Goodeve, the child of his eldest sister, the Lady Jemima; the old line being thus broken.

## THE HEART OF MONTROSE.

Gallant and glorious spirit ! . . . Thou  
 Hast died for our long royalty of race.  
 . . . . . Let me once  
 . . . . . fold that throbbless heart.—BYRON.

FEW of my readers will require to be reminded that the great Montrose, having fallen into the hands of the Covenanters, after all his victories, was condemned to die the death of a traitor. Neither is it my intention to dwell upon the bloody and painful details of the execution. It is enough for the purpose in hand to state that the Marquess having been put to death, his severed head “was fixed upon the Tolbooth, over against the Earl of Gowrie’s, with an iron cross over it, lest by any of his friends it should have been taken down.”

To fill up the measure of an ignominious revenge after death, his body was thrown into a hole at the public place of execution, called the Boroughmuir, and answering to the London Tyburn. It would have been too mild, too much an act of grace, for the stern Calvinistic spirit to have allowed his remains to sleep in hallowed ground and in the gay garments of martyrdom prepared for him by his friends, —“the costly pearly, the fine linen, the carnation stockings, and the delicate white gloves,” all of which, at a later period, were found in the Napier charter-chest, all stained with the faded marks of blood, and accompanied with other reliques of a similar nature. These indignities offered to the remains of the great Marquess were felt by none more acutely than by Lady Napier, who had married his nephew, and who had been so especial a favourite with him, that in his prosperous days he had always promised to leave his heart to her when he died, in token of affection. It is likely enough that this promise was not without effect in

stimulating her to the deed which she now meditated. She resolved to get possession of his heart, and succeeded in persuading a confidential friend to undertake the enterprise, and in Belfour's phrase "to extract sweetness from the maw of the devourer." It was a perilous attempt, most probably implying death to the bold adventurer, if he failed, for mercy was by no means the order of the day. The friend, however, had the good fortune, against all chances, to succeed in his enterprise, and having wrapt up the heart in the shroud intended for the body, conveyed his prize in triumph to Lady Napier, who immediately caused it to be embalmed. She next had a small steel case made of the blade of Montrose's sword, in which she enclosed it, and then placed the case in a gold filagree-box, that had been given by a Doge of Venice to John Napier, the inventor of Logarithms, while travelling in Italy. This box again she deposited in a large silver urn, presented some years before, by the Marquess to her husband, Lord Napier. Her first intention was to retain this valued relique by her own bed-side, in lasting memorial of the object of her veneration, but for some unknown reason she abandoned the purpose, and sent the gold box with Montrose's heart in it to the young Marquess of Montrose, who was then abroad with her husband in exile. Strange to say, the box with its contents was afterwards lost sight of for a long time by both families, that of Montrose and that of Napier. At length it was met with and recognised by a gentleman of Guelderland, in the antiquarian collection of a Dutch virtuoso, and he being a friend of Lord Napier, who was then making a sojourn in that country, got possession of the relique and presented it to him. What became eventually of the silver urn is not known, nor does it appear certain that Lady Napier herself ever parted with it. Having been a gift from Montrose, the contrary supposition would seem to be the most probable.

The casket with the heart was now in the possession of Francis, the fifth Lord Napier, by the generosity of his Dutch acquaintance. Having, by his speculations in the Caledonian Canal, lost much of the family estate, already diminished from its ancient splendour by sequestrations in the time of Cromwell; and fearing that he might have nothing more substantial to leave his daughter Hesther, he gave her, in his life-time, Montrose's casket, trusting "that

it would be valuable to her as the only token of his affection which he might be able to leave her; and that it might hereafter remind her of the many happy hours which he had spent in instructing her, while a child, in the tower of Merchiston; and that, whatever vicissitudes of fortune might befall her, it might always afford the satisfaction of being able to show that she was descended from persons who were distinguished in the history of Scotland, by their piety, their science, their courage, and their patriotism."

Hesther Napier having married Alexander Johnstou, Esq., of Carnsalloch, went with her husband and son, then a child of five years old, to India, and carried with her on the voyage the precious relique. When off the Cape de Verde Islands, Commodore Johnstou's fleet, in which they were sailing, was attacked by a French squadron under Admiral Suffrein. One of the enemy's frigates attacked the Indiaman, aboard which was Hesther, with her child and husband; and the latter, by the Captain's permission, having assumed the command of four of the quarter-deck guns, she positively refused to leave the deck. "It was," she said, "the duty of the wife and child to live or die with the husband and father;" and accordingly, during the fight she grasped the boy tight with one hand, while in the other she held a large thick velvet reticule, in which she had some of the things she most valued, including the miniatures of her father and mother, and the gold filagree case that contained the heart of the great Marquis. Her idea was—and probably most about her were of the same opinion—that the French might succeed in capturing the Indiaman, in which case it was quite certain they would be plundered of everything.

The action, as may be supposed from the inequality of forces and determination of the weaker side, was a hot one. A shot from the frigate struck one of the four guns under Mr Johnstou, knocking him down by the splinters it tore off the deck, wounding his lady in the arm, and bruising the muscles of the child's right hand so severely, that in after-life it was often difficult for him to write, or even to hold a pen. The splinter must have first struck the reticule which hung loose in her hand, for, to her great distress, the gold filagree box in it was shivered to pieces; but fortunately, the steel case resisted the blow, and its contents, therefore, remained uninjured. Any further danger was removed by the frigate's sheering off, either as called off by the French Ad-

miral, or from a feeling that the contest was hopeless with so resolute an opponent. The next day Commodore Johnston and Sir John Macpherson, who was with him in the flagship, came aboard the Indiaman, and complimented the high-spirited lady and her husband upon the encouragement they had given by their example to the ship's crew.

When residing at Madeira, in India, Mrs Johnston met with a celebrated native goldsmith, who, partly from the fragments she had saved, and partly from her description, made a gold filagree box, in imitation of the one destroyed, and rivalling it in beauty. At the same time, she caused him to fashion for her a silver urn like that in the family picture of the Lady Napier, who had rescued Montrose's heart from the Boroughmuir, in fact, like that vase which had so unaccountably disappeared. Upon this new vessel she had engraved, in Tamil and Telugoo—the two languages most generally understood throughout the southern peninsula of India—a short narrative of the most remarkable incidents in Montrose's life, and the circumstances of his death under the hands of the Covenanters. Within it she enclosed the filagree box, the fragments of the former case, and a certificate by the gentleman of Guelderland before mentioned, and an explanation of the various grounds for believing the heart to have been that of the gallant Montrose. The urn was placed upon an ebony table in the drawing-room of Mr Johnston's house at Madeira; but, unluckily, the great care and anxiety, which the lady at all times expressed for its preservation, aroused the superstition of the natives, seldom restrained by any moral feelings from so trifling a crime in their code as theft, so it could be managed without discovery. A general idea had got abroad amongst them that this was a talisman, the possessor of which would never be wounded in battle or taken prisoner, and under such impression, some ingenious native Autolycus, more mindful of his skin than of his honesty, contrived to abstract it; nor was the relique heard of for a long time afterwards, when Hesther got information that it had been offered for sale to a powerful chief, who had given for it a large sum of money.

Some few years must be supposed to have elapsed since the battle between the Indiaman and the French frigate. The child was fast advancing towards manhood, and his father was in the habit of sending him every year during the hunting and shooting season to some of the native chiefs in the

neighbourhood of Madeira for four months at a time, in order that he might acquire the native dialects and practise the gymnastic exercises of the people. It so chanced one day, that while hunting with the chief, who was said to have purchased the urn, the boar they had in pursuit made a dash at young Johnston's horse. By great good fortune he wounded the infuriated animal with his hunting-pike, when the chief, coming up, despatched it. The courage and address of the lad so pleased the chief that he publicly demanded in the presence of all his attendants, "In what way would you that I should show my respect and regard?" He answered, that if it were true the chief had bought the silver urn belonging to Mrs Johnston, he would feel that no greater favour could be bestowed upon him than by returning it. As a further inducement to the Hindoo to comply with this request, he explained all the circumstances connected with the supposed talisman. The chief, having listened attentively to these details, replied, "It is quite true that I have bought the urn you speak of for a large sum, but I knew not that it had been stolen from your mother. Independently of this, the brave should have sympathy with the brave, whatever may be the difference of nation or religion. I consider it, therefore, my duty to fulfil the wishes of the brave man whose heart is in the urn, and whose desire it is that it should be possessed by his descendants. For that reason I shall willingly restore it to your mother."

The next day, the Indian chief, having first presented his visitor with six of his finest dogs and two of his best matchlocks, dismissed him with the urn and a gift to Mrs Johnston of some shawls, and a dress of golden tissue. These were accompanied by a letter expressing his great regret that he had innocently been the cause of her distress by purchasing the urn, which he would not have done, had he known that it had been stolen from her. The chief who acted in this noble and delicate way, was the same who rebelled against the authority of his supposed sovereign, the Nabob of Arcot, and who, after having behaved with the most undaunted courage, was defeated and made prisoner by a body of English troops. Being delivered over to his enemies, he was, as a matter of course, condemned to death, and the sentence was to be carried into immediate effect. Upon hearing this, the story of Montrose's urn came upon his memory, and he expressed a hope to some of his attendants that those who had

loved and admired him would preserve his heart in the same way that the heart of the European warrior had been preserved in the silver urn.

The adventures of the vase were not yet over. In 1792, Mr and Mrs Johnston returned to Europe, and visited France at a time when the revolutionary government required all persons to give up their plate, as well as gold and silver ornaments, to the State. As the only means of saving the urn, Mrs Johnston intrusted it to the care of an Englishwoman at Boulogne of the name of Knowles ; but this person died soon afterwards, and it was never heard of more.

The treasure has been thus described by Sir Alexander Johnston, in a letter to his daughters :—

“The steel case was of the size and shape of an egg. It was opened by pressing down a little knob, as is done in opening a watch-case. Inside was a little parcel, supposed to contain all that remained of Montrose’s heart, wrapped up in a piece of coarse cloth, and done over with a substance like glue. The gold filagree case was similar in workmanship to the gilt worked vases in which the Venetian flasks at Warwick Castle are enclosed.”



## THE RISE OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE course of these pages has shown, that it is by no means an uncommon event for the descendants of nobles to fall from their high estate, to the humblest position in society; and, on the other hand, it is still less unfrequent, for the lowest born to rise to the loftiest rank, by no other aid than the gifts of nature; but it is rare to see the former forgetting, or the latter remembering what they once were. Amongst the few who have been found willing to recollect a humble origin, Curran, the celebrated orator, that dauntless advocate and brightest ornament of the Irish bar, stands foremost. He was born in the obscure village of Newmarket, in the county of Cork. His family, the paternal side, were not Irish, a maternal ancestor having come over to Ireland in Cromwell's army. His father, James Curran, derived his chief, but scanty, income from his office, as Seneschal of the Manor, and his education would seem, by all accounts, to have been as narrow as his income. To make amends, his mother was a woman of very superior mind, and it is to the mother that sons owe their peculiar talent and character, either because this is the result of a mysterious law of nature, or because the early education of the child, not that which is taught by books, but by precept and example, is entirely in her hands. She gives the young plant its first bias, and, though after-care and cultivation may improve the brilliance of its flower, or the flavour of its fruit, they will seldom materially alter the direction of its growth. In Curran's case, this was most fortunate, for his mother, though of lowly station, and proportionably unedu-

cated, was by nature witty, eloquent, and gifted with the rare faculty of making the traditions of the past live again in her burning utterance. She was at once the oracle and the arbiter of her circle, guiding by her wisdom, and delighting by her chronicles, all who came within that magic round. "Her wit," says Phillips, in his *Recollections of Curran*, "was the record of the rustic fireside; and the village lyric and the village jest received their alternate tinge from the true nationality or humour of her character. Little Jacky, as Curran was then called, used to hang with ecstasy upon her accents; he repeated her tales, he re-echoed her jests, he caught her enthusiasm; and, often afterwards, when he was the delight of the senate and the ornament of the bar, did he boast, with tears, that any merit he had, he owed to the tuition of that affectionate and gifted mother. After her death, he placed a humble monument over her remains, upon which he inscribed the following memorial, as well as I can recollect from his very frequent recital:—'Here lieth all that was mortal of Martha Curran, a woman of many virtues, few foibles, great talents, and no vice. This tablet was inscribed to her memory by a son who loved her, and whom she loved.'"

His father's time being pretty well occupied by the somewhat opposite affairs of law and agriculture, Master Jacky was in a great measure left to his own devices. The consequence was, that he became a celebrated character at wake and fair, the difference between which was not always distinguishable, to the great scandal of his father's sober court, and the no less delight of all beside. An anecdote from those days, which he loved to relate, and which has been given with much gusto by his friend and biographer, may be taken as a fair specimen of his boyish frolics.

"The keeper of a street puppet-show arrived at Newmarket, to the no small edification of the neighbourhood; and the feats of Mr Punch, and the eloquence of his man, soon superseded every other topic. At length, however, Mr Punch's man fell ill, and the whole establishment was threatened with immediate ruin. Little Curran, who had with his eyes and ears devoured the puppet-show, and never missed the corner of its exhibition, proposed himself to the manager as Mr Punch's man. The offer was gladly accepted, and for a time the success of the substitute was quite miraculous. Crowds upon crowds attended every performance; Mr Punch's man was the universal admiration. At length,

before one of the most crowded audiences, he began to expatiate upon the village politics, he described the fairs, told the wake secrets, caricatured the audience, and after disclosing every amour, and detailing every scandal, turned with infinite ridicule upon the very priest of the parish. This was the signal for a general outcry. Every man and maid who laughed at their neighbour's picture, and pretended not to recognise their own, were outrageously scandalized at such familiarity with the clergy. Religion, as on larger theatres, was made the scape-goat; and, by one and all, sentence of banishment was passed on Mr Punch. He was honourable, however, in his concealment of the substitute, whose prudence prevented any solicitation for such a dangerous celebrity!"

There is much the same sort of crisis in the fortunes of man as in fever or any other active disease; it comes, and in the one case it is followed by future prosperity or failure, in the other by recovery to health or death. So was it now with Curran. He was yet a boy, and playing at marbles in the Ball alley with others of his own age, when a stranger suddenly appeared among the noisy group, who continued their games, unchecked by his presence, the cheerfulness of his looks evincing a decided sympathy with their merriment. This was Mr Boyse, the Rector of Newmarket. To Curran in particular he took a fancy, and having bribed him to his house by the help of some sweetmeats, he made him see the value of education, taught him in time the alphabet, grammar, and rudiments of the classics, and when he had taught the boy all he could, he sent him to the school at Middleton, in short, "he made a man of him." The rest of the tale cannot be so well told as by Curran himself to his friend, Mr Phillips.

"I recollect it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in parliament and a good house in Ely Place, on my return from court, one day I found an old gentleman seated alone in the drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round; it was my friend of the Ball alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms. I could not help bursting into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed: You, are right, sir, you are right; the chimney-piece is

yours; the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend! my father!’ He dined with me, and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye when he saw his poor little Jacky, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above.”

In giving this anecdote I have outstript my narrative by some forty or five-and-forty years; but in matters of this kind it is hardly possible to follow at all times the exact course of chronology. The school-boy days of Curran have been passed over, nor indeed do they offer anything that should detain us. Even his career at Trinity College, Dublin, where he entered as a sizar on the 16th of June, 1767, presents little to interest the general reader. From College he went to London, where he managed to place his name on the books of the Middle Temple, and after having eaten his way through the usual terms, he returned to Ireland. He now got married, and most unhappily, but this is a subject on which no friend to his memory would wish to dwell, since his defence—and it could easily be made successful—must be accompanied by the disturbance of the mouldering ashes of the dead.

In 1775 he was called to the bar of Ireland, which at that time presented a phalanx of talent never surpassed, and perhaps never equalled, by the bar of any country. “There were to be found her nobles, her aristocracy, her genius, her learning, and her patriotism, all concentrated within that little circle. No insolent pretension in the high frowned down the intellectual splendour of the humble; education compensated the want of birth; industry supplied the inferiority of fortune; and the law, which in its suitors knew no distinction but that of justice, in its professors acknowledged none except that of merit.”

For a long period, Curran, like so many other men of genius, had to bear up against the worst evils of poverty. He had a family for whom he had no dinner, a landlady for whom he had no rent, and he fell into one of those gloomy fits that, with him, were constitutional. At this crisis he received his first brief, with a fee of twenty guineas. His foot was now on the first step of the professional ladder, and henceforth his ascent was rapid and unceasing. Every one in a short time was anxious to retain an advocate who was

generally successful, and who, when defeated, was to be dreaded; for, in the worst case, he was sure to do no little damage to the character of his client's adversary. His humour was inexhaustible; his skill in cross-questioning left no hope of concealment to the most obstinate or the most wary. Jests and sarcasms he never spared, if by so doing he could excite the laughter of his audience, and so confound the unlucky witness. For the retorts of the opposing counsel he had always a ready and severe answer. Thus one day he addressed a witness, whose name was Halfpenny, with "Halfpenny, I see you're a *rap*, and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter."—"Halfpenny is *sterling*," exclaimed the opposite counsel.—"No, no," retorted Curran, "he's exactly like his own conscience, only copper-washed." Even the judge, who gave him cause of offence, was no less subject than the witnesses to his pungent raillery. Thus, when a learned judge ventured to shake his head, as if in doubt of Curran's argument for the prisoner, he suddenly broke off the thread of his discourse, and said, "I see the motion of his Lordship's head; common observers might imagine that it implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken; it is merely accidental; believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that *when his Lordship shakes his head, there is nothing in it.*"

Curran, of course, had his full share of duels, for what Irishman of any character would in those days go through life without them? no man was a gentleman till he had been shot at, once at least, but the oftener the better. A defeated adversary in a court of law or in parliament, would often think himself entitled to satisfaction, leaden arguments being a natural resource with those who had none of a lighter kind to offer.

Curran's parliamentary career, though brilliant, will hardly bear a comparison with his achievements at his proper profession of the bar. But this subject can be nowhere so well studied and comprehended as in the exquisitely written work from which we have derived our details—Charles Phillips' "*Recollections of Curran*," whether as regards the brilliance of the style or the vivid painting of human character. The many illustrious persons of Curran's age, the stars of the bar and of the senate, pass before the reader in all the reality of life. We at once feel and acknowledge the truth of their resemblance to originals we may not have seen,

just as we perceive the truth of certain portraits, by their perfect harmony with nature in general, by their life-like outlines, the vividness and purity of their colouring. Above all, the work bears the impress of genius, honesty, and candour. It is the production of one—himself an orator and a poet, who knew well, and could fully appreciate, the gifted mind and brilliant intellect of the illustrious man, whose chosen friend he was. Mr Phillips' *Life of Curran* is, indeed, a perfect specimen of what biography should ever be. But to return to my subject. *Curran's Life* by his Son is also an admirable biographical production.

The long and glorious exertions of Curran were at last rewarded by the appointment of Master of the Rolls, if that could be called reward which was so much below his merits and expectations. Yet even this advancement it was attempted to clog with conditions that would have diminished half its value.

After having held his office about six years, he resigned it on account of ill health, and that tendency to hypochondria which, an intermittent visitor only in his early youth, became more and more frequent as he advanced in life, till, at length, it well nigh took complete possession of him, breaking down both mind and body. Like the *Care* of Horace, it followed him wherever he fled for refuge.

“Post equitem sedet atra cura.”

It followed him to London, where he had once been wont to find so much to gratify him; it followed him to the baths of Cheltenham; it followed him back again to Brompton, where finally he died, at nine o'clock at night, on the 13th of October, 1817. His body was deposited in the vault below Paddington church, the funeral having been conducted in a very private manner. The chief mourners were his family, the poet Moore, Godwin, his worthy friend and biographer Mr Charles Phillips, the Reverend George Croly, Mr Finerty, Mr Lyne, an Irish barrister, and a few other of his surviving friends. Curran's remains have since been transferred to Irish soil, and the splendid sarcophagus at Glasnevin, with the simple but all-sufficient word “CURRAN” upon it, marks the grave of the lion-hearted and incorruptible Desmosthenes of Ireland.

## SIR JOHN HARINGTON'S FAMOUS DOG.

THE following letter, descriptive of the wonderful sagacity of a dog, was written by Sir John Harington of Kelstone, in Somersetshire :—

*Kelstone, June, 14, 1608.*

“MAY it please your Highnesse to accept in as goode sorte what I now offer as it hath done aforetime : and I may saie *I pede fausto* ; but having good reason to thinke your Highnesse had goode will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and straunge feats ; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage, for if he did not bear a great prince on his back, I am holde to saie he did not often bear the sweet wordes of a greater princesse on his necke. I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my howse at the bathe to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and came safe to the bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such nobilitie as were pleasede to emploie him ; nor was it ever told our ladie queene that this messenger did ever blab ought concerning his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente withe two charges of sack wine from the bathe to my howse, by my man Combe ; and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take

the other in his teethe to the howse, after whiche he wente forthe and returnede withe the other parte of his burden to dinner ; hereat yr Highnesse may perchance maruele and doubtte, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves, but they did refraine and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I need not saie howe muche I dide once grieve at missinge this dogge, for on my journie towards London, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves withe huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish ambassador's, where in a happie houre, after six weekes, I did heare of him ; but suche was the cowrte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogge's own proofs, and made him perform such feates before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out the dish, which created much mirthe, but much more when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accept it, and came homewardes. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*. I will now saie in what manner he died. As we traveled towards the bathe, he leapede on my horse's necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for time backe, and after my chidinge his disturbing my passinge forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as movede me to cajole him ; but, alass, he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as may suggest much more to yr Highnesses hought of this dogge. But havinge saide so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may find hereafter at the close of this historie. Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that dogge whose name do not appeare, yet could I say such things of my Bungey, for so he was styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes ; to saie no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich, more than an hundred miles.



As I doubt not but your Highnesse would love my dogge if not myself, I have been thus tedious in his storie, and againe saie that of all the dogges near your father's court not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find out a bone of contention.

“I now reste your Highnesses friend in all service that maye suite him.

“JOHN HARINGTON.”

## THE RICH SPENCER.

And presently repair to Crosby-place.

SHAKSPEARE, RICHARD III.

SIR JOHN SPENCER, generally known by the name of the "Rich Spencer," was one of the most opulent of the London merchants in the sixteenth century. The soubriquet was given to distinguish him from a contemporary trader of the same name, but of less wealth. He was one of those who, in 1587, joined Sir Thomas Gresham in victualling the English fleet at Genoa, in defiance of all the attempts made by the enemy to impede their operations; a measure which delayed for a year the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, and thus indirectly led to its eventual defeat. Their services were acknowledged, and most unequivocally applauded by Sir Francis Walsingham.

The residence of this merchant-knight was no less celebrated than his wealth and his patriotism. It was at Crosby Place, situated near the church of St Helen, Bishopsgate, its north-eastern angle abutting on the wall of the priory, having at one time formed a part of its demesnes. This splendid mansion had been originally built by Sir John Crosbie, grocer, woolman, and sheriff of the city of London, in 1470; and, at the time of its erection as well as for long afterwards, was considered the greatest ornament of the northern boundary of the metropolis. But like so many other and more remarkable structures—"fuit"—it was,—as far as regards a great portion of it; and the site of the house is now occupied by Crosbie Square, while the gardens that appertained to it, form St Mary Axe, and other streets, courts, &c., nearly extending to the parish church of St Andrew Undershaft.

At the time I am speaking of—that is, just before it was bought by Sir John—this property was held by the repre-

sentatives of Antonio Bonvixi, Bonivixi, or Bonvici, a merchant of great wealth and eminence, to whom it had been granted by Henry VIII. That monarch was a great patron of the Italian merchants, not for any particular services they rendered to his people, but, as he said, "for the sake of the magnificent silks, velvets, tissues of gold, and other luxuries for the pleasure of ourself, and our dearest wyeff, the quene."

When Sir John took possession of Crosbie Place, he found it in a state of considerable dilapidation. His first business, therefore, was to restore the place to its ancient splendour, a task which he set about with more good taste than might have been expected, considering the general bias of his contemporaries. Proceeding in an antiquarian spirit, he made no new-fangled alterations, nor indulged in what even then were appropriately styled Frenchified ornaments, but merely repaired the ancient structure, preserved the oriel window—which still remains—and revived its decayed embellishments. Here he lived in great state; and had a daughter and heir, of whom I shall have occasion to speak presently.

If it ever were in the nature of man to be contented with anything, it might be supposed that the wealthy merchant would have rested satisfied with a home like this and have sought no farther. Let us once again look to what it really was:—

"Crosbie Place stood in a manner alone; the priory of St Helen, uninhabited—at least, by any religious persons—was hastening to decay. The nearest mansion of any consequence to that of Sir John Spencer, was the Earl of Devonshire's, who died in the year 1628. The whole of these demesnes, together with the churches of St Ethelberga and St Helen, were, as appears by the plan, environed with trees and gardens, that extended as far as the White Gate (the site of the present Devonshire Square), bounded by Bearword's Lane, and Lolesworth, now Spitalfields. His premises, therefore, must have been very extensive; and what is more pleasing, if, including the priory, churches, &c., we consider the effect of several magnificent and venerable Gothic fabrics lifting their turrets and spires above the surrounding groves, extremely picturesque."

If it be strange that such a "rus in urbe" could not content Sir John, it was still more strange that he should choose Islington for a country-abode, though of course the

Islington of those times was a very different matter from the Islington of our own. Yet so it was. He bought the manor of Canonbury from Thomas, Lord Wentworth, to whom it had been granted in 1552, soon after the attainder of John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland. It is said that Sir John had a bargain in the purchase, for grants of this nature, being easily obtained, were often cheaply sold. But cheap as the bargain might be, it had nearly cost him dear, the place in all likelihood affording more convenience than Crosbie Hall for the attempt made upon him by a pirate of Dunkirk. This "notable pirate, this salt-water thief," having heard of Sir John's immense wealth, took it into his head, that it would be an excellent thing to seize upon the merchant, convey him to France, and there hold him to a heavy ransom. But how was this to be done? Islington, though a village, was tolerably populous, and the country he would have to traverse from the river-side to that place was full of people who hated all foreigners, and more particularly Frenchmen and Spaniards. The story is thus told by Papillon in 1651, more than half a century after the event, his object being to show "that riches do expose their owners to great dangers," a sort of Christian commentary upon Juvenal's

*"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator."*

"Rich men are commonly the prey of thieves, for where store of gold and silver is, these spirits never leave haunting, for wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. In Queen Elizabeth's days, a pirate of Dunkirk laid a plot with twelve of his mates to carry away Sir John Spencer, which if he had done, £50,000 ransome had not redeemed him. He came over the sea in a shallop with twelve muskietiers, and in the night came into Barking-Creek, and left the shallop in the custody of six of his men, and with the other six came as far as Islington, and there hid themselves in ditches, near the path, in which Sir John came always to his house; but by the providence of God,—I have this from a private record,—Sir John, upon some extraordinary occasion, was forced to stay in London that night; otherwise they had taken him away; and they, fearing they should be discovered, in the night-time came to their shallop, and so came safe to Dunkerk again. This was a desperate attempt." Truly we think so, and yet not without some colour and confirmation from more recent history.

I have already made a passing allusion to Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of our rich merchant, and I must now again briefly revert to her, ere I "end this strange, eventful history." There is extant a very curious letter from this lady to the Earl, her husband, a few years after their marriage—curious, as showing the way in which a rich London merchant had educated his daughter, and as illustrating the manners of the times.

"My Sweet Life—Now that I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink what allowance were best for me; for, considering what care I have ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which both by the laws of God, nature, and civil policy, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of one thousand pounds per an., quarterly to be paid.

"Also, I would besides that allowance for my apparel, have six hundred pounds added yearly for the performance of charitable works; these things I would not neither be accountable for.

"Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

"Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick; also, believe that it would be an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God has blessed their Lord and Lady with a great estate.

"Also, when I ride hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending, so for each of those said women I must have a horse.

"Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen, and will have two coaches; one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women lined with sweet cloth, orelaid with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watchet lace and silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for myself, the other for my women.

"Also, whenever I travel, I will be allowed not only carroches and spare horses for me and my women, but such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my

things with my women's, nor theirs with chambermaids, nor theirs with washmaids.

"Also, laundresses, when I travel; I will have them sent away with the carriages to see all safe, and the chambermaids shall go before with the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean.

"Also, for that it is indecent for me to croud myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country; and I must have four footmen; and my desire is that you will defray the charges for me.

"And for myself, besides my yerely allowance, I would have twenty gowns apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them excellent good ones.

"Also, I would have to put in my purse two thousand pounds and two hundred pounds, and so you to pay my debts. Also, I would have eight thousand pounds to buy me jewels, and six thousand pounds for a pearl chain.

"Now seeing I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

"Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit, as beds, stools, chairs, cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, &c.; so for my drawing-chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished with hangings, couch, canopy, cushions, carpets, &c.

"Also, my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby House and purchase lands and lend no money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain, which would have all, perhaps your life from you; remember his son, my Lord Wildan, what entertainments he gave me when you were at the Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said, he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friend so vilely; also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter-House; but that is the least; he wished me much harm; you know how. God keep you and me from him, and such as he is.

"So now I have declared to you my mind, what I would have, and what I would not have; I pray you, when you

be Earl, to allow a thousand pounds more than now I desired, and double attendance.

“Your loving wife,

“ELIZ. COMPTON.”

This is a curious specimen of city wives in the good old times, nor must the reader lay the flattering unction to his soul, that Elizabeth Compton, the daughter of Sir John Spencer, was a black swan amongst the wealthy females of her tribe. Our old dramatists, the most faithful recorders of ancient manners, abound with allusions to the pride and extravagance of the “City Dames,” and there can be little doubt that this lady served Massinger as a model for the daughters of his rich merchant in his play of “The City Madam.” The conditions which they attempt to make with their suitors are precisely in the spirit of this letter, and often almost in the same words.

## THE SUPERSTITIONS OF CLEWORTH HALL.

IN no county of England are so many decaying old mansions to be met with as in Lancashire, and amongst these, few are more remarkable, from the traditions clinging to it, than Kempnall Hall. Not that the mansion is recommended either by its grandeur or by its architectural pretensions; on the contrary, it is a plain building of brick, wood, and plaster, and the country around has no particular interest.

The estate of Cleworth, anciently called Kempnough, was in the olden days possessed by a family who took their name from the land, a very common custom at the time; but the male issue of this house becoming extinct, the heiress conveyed it in marriage to Roger, youngest son of Geoffrey Worsley of Worsley. They, too, had no son, and thus Kempnall passed once more to another name, their daughter and heiress, Ellen, marrying Richard Parr, whose son took to wife Emma, daughter of William Tutgill, of Cleworth, in the parish of Leigh. From this alliance proceeded—fifth in descent—John Parr, Esq., of Kempnough and Cleworth, who by his wife, Margaret, left an only daughter and heiress, the male line being again broken off, an event which seems to have been of more frequent occurrence than in most families. This heiress, by name Anne, was twice married; first to Thurston Barton, and secondly, in 1578, to Nicholas Starkie, of Huntroyd, who thus acquired the estates of Kempnall and Cleworth. Such genealogical details are, it must be allowed, dry enough, but they are essential to the verification of my story; besides that, we cannot expect to get at the kernel of a nut without having first cracked its shell.

From some unassigned motives of preference, Mr Starkie



took up his residence at Cleworth Hall, in 1594, and here it was that the events of my story happened, as recorded by the Rev. John Darrel, himself being one of the principal actors in it. At this period Mr Starkie had two children, John and Anne, of the respective ages of ten and nine years, who, according to my authority, became possessed by evil spirits. As this was a malady for which the pharmacopœia contained no remedies, and was entirely beyond the practice of any regular physician, a noted conjuror was called in, by name John Hartley, who had recourse to various demonifuges, and at the same time drew a magical circle about the house. But the demons were unusually stubborn; for three years they manfully — or, perhaps, I should rather say, diabolically—maintained their ground, in despite of charms and fumigations, greatly to the benefit of the exorcisor, who all this while lived in Mr Starkie's house in comfort and ease.

Unfortunately for our conjuror he was one of those who never can leave well alone. As he found his presence seeming to grow more and more essential to the quiet of his benefactor's family, so did he constantly rise in his demands, till at length the patience of Mr Starkie was quite exhausted, the rather as he began to suspect the conjuror of playing the same part that Tom Thumb does in the tragedy that bears his heroic name,—

“He made his giants first, and then he killed them.”

Or to descend to a less magnificent comparison, he was thought to make business for himself by introducing more devils into the house, just as the wily rat-catcher brings in a few rats to supply the place of those he has killed, that there may be no lack of business for him at some future day. Certainly, whether by the conjuror's agency or not, five other of the inmates of the house became possessed, when the servants and neighbours all sturdily persisted in attributing to him this increase of the demoniacal crop. To use the words of the old narrator,—“It was judged in the house that whosoever he kissed, in them he breathed the devil,” and he further tells us, “all the seven demons seut forth strange and supernatural voices and loud shoutings.” The result was the dismissal of the conjuror from his warm

and comfortable office, the chief duties of which appeared to consist in eating, drinking, and enjoying himself.

But it was soon discovered that the ejection of honest John, though it might benefit Mr Starkie's larder, did by no means tend to lessen the great evil. The devils maintained their post, and were as troublesome as ever. In this strait the family consulted the celebrated astrologer, Dr Dee, who gave it as his advice that they should call in the aid of certain godly preachers, and try what could be done by fasting and praying. But, alas!

“No comfort ensued from this wondrous specific,  
All their fasting and prayers made the fiends more terrific.”

The devils, it is true, were at first taken somewhat aback by their godly assailants; but they soon returned to the charge with redoubled vigour, till Mr Starkie's house became a perfect bedlam. The young Starkies grew fierce as two young maniacs; the Miss Hollands, who were nieces to Mr Starkie, were also possessed, as was Margaret Bryson of Salford, then on a visit at Cleworth. And no wonder; an empty stomach is always an inviter of the devil, and it may be feared that a continuance of prayer, at such a time, is not likely to mend the matter. They come then

“As tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull care of a drowsy man.”

The preachers, no less obstinate than their fiendish enemies, renewed their attacks after a most scientific fashion. They first proceeded to examine the demoniacs and give them spiritual advice, but the very sight of the Bible produced a tempest of scoffs and blasphemies. They then collected all the demoniacs in one room, and had them laid on couches, Mr Moore, Mr Dickens, Mr Darrel, and about thirty other persons being present, that the demons might have no opportunity of taking any unfair advantages. Fasting and praying were once more the order of the day, and whether it was that the fiends wearied of the contest, or were alarmed by having such godly members opposed to them, they at length gave way, but they did not quit the possessed without handling them so roughly at parting, that

the blood flowed in purple streams from their mouths and nostrils. Even now, though defeated, they were not subdued. In three days they returned and would have re-occupied their lost ground, but the church militant made a stout defence, and completely prevented them from re-entering those they had before possessed. Incensed at being thus baffled, they tossed their former victims about as if they had been shuttlecocks sent to and fro by a host of battledores, dashing some with violence to the ground, and laming others in their limbs so that they lost the use of them. At length a final and complete victory was obtained by the human combatants, and the devils were banished once and for ever from the household, their ejection being as decided as if a bill had been filed against them in a court of chancery.

The ejection of John Hartley from his comfortable quarters would, in all probability, have been considered sufficient by the parties, had they looked upon him, as that which he really was, an impudent impostor, with a dash, perhaps, of superstitious confidence in his own deceptions. This, however, was not in the character of the age, and more particularly as it showed itself in Lancashire, which had long been notorious for its excessive credulity in all matters of witchcraft. The general belief condemned him for one in league with evil spirits, and to give to that belief a judicial confirmation, he was now dragged before two magistrates that he might be examined touching his diabolical practices. The wise Solons of the law found him quite suspicious enough to be committed to Lancaster gaol for trial, when the judge and jury, to their eternal disgrace, found him guilty, and sentenced him between them to the gallows. At the appointed time he was hanged, having on the scaffold protested his innocence. The rope snapt, and he fell long before life was extinct. Bewildered, as we may easily imagine, by this unusual situation of pain and terror, he now confessed his impossible guilt, no doubt greatly to the satisfaction of his judges and of the multitude, and he was again strung up to the gallows, the rope this time doing its duty most effectually. A curious and instructing essay might be written upon the thesis of "what is murder?"

Some light is attempted to be thrown on this transaction by a "discourse concerning the possession and dispossession of seven persons in one family in Lancashire, written by

George More, one of the persons engaged in exorcising the legion." This "discourse" confirms Mr Darrel's narrative; but adds that "Mr Starkie having married an inheritrix, some of whose kindred were papists, these partly for religion, and partly because the estate descended not to heirs male, prayed for the perishing of her issue, and that four sons pined away in a strange manner; but that Mrs Starkie, learning the circumstance, estated her lands in her husband and his heirs, failing issue of her own body, after which a son and daughter were born, who prospered well till they arrived at the age of ten or twelve years."

Now, without stopping to inquire how far the unlucky papists may be addicted to the practice of arts diabolic, this story may be so easily explained without them, that I must altogether reject their intervention. That there were fraud and very extensive collusion in its practice, no one in his senses can doubt; but who was to gain by the deceit?—the answer is given to us in the words, "she estated her lands to her husband and his heirs." Justice in her most solemn courts could not desire stronger evidence—circumstantial evidence—to a fact.

Cleworth Hall, the scene of this momentous affair, was standing at the commencement of the present century, when it presented the appearance of a decent timber building, with bay windows and gables; but it was all taken down about thirty years ago. The estate of Cleworth, together with that of Kempnall, and Huntroyd, has descended to the present Le Gendre Nicholas Starkie, Esq.

## THE LEGEND OF THE LAMBTONS.

A very serpent in my way;  
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me.

SHAKSPEARE.

AMONGST the many celebrated individuals to be found in the records of the Lambton family, one of the most remarkable was Sir John Lambton, a Knight of Rhodes, who flourished in the time of the Crusades. In his early years, he lived on indifferent terms with holy Mother Church, paying very little regard to her ordinances, and giving great scandal to the more pious part of the community. He was, however, a man of wealth, and of too bold a spirit to be lightly meddled with, being, as the old chronicler tells us, "so brave that he feared neither man nor God." His neighbours, therefore, both priest and layman, contented themselves with shrugging up their shoulders, in intimation of the grievous offence done to them in the spirit, but without presuming upon any of those measures for his reform which they certainly would have adopted in the case of one less favoured by fortune.

It was a fine Sunday morning, and the bells were ringing out cheerily for Mass, when the Knight, according to his usual profane custom, stood fishing in the Wear; the spot he had chosen, whether by chance or of purpose, being right in the way of the people who were then trooping in their holyday clothes to the next chapel. Now it so chanced that the fishing was by no means prosperous. The float swam passively upon the stream without giving the slightest indication, whereat he began to curse and swear in such a fashion that those on their way to Mass, one and all, hurried on at their utmost speed to escape the profanation. In a few minutes the field, which before had swarmed with peo-

ple, was as still and as empty as if the world had died out. Just then the float began to dip, there was a violent tugging at the line, and the slender rod bent as it had been a piece of green willow.

"This must be a noble fellow," said the Knight, exerting himself with equal vigour and dexterity to secure his prize. The resistance was no less pertinacious; and when, at length, he managed to land the supposed fish, it turned out to be a serpent, or, as they called it in those days, a *worm*. Highly wroth at this disappointment of his expectations, he tore the creature from the hook, and having flung it into a near well, resumed his fishing. While he was thus employed, a stranger of a grave and venerable aspect came that way, and stopping, inquired "What sport, Sir?" "Why, truly," replied the Knight, "I think I must have caught the devil. Look at that strange creature in the well."

The stranger did as he had been desired, and having peered earnestly in the water for several minutes, he shook his head, and exclaimed, "The like of this I have never seen before. It has something the appearance of an eft; but then it has nine holes at each side of the mouth, and I much fear me it tokens no good."

We are not told what share this singular affair had in the reformation of Sir John, or whether indeed it had any; but shortly afterwards he was seized with remorse for his sins, and, by way of expiation, he took the cross, like so many others, and set out for Palestine. There we must leave him, beating, of course, and being beaten most Saracenicly, for his adventures in the Holy Land have no necessary connexion with the story in hand.

In the mean while the eft, or serpent rather, grew rapidly to an enormous size, till at length he became too large for his well. It hereupon betook itself to the Wear, and would lie in the river for a considerable part of the day, coiled about a rock in the middle of the river. At night it frequented a neighbouring hill, and, still continuing to increase in bulk, it could at last twine itself nine times round the base of the hill which stands on the north bank of the Wear, about a mile and a half from old Lambton Hall. It is an artificial mound of an oval shape, about three hundred and fifty yards in circumference, composed of river earth and common gravel.

The serpent now became the terror of the adjacent country, devouring lambs, sucking the cows' milk, and not scrup-

ling to feast upon men, women, and children, if they had the misfortune to come in his way at any time when there was any lack of cattle to satisfy his appetite. At length the north side of the river could no longer supply him with sufficient means of sustenance, although his forages had extended to a considerable distance; upon which he crossed over to Lambton Hall, where the old Lord was mourning the absence of his son, who, as we have already seen, had gone to wage war against the Infidels. Greatly was the whole household alarmed at the appearance of this unpleasant visitor; and having assembled in council to debate the matter, it was proposed by the steward, an ancient man and of great experience, that the large trough which stood in the court-yard should be filled with the milk of nine kye, and placed for the serpent's use in one or other of his favourite haunts, the green hill or the crag in the middle of the river. This plan answered most completely. The monster came every day for his allotted portion, and having emptied the trough, retired, without molesting any one, to his usual place of abode. But never was presbyter more strict in exacting his teinds than was the serpent of Lambton in requiring his full allowance. If the family presumed to subtract ever so small a quantity, the monster would instantly put himself into a furious passion, lash his tail round the trees in the park and tear them up by the roots, a warning of what was to be expected in the event of any future defalcations.

For seven years the serpent continued to enjoy this pleasant life, daily emptying his milk-trough, and basking in the sunshine like some overgorged anaconda. But then the good Knight, Sir John, returned from Palestine, and greatly was he shocked at the story of this strange monster who had been brought amongst them by his youthful folly. Forthwith he sallied forth to observe the serpent, who was then lying curled about his hill in formidable security. How was such a monster to be attacked with any chance of success? Many stout Knights, as the neighbours assured him, had fallen in the attempt, and none had escaped without bearing serious marks of the encounter, while their terrible opponent was, to all appearance, as sound as ever. Being at his wit's end, Sir John had recourse to a witch or wise woman, who counselled him to have his best suit of mail studded with razor-blades, and take up his post on the island crag, sword in hand.

“But,” added the witch, “you must make a solemn vow to slay, if successful, the first living thing you meet. Should you fail to keep this oath, the Lords of Lambton, for nine generations, will never die in their beds.”

Sir John took the prescribed oath, but to prevent fatal consequences to any of his friends, he told his father, that in the event of his gaining the victory he would sound three blasts upon his bugle, which should be the signal for releasing his favourite greyhound, who would immediately fly to him, and thus become the sacrifice. Having made these necessary preparations he took his stand upon the island rock, committing himself to the care of Providence.

In due time the serpent, having emptied the milk-trough as usual, made his appearance at the rock.

“The worm shot down from the middle stream,  
Like a flash of living light,  
And the waters kindled around his path,  
In rainbow colours bright.

But when he saw the armed Knight,  
He gather'd all his pride,  
And, coil'd in many a radiant spire,  
Rode buoyant o'er the tide.

When he darted at length his dragon strength,  
An earthquake shook the rock;  
And the fire-flakes bright fell around the Knight,  
As unmoved he met the shock.

Though his heart was stout, it quiver'd no doubt,  
His very life-blood ran cold,  
As around and around, the wild worm wound,  
In many a grappling fold.”

The witch's contrivance, however, of the razors sadly distressed the monster, his own efforts telling against himself. The river ran red with his blood, yet still he managed to keep up the terrible contest, for as fast as he was cut to pieces by the blades, the severed parts re-united themselves. The Knight began to grow weary of his unprofitable success, when by a powerful blow of his good sword he cut the monster in two, and, as luck would have it, the stream floated away the dimembered portion. Thus deprived of his better-half, the serpent was easily despatched by his antagonist.

During this long and desperate contest the family had been engaged in prayer. Suddenly the three victorious blasts



of the bugle came upon them, when, forgetting everything else in his joy, the father, instead of releasing the greyhound, rushed forward to embrace and congratulate his son. What was to be done now? Sir John could not, and would not, dip his hands in the blood of his own father. Again he blew three loud blasts upon his bugle, and at the well-known sound, the greyhound, who had by this time been released, came bounding towards him. The Knight instantly plunged his sword into the heart of his faithful companion, hoping that this might be received as the accomplishment of his vow, but destiny was not to be so eluded; and, strange to say, for nine generations, no Lord of Lambton died quietly in his bed. Never, indeed, was a legend better supported by the evidence of circumstances. In the garden-house at Lambton Castle are still preserved two stone figures, illustrative of this story. A Knight, armed from head to foot, his visor raised, and the back of his coat of mail closely inlaid with spear or razor-blades, with his left hand holds the head of the serpent by the ear, while with his right he appears to be drawing his sword out of its throat into which it has sunk up to the very hilt. The monster resembles an extremely elongated lizard, with ears and four legs not very unlike those singular reptiles, the Protei of Germany, so delightfully treated of by Sir Humphrey Davy. The other figure is a female wearing an ancient corset, much mutilated, with bosom in the style of Charles the Second's beauties. The upper part of her dress is carefully preserved, yet the lower part of her robe appears to be either unfinished, or, perhaps, agitated by the wind; and a part of her right foot is visible, without shoe or sandal. A wound in her bosom, and an accidental mutilation of the hand, are attributed by popular belief to the serpent. Lastly, in corroboration of the legend, the shell of the little Chapel of Bridgeford, where Sir John made his vow, was still standing in 1800. Its site was near the new bridge, on the left of the road, immediately within the entrance of Lambton Park and adjoining a farm-house. The tracery of the east window was even then perfect.

Sharp and some others have endeavoured to extract an allegorical meaning from this legend, just as certain commentators have endeavoured to rationalise Mohammed's Koran by making it out to be an allegory. The same process might be applied with equal success to Blue Beard, or Robinson Crusoe; but the elements of fable are much too fine and im-

material to be tampered with in this way. It always reminds us of that sparkling little poem by Moore, in which Reason awkwardly endeavours to imitate the graceful trifling of young Folly.

“Then Reason grew jealous of Folly’s gay cap,  
 Had he that on, he her heart would entrap—  
     ‘Here it is,  
     Said Folly, ‘old quiz;  
     Under the sun  
     Is no such fun  
 As Reason with my cap and bells on his head.’

“But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,  
 That Beauty then liked him still less than before;  
     While Folly took  
     Old Reason’s book  
 And twisted the leaves in a cap of such tone,  
     That Beauty vow’d,  
     Though not aloud,  
 She liked him still better in that than his own.”

Yet had this legend of the Lambton Worm come in the way of La Motte Fouqué, the author of those exquisite and charming allegories, “Undine,” and the less known, but still more able, “Sintram and his Companions,” we should, no doubt, have had it formed into some romantic tale with moral adornment rivalling the pure and loving faith of the gentle Undine, and the honour immaculate and above temptation of the knightly Sintram.

## BESS HARDWICK.

The Talbot, so much feared.—SHAKSPEARE.

ON the borders of the ancient Forest of Sherwood, on the south of the road leading from Mansfield to Chesterfield, stands a mansion of imposing aspect and elevated site. It is Hardwick Hall, and thereon hangs many a tale, some of which have been beautifully told, some very badly told, and some that have never been told at all. Here was born, *Anno* 1519, the remarkable lady who is about to form the subject of my romance—I was going to say, but it were wrong to say so, for what I have to state is sober truth, though stranger, perhaps, than romance itself. She was one of the many daughters of John Hardwick of Hardwick, and was famous in her girlhood for great personal beauty, and for the indications of a spirit somewhat unusual in her sex. Before she had completed her fourteenth year she was wife and widow of Robert Barley of Barley, son and heir-apparent of Arthur Barley, Esq., by the daughter of Sir John Chaworth of Wyverton. Whether the match was one of love or policy is not known—most likely the latter—the choice of the parties most interested in such matters not being deemed of much importance in those times. Well-jointured, and having, by the death of her brother, become the heiress of the Hardwick estates, she was wooed if not won by as many lovers as Penelope. After a widowhood of twelve years, she attracted the attention of Sir William Cavendish, a gentleman of Suffolk, one of the persons employed by Henry the Eighth in the suppression of monasteries, and already enriched by that monarch with the spoils of many of the monastic institutions which his own report had caused to be dissolved. The marriage ceremony was celebrated at Bradgate Park, the seat of the Marquess of Dor-

set, in 1547, the bride being then in her twenty-seventh year. The bridal was attended by such a groupe of historically interesting persons as rarely ever graced such a ceremony. Sir William had been twice married before, and, by both these marriages, had issue. Shortly after his union with Mrs Barley, he was induced, by her wishes, to purchase the estate of Chatsworth, of her relative Mr Leech, and thus began the first connexion of the Cavendishes with that now celebrated domain. During the ten years of her married life with Sir William, Lady Cavendish had three sons and three daughters, at the christenings of whom, some of the most distinguished of the land stood sponsors. Among these, were the Queen herself, Lady Jane Grey, the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Pembroke, and Warwick, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. This marriage had greatly augmented the already large fortunes of the lady, and it was not long after Sir William's death, in 1557, that she contracted another alliance, with Sir William St. Loe, of an ancient knightly family in Somersetshire. Her influence over her third husband was so unbounded (for her beauty and art were pre-eminent) that she induced him to settle a large portion of his extensive property upon her, and to bequeath her the rest, to the great impoverishment of his own relations. Lady St. Loe lost her third husband some time before 1568, for in that year, then in her forty-eighth, she gave her hand to her fourth husband, George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, premier Earl of England, and K. G. His Lordship had only lost his former Countess, Gertrude Manners, a few months, when he became captivated with the Lady St. Loe, still radiant in matronly beauty, and having other *weighty* attractions. Lady Gertrude was the daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Rutland, of that house. She had brought the Earl a numerous progeny, of whom I shall hereafter have to make mention. She was interred in the Talbot burying-place at Sheffield, and though no inscription marks the spot, Howell has preserved one which was probably at one time suspended over her tomb :—

“An epitaph made upon the death of the Right Hon. the Ladye Gartrid, late Countesse of Shrewisburie :

“ She of grace, the garlande gay,  
 In godly giftes did weare,  
 Where flowrs do now in children wise  
 Of Talbot's line appeare.

Of Rutland's race she noblie sprang,  
 And linked with peerlesse pearle  
 Of Shrewesburie, who bore the name  
 A noble worthy Earle.

Whom she hath left behinde among  
 The blessed branches five,  
 The working imps that sprang of them  
 As of a vertuous vine.'

As every previous alliance of Bess Hardwick had been entered into with an eye to the aggrandisement of her own fortunes, so was this to that of her family. The Earl sighed like a furnace at her feet; but, though she would consent to be wooed, she would not consent to be won, till certain perliminaries on which she had set her mind were agreed on. She proudly told the Earl "I would liever be Bess Hardwick again than the Countess of Shrewesburie, if ye will not what I will." What that was may be guessed from the marriage covenants between the Earl's son, Gilbert Talbot, and her youngest daughter, Mary Cavendish—and the Earl's daughter, Grace, and the Lady St Loe's eldest son, Henry Cavendish, being immediately drawn out. At the time of these double nuptials, which were solemnized with great pomp at Sheffield, February 9, 1567-8, Gilbert Talbot's wife was only twelve years of age. Though second son he succeeded to the earldom. When or where the Earl of Shrewsbury's marriage with Lady St. Loe was celebrated has not been ascertained, but it is presumed it was very shortly after those of their children. She had previously matched her eldest daughter to Sir Henry Pierrepont, and her youngest subsequently married the Earl of Lenox, by whom she was mother of Arabella Stuart. Of Bess Hardwick's two other sons, one was created Earl of Devonshire, and the other, Charles, became father to the first Duke of Newcastle.

A letter from a relative of the new Countess, who was a person about court, conveys some complimentary remarks of Queen Elizabeth's on the marriage of the Earl with Lady St. Loe.

"May it please you to undearstand, that Mr Wyngfeld hath delevered your veneson to the Quene's Majeste, with my lordes most humbill comencyons, and your La. with humbill thanks frome both your honors for her henes grayt goodnes.. [I] assure your La. of my fayth, her Majeste did talke

one longe oure with Mr Wyngfeld of my Lorde and you, so carefully that, as my God ys my juge, I thinke your honors have no frende levynge that coulde have more conserderacyon nor more shew love and grayt afficyon. Yn the ende she asked when my Lorde ment to come to the court. He answered he knew not: then sayd she, 'I am assured yf she myght have her oune wyll she woulde not be longe before she woulde se me.' Then said she, 'I have been glade to se my Lady Saynt Loo, but now more dessyrous to se my Lady Shrewsbury.' 'I hope,' sayd she, 'my Lady hath knoune my good opennen of her; and thus muche I assure you, there ys no lady yn thys lande that I beter love and lyke.' Mr Battenman can more at large declare unto your honor. And so, with most humbill comendicyons to my very good Lorde, I wesh to you both as the Quene's Majesty dothe desyre; and so take my leave yn humbill wyse. From Senjns, the XXI of October.

"Your honors to comeand,

"E. WYNGFELDE."\*

A very short time had elapsed after this marriage, when it was intimated to the Earl that his royal mistress would shortly give him a fresh proof of her exceeding confidence in his loyalty and zeal. This was the custody of the Scottish Queen. The Earl's personal honour, his large fortune, and the number and strength of his castles peculiarly fitted him for this most delicate trust. That he should have accepted it is not a matter of surprise, but that he should have fulfilled it for seventeen years at great costs and charges, and at a degree of domestic inconvenience that can hardly be estimated, is almost inconceivable. It was a specimen of the subservient loyalty of the times.

It was on the 2nd of February, 1569, that Mary was conveyed from Bolton to Tutbury Castle, where the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury were waiting to receive her. From Tutbury the Queen was removed to Wingfield Manor, then to Chatsworth—then, for a short time, it is believed, to Hardwick, and lastly to Sheffield Castle, all seats of the Earl. The last was his usual residence, and best fitted, perhaps, for the comfort and secure keeping of his most interesting captive. She entered it at Christmas, 1570, and with a train of thirty-five persons, and so strict had been the *surveillance* of her

\* From the original papers of John Wilson, Esq., of Bromhead Hall, quoted by Hunter, in his "History of Sheffield."

lordly custodian that for two years he had never left her. The rigour of Mary's confinement at this period may be inferred from the following letter from Shrewsbury to Burghley:—

“MY VERY GOOD L.,—After I had dispeched this berer, this quene made eftsones great complaynt unto me of her sickly estat, and that she loked verily to perishe thereby: and used diverse melancholy words that yt is ment yt shuld so com to passe w<sup>t</sup>out helpe of medicine, and all because I was not redy to send up her Phisician's l<sup>r</sup>es unto yo<sup>r</sup> L. which in dede I refused, for that I perceved her principall drifte was and is to have some libertie out of these gates, which in nowise I will consent unto bicause I see no small perill therein. Notwithstanding, lest she shuld think that the Quene's Ma<sup>te</sup> had comanded me to denye her suche reasonable meanes as might save her life by order of phisick, I thought yt not amysse upon her said complaynt and instaunce to send up the said l<sup>r</sup>es hereinlosed to be considered on as shall stand w<sup>t</sup> the Quene's Ma<sup>tes</sup> pleasur. But truly I wold be very lothe that any libertie or exercise shuld be graunted unto her or any of hers out of these gates, for fear of many daungers nedeless to be remembered unto yo<sup>r</sup> L. I do suffer her *to walk upon the lead* here in open ayre [and] in my large dining chamber, and also in this court-yard *so as both I myself or my wife be alwaies in her company*, for avoiding all others talk either to herself or any of hers: And suer watch is kept w<sup>i</sup>n and w<sup>t</sup>out the walles both night and day, and shall so co<sup>t</sup>ynue God willing so long as I shall have the charge. Thus I commit yo<sup>r</sup>good L. unto God.

From Shefeld Castle this xii<sup>th</sup> of December, 1571.

POSTSCRIPT.—I cannot perceyve that she is in any present perill of sicknes. If any ensue I will not faile to advertise the same unto yo<sup>r</sup> L. w<sup>t</sup> all diligence, but I must here eftsones advertise unto yo<sup>r</sup> L. that I am utterly against any further libertie unto her.

Yo<sup>r</sup> L. ever assured,

G. SHREWSBURY.

Dacre's and Norfolk's attempts had, no doubt, been the cause of this rigour.

Early in 1572, however, the Earl left Mary in the charge of Sir Ralph Sadler, in order that he might go to London to preside at the trial of the Duke of Norfolk. It is said he pronounced the sentence in a flood of tears. Little, however,

could he foresee the future union of his line with that of the high-minded Duke in the persons of their grand-children; as little that his castle, which contained the cause of Norfolk's fall, would become, through the will of an Earl of Shrewsbury, the temporary and contested inheritance of that very Duke's descendant when the elder line of Talbot had passed away!

In 1574, either romantic affection or the schemes of the match-making Countess of Shrewsbury, led to an alliance between the blood of Bess Hardwick and that of the royal captive. Charles Stuart, younger brother of Mary's late husband, and her own cousin, happened to spend a few days at Rufford Abbey, a seat of Lord Shrewsbury, along with his mother, the Countess of Lenox. A few days sufficed to fan a warm flame between young Lenox and Elizabeth Cavendish, Lady Shrewsbury's only unmarried daughter! How far the Queen of Scots was a party to this is not known. Probably she might consider such an alliance would help to mitigate the rigour of her confinement. The Earl of Shrewsbury, however, who appears to have been unapprised of the matter till after the nuptials, soon saw that his position required some exculpating statement to his royal mistress. In a letter to Elizabeth he thus exonerates himself from all privity or connivance. "Yt was delte soe sodenly and wytheut my knowlege; wh<sup>h</sup>, as I dare undertake and ensure to your mat<sup>ie</sup>, for my wyfe she fyndyng hyr dawghter dysapointed of yong Bartè, *where she hoped*; and that th'oder yong gentylman was inclyned to love wyth a few days acyuyntans, *dyd hyr beste* to furthur hyr dawghter to thys matche wytheute havynge therin any other inten<sup>t</sup> or respect than wyth reverent dutee towards your mat<sup>e</sup> she owght."\*

The real truth is, the Countess had long been on the lookout for a splendid match for her daughter, and she was only too happy to catch the young Earl of Lenox in her meshes. Another letter of the Earl's shows her antecedent scheming. "There is feu nobillmeus sonns in Englund that she hath not praid me to dele forre at one tyme or other; so did I forre my lord of Rutland, with my lord Sussex, for my lord Wharton and sundrye others, and now this comes unloked for wytheut thankes to me." But if the Earl cleared himself of any participation in getting up this match, the Countess did not, for both she and Lady Lenox, the young Earl's mother

\* Lodge, vol. ii. p. 123.



were for a time placed under restraint. Even the poor Queen of Scots, who was on ill terms with the Lenox family, was accused of "plotting" in the matter by the ever-jealous Elizabeth, whose bitter persecution of the young couple was in perfect keeping with her character. The only issue of this marriage was the Lady Arabella Stuart, who was left an orphan at four years of age, and whose melancholy and romantic history forms such an interesting feature of the times of James I. In February, 1575, the wife of Gilbert Talbot was delivered of a child in Sheffield Castle, and Queen Elizabeth immediately ordered Burghley to address the Earl on her "mislykings of the repaire of women and strangers," fearing some use might be made of it for the Scottish Queen's release. The Earl implores forgiveness, but assures Burghley of his caution, adding that the "mydwyfe excepted, none such have or doo at any tyme cum wythyn hur [Mary's] syght; and at the fyrst to avoyd such resorte *I myselve wit<sup>h</sup> ii of my cheldren chrystened the chylde.*"

It was some time in 1577 that the Countess of Shrewsbury first began either to suspect or to spread reports of a *liaison* between her husband and his still lovely captive. The first proof we have of this jealousy appears in a letter she addressed to the Earl from Chatsworth, where she was building extensively, and where she wished him to obtain leave to spend the summer.

In the postscript she adds "Lette me heare how you, yeur charge *and love* do, and amende me I praye you." For years there were *bruits* of an improper familiarity between the Earl and Mary—it was even rumoured that she had children by him in her prison. There can be little doubt that Lady Shrewsbury was herself the authoress of these scandals; and so much did the Earl take them to heart, that he resolved that they should be denied in the epitaph which he had prepared for his tomb three or four years before his decease. One passage of this very prolix inscription\* runs thus—"Quamque semper ab omni suspicione perfidiæ fuit alienus, illud declarat, quòd licèt a malevolis *propter suspectam cum captivâ reginâ familiaritatem* sæpius malè audiret, cum tamen ejusdem reginæ causâ ex senatus regni consultu à proceribus in arce Fodrighaieusi cognoscendo esset, inter magnates \* \* \* \* *hunc nobiliss : Comitem ser<sup>a</sup>. Regina Elizabeth unum*

\* In St. Peter's Church, Sheffield: it was written by Fox, the martyrologist.

*esse voluit.*" It is to be remarked that though he mentions his first wife, Gertrude Manners, on this epitaph, he entirely "ignores" his last Countess.\* The Talbot papers preserve some singular letters that passed between the Earl and Lady Shrewsbury; before the estrangement he used to address her as "*My dere none*" and "*My honest swete.*" In these ruptures, Queen Elizabeth took the Lady's part, and enjoined on the Earl the hard task of submission to his imperious wife, who had taken care to get into her own power the whole of the Earl's vast income, save an allowance of £500 a year. In a letter to Lord Leicester, dated April 5th, 1585, the Earl says, "Sith that her Mat<sup>ie</sup> hath sett downe this hard sentence agaynst me, to my perpetual infamy and dishonour, to be ruled and overranne by my wief, so bad and wicked a woman, yett her Mat<sup>ie</sup> shall see that I obey her comandemente, tho no curse or plage ou the earthe coulde be more grevous to me. These offers of my wiefe's, inclosid in yo<sup>r</sup> L<sup>r</sup>es, I thynk them verey unfyt to be offered to me. It is to muche to make me my wiefe's pencyoner, and set me doune the demeanes of Chattesworth, w<sup>th</sup>out the house and other lands leased, wh<sup>ch</sup> is but a pencyon in money. I thynk it standeth w<sup>th</sup> reason that I shuld chose the v. cl. by yeare ordered by her Mat<sup>ie</sup> where I best like, accordinge to the rate Wm. Caendishe delyvered to my L. Chanselor."

From this period they appear to have lived entirely separate, notwithstanding the efforts of mutual friends to produce a reconciliation. The Bishop of Lichfield, in using his influence to this end, says in a letter to the Earl, "Some will say in yo<sup>r</sup> L. behalfe, tho' the Countesse is a sharpe and bitter shrewe, and, therefore, lieke enough to shorten y<sup>r</sup> life, if shee shulde kepe you company. Indede, my good Lo. I have heard some say so; but, if shrewdenesse or sharpnesse may be a just cause of sepa'c'on betweene a man and wiefe, I thincke fewe men in Englande woulde keepe their wiefes longe; for it is a com'on jeste, yet trewe in some sense, that there is but one shrewe in all the worlde, and ev'y man hath her; and so ev'y man might be rydd of his wiefe, that wolde be rydd of a shrewe."

Parted from her husband, Lady Shrewsbury pursued the several *trades* to which she was attached. "She was," says

\* Prolix as this epitaph was, there was another in English verse, still longer, for it contained ninety-four lines. It is preserved in Dodsworth's MSS. Bibl. Bodl., Vol. cix.

Lodge, "a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals, and timber." The Earl had got rid of his long and ill-requited custody of the Scottish Queen, in 1584, but he could not get rid of his wife's persecutions, nor could he destroy in Queen Elizabeth's mind some long-harboured suspicions of a design entertained on his part to favour the Queen of Scots. Again and again did he remind his royal mistress that he was "the Talbot, ever true and loyal to his Quene," and of the long proof he had given of his devotion, in being the royal jailor. It would seem that Elizabeth was at last either convinced that she had wrongly suspected the Earl of any partiality for her rival, or that she was determined to put his feelings to the severest test, for she appointed the lordly jailor one of the high commissioners, to try the unfortunate Mary—and, to the Earl's lasting discredit, he was one of those who witnessed the sad and solemn spectacle of her decapitation in the Hall of Fotheringay, on the 8th of February, 1587! \* Lord Shrewsbury lived three years after this—years embittered by the remembrance of this sad scene—by the behaviour of his wife, and by family broils. His Countess survived him seventeen years, during which she pursued, with untiring activity, her great *penchant* for building and money-making. Her great ambition was, to rebuild the ancient seat of her ancestors, at Hardwick. This noble specimen of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century was completed in 1597. In the parapet of open stonework, which runs round the whole edifice, the letters E. S. (the initials of her name) are perceptible at a considerable distance. The rooms are of fine proportions, the furniture is chiefly that of the period, and was brought from Chatsworth. The picture gallery, one hundred and seventy feet long, contains some very fine portraits. Amongst them is one of the Scottish Queen, painted during the latter part of her long confinement. Her countenance is very pale, and she seems frowning with suspicion. The picture suggested the following:—

Why on us, Scotland's Mary! dost thou frown?

As if with heartless judges once more hemm'd!

We are no heralds of that sister-Crown,

That sav'd, wrong'd, fear'd thee—flatter'd and condemn'd.

\* Murdin says the Earl himself wrote to Burghley, *urging* the execution.

In sooth we would not be ; the Heaven above,  
 That gave thee matchless beauty—gave thee love,  
 And bade thy path be spread  
 With snares, like nets *set round an amorous dove*,  
 Knows best to portion thee the worm into thy bed.

But even were we so, there is a tongue  
 That "pity" speaks—that ages may not still.  
 It murmurs to us as we pass along,  
 And seems with murmuring the drear rooms to fill,  
 Where misery kiss'd thy forehead day by day,\*  
 And thy round cheek, and stole its flower away ;  
 And drank the honey that bedew'd  
 Thy lip : and still of thee a vision gay,  
 Seems meekly wearing out its mournful solitude.

We see the erring woman—luckless Queen !  
 The victim fair of Flattery's wily power.  
 Thou wast by nature nurtur'd to have been  
 The pride of life, in Hope's delicious bower !  
 Thou shouldst have shed a perfume through the land ;  
 Thou shouldst have waken'd with thine accents bland,  
 The echoes of the soul ;—  
 Have smooth'd the passions with a silken hand,  
 Of those who bow alone to beauty's—love's control.

But thou didst fail in this. There grew eclipse  
 Over thy womanish brightness—storm and cloud.  
 Part due to thee ; part, haply, from the lips  
 Of slander, puff'd among the unfeeling crowd ;  
 Who dream not how misguided passion sears,  
 In hearts it waters with its wayward tears,  
 The virtue planted there.  
 And so that voice into our willing ears,  
 Cries "Pity, pity those for bliss too great and fair."

The Countess of Shrewsbury died in 1607, and lies buried with the Cavendish family in the church of All Saints, Derby, where, in her lifetime, she had caused a beautiful monument to be erected. The tomb has her recumbent effigy, and a very long Latin inscription thus concludes :—

"Hæc inclytissima Elizabetha Salopiæ Comitissa Ædium de Chatsworth, Hardwick et Oldcotes, magnificentiâ clarissimarum fabricatrix, vitam hanc transitoriam xiii. die mensis Februarii, Anno ab incarnatione Domini 1607, ac circa annum ætatis suæ LXXXVII., † finivit : et gloriosam expectans Resurrectionem subtus jacet tumulata."

\* Tradition says, Mary spent part of her prison life at Hardwick. If so, it must have been in the old hall, the ruins of which are still standing, for the present mansion was not begun till after her death.

† This is doubtless an error. She was ninety.

“ A tradition is still current, that it had been predicted to her by some fortune-teller, that “ *so long as she kept building, she would never die.*” A severe frost happening in February, 1607, terminated her building and her life.

Such is the history of one Countess of Shrewsbury : there is a still more terrible tale of another, Pope’s “ wanton Shrewsbury,” who held her paramour’s horse while he slew her husband. But the whole records of the house of Shrewsbury teem with romance ; and each generation in the pedigree would furnish matter for the novelist, even from and before the time of that heroic Talbot, the first Earl, “ the great Alcides of the field,” who made all France to quake, down to the recent House of Lords Shrewsbury case, so full of marvel and mystery, with its Bromsgrove monument false or true, and the heir of all the honours and wealth of the coronetted Talbots passing away, with his family in poverty and oblivion in St Anne’s, Soho ! The earldom of Shrewsbury alone is a living instance of the wide range and extent of British “ Family Romance.”

THE END.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS













